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THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, Esq.

VOL. III.



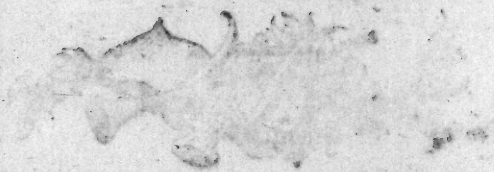
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THE

WORKS



VOL. II.



1853.

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A
BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO
SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS
MASTER JOHN NICHOLS,

PRINTER, COMMON-COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGTON WARD,
AND CENSOR-GENERAL OF LITERATURE.

NOT FORGETTING
MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY.

HOW now, prithee, John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let us be merry and
Drink about.

Catch.

THE POET COMMENCETH IN A SUBLIME STRAIN OF HAPPY
IMITATION OF CLASSIC SIMPLICITY; WITH THE ILLE EGO
—SELF-CONSEQUENCE OF THE MANTUAN BARD; GIVING
AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS THEMES OF HIS MUSE, FROM
MAJESTY TO MR. JOHN NICHOLS—HE ASKETH THE REASON
OF JOHN'S GREAT ANGER, AND FREETH HIMSELF FROM
THE IMPUTATION OF ILLIBERALITY, BY TELLING THE
WORLD WHAT HANDSOME THINGS HE HATH SAID OF THE
PRINTER—THE POET ATTACKETH JOHN IN TURN FOR
HIS WANT OF CANDOUR—SPEAKETH ORACLES TO JOHN
—MAKETH A FINE COMPARISON BETWEEN HIMSELF AND
PURLING STREAMS; ALSO BETWEEN CURS, CATS, AND
COURTIERS—THE POET DECLAIMETH VIRTUOUSLY AND
VOL. III. B POLI-

POLITICALLY AGAINST SWEARING IN A PASSION—COMPLAINETH OF INSTANCES OF JOHN'S CRUELTY TOWARDS HIM FOR BARELY ADMINISTERING A FEW ADMONITORY LASHES TO THE BACK OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, MRS. PIOZZI, AND MR. BOSWELL—THE POET AGAIN COMPLAINETH OF JOHN'S DISINGENUOUSNESS; PRAISING AT THE SAME TIME HIS OWN SWEETNESS OF DISPOSITION—HE MENTIONETH THE HORRORS OF DYING PEOPLE AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING EXHIBITED IN JOHN'S MAGAZINE, IN WHICH THE POET IS SUPPOSED TO ALLUDE TO THE LETTERS OF THE REV. MR. BADCOCK AND OTHERS, AS WELL AS SCANDALOUS ANECDOTES COLLECTED FROM FAMILIES, TO GIVE A ZEST TO HIS MONTHLY LUMBER—THE POET INFORMETH JOHN OF THE APPELLATION GIVEN HIM BY SOME PEOPLE—ALSO OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEA OF A MORE APPROPRIATE APPELLATION, THOUGH A VERY RUDE ONE, AND WHICH THE POET WAS ALWAYS TOO DELICATE TO USE—THE POET CONFESSETH THAT HE MARVELLED AT JOHN'S IMPUDENCE IN ASSUMING THE MANAGEMENT OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE AFTER DR. JOHNSON; ON WHICH DR. JOHNSON THE POET PASSETH A JUST STRICTURE WITH UNPRECEDENTED DELICACY—THE POET CHALLENGETH JOHN TO SAY HE EVER EXPOSED HIM FOR HIS PRAISES OF SUCH AS CONTRIBUTED TO HIS MAGAZINE—OR WHEN HE TRIED TO ECLIPSE THE BIOGRAPHICAL FAME OF PLUTARCH, BY HIS ANECDOTES OF POOR OLD BOWYER—THE POET EXHIBITETH MORE INSTANCES OF GRANDEUR OF SOUL—STILL MORE NOBLENES—STILL MORE—THE POET MAKETH A MOST LUMINOUS REMARK ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE HAPPINESS OF FOOLS AND WISE MEN, AND CONCLUDETH WITH ADVISING JOHN TO MAKE A PROPER APPLICATION OF HIS TALENTS.

A

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE.

I, WHO, ambitious that the brats, my rhymes,
Should see the gentlefolks of future times ;
Rise like *antiques* in value, nor expire,
Till Ruin spreads his universal fire :
Dread thought ! that to destruction must be giv'n
This charming world, this handsome work of Heav'n !
I, who, regardful of the courtier throng,
To Kings, and Lords, and Commons, tun'd the song ;
Bade Tom * no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wish'd his wit a wiser theme ;
Struck to the lime and mortar knight † the string,
And hail'd of butterflies the nursing king ‡,
Who scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes,
Beholds from dunghills purple emp'rors § rise ;
More blest on this our earth a frog to see,
To find a cockle-shell, and boil a flea ¶,
Than dwell in yonder skies, with glory crown'd,
Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockle-shells abound ;
More blest to mark a bat's than angel's wing ;
To hear a grass-hopper than seraph sing ;

* Late Mr. Warton, Poet Laureat. *Vide* Brother Peter to Brother Tom.

† Sir William Chambers. ‡ Sir Joseph Banks.

§ A Rare species of butterfly. || *Vid.* the Ode upon Boiled Fleas.

More pleas'd to view (if rumour justly paints)
 The tails of tad-poles than the heads of saints ;
 And hear (to fame if credence may be given)
 One humming-bird than all the host of heav'n ;
 I, who to men of canvass struck the lyre,
 And set with rhyme th' *academy* on fire *,
 O'er Mount Parnassus Jove-like cast my shoe ;
 At poets smil'd, and poetesses too ;
 Preferr'd the ballads of the good *Old Bailey*,
 To all the cold pomposities of HAYLEY,
 Whose rhymes †, as soon as litter'd, join the heaps,
 Where 'midst her shadowy gulph Oblivion sleeps :
 So deep who scarce can dive into himself !
 So lofty, too, the tenant of the shelf !
 Now stiffer than recruits, so raw at drill ;
 Now *petit maître* of the MUSES' HILL ;
 I, who to grave reviewers sigh'd my pray'r,
 Submissive bending at the critic chair ;
 And, blushing, begg'd one little laurel sprig,
 To bring importance, and adorn my wig :

* [*The Academy on fire.*] i. e. produced an emulation amongst the ingenious artists—this passage seemed to want an explanation, as an illiberal reader might have imagined that I meant that my academic odes had put the members into a violent passion ; an idea so very foreign to my wishes.

† Such is really the present sunk condition of this Ladies' author.

I,

I, who SAM WHITBREAD's brew-house prais'd in song,
 So highly honour'd by the *royal* throng;
 Be-rhym'd a goodly monarch and his spouse,
 Miss Whitebread's *curtsies*, MISTER Whitbread's bows;
 Amounting, hist'ry says, to many a score,
 Such, too, as Chiswell-street ne'er saw before;
 Not e'en forgetting with my classic force,
 The brewer's bull-dog and his marv'ling horse;
 The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,
 And, charm'd with greatness, through the bung-holes
 I, who to PITT the chords in anger struck, [*peeping*:
 Who whelm'd his Prince so gracefully with muck;
 LYCURGUS PITT, whose penetrating eyes
 Behold the fount of freedom in EXCISE;
 Whose patriot logic possibly maintains
 Th' identity of liberty and chains:
 I, who of LEEDS and HAWKSB'RY deign'd to sing,
 The blessed fav'rites of a blessed * * * *;
 High on the lab'ring pinions of an ode
 Heav'd BRUDENELL's folly: What a leaden load!
 BRUDENELL, who bids us all the proverb feel,
 "The largest calves are not the sweetest veal."
 I, who on such rich subjects deign'd to shine,
 Now tune to once a printer's DEVIL the line;
 But now no more a devil with Atlas' mien,
 The great supporter of a Magazine *;

* The *Gentleman's*, as it is modestly called, to whose gentility
 Mr. Hayley is a constant contributor, in the way of ingenious
 rhyme and liberal criticism.

No more, no more a devil with humble air,
 But fit companion for our great LORD MAYOR!
 How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,
 But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth;
 Spreads its gold tiffue to the solar ray,
 And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy way!

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
 Why belloweth JOHN NICHOLS like a bull?
 Say, Goddefs, could a few poetic stripes
 Make JOHN so furious kick about his types;
 Spin round his Pandemomium like a top,
 And, thund'ring to its center, shake the shop?
 Could *Satire's* twig produce so dire a din?
 And dwells such softness in a PRINTER'S skin?

Illib'ral! never, never have I said,
 That thou wert not an honest man in TRADE!
 Whether from principle, or jail difmay,
 Springs thy morality, we dare not fay:
 Since jails, those iron agents of the *law*,
 Keep many a graceless rogue in pious awe.
 Yet, son of ink, devoutly let us hope
 Thou lov'st a virtue more than dread'st a *rope*;
 Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,
 To make the rigid sons of conscience stare,
 That when thou money lendest, such thy purity,
 Detesting bad, thou seekest good security.

Inclin'd

Inclin'd for ever, John, to take thy part,
Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart :
" If 'midst a vulgar mass his stars unkind,
" Have plac'd, most niggardly, a pigmy mind,
" 'Tis not John's fault, John should not blush for
" His parsimonious planets are to blame. [~~shame,~~
" What though in Wisdom's crucible his head
" Prove that it dealeth less in gold than lead ;
" Unskill'd on classic ground to cut a caper,
" Yet knoweth John the price of print and paper :
" His nice discerning knowledge none deny,
" On crown, imperial, foolscap, and demy,
" On blankets, sheep skins *, urine, John can think ;
" Myself would take his sentiments on ink :
" Myself would take his sentiments on letters :
" On syllables, indeed, I'd ask his betters.
" The meanest mortal let us not deride :
" Lo ! beasts of burden oft must be our guide ;
" Yes, thro' the dark and unknown tract, of course,
" I yield up all opinion to my horse."

Truth, let fair Truth for ever rule my rhymes !
I'm told this lady visit'ft thee sometimes !
How kind ! how humble ! thus the god of day
Deigns to a mud-pool to impart his ray !
Amidst the passions roar, a clam'rous host,
Oft is the gentle voice of reason lost !

* Necessary for making printer's balls.

How triest thou, butcher like, to carve my work,
 And treat each sweet-soul'd stanza like a TURK !
 From such sad readers Heav'n the Muse protect,
 Proud to find fault, and raptur'd with defect !
 Yet though thou *frown'st* on Peter's every line,
 Behold the diff'rence, John !—he *smiles* on *thine*.
 Say not, I hate each man of verse and prose ;
 I rev'rence genius, John, where'er it grows :
 Whene'er it beams through ignorance's might,
 I mark the stranger with as keen delight
 As looks the pilgrim on Bassora's tow'rs,
 Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bow'rs,
 Who, long deny'd of Hope's sweet cup to taste,
 Had sigh'd amidst the solitary waste.

Blame not the Bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,
 Who taking not dame Prudence for thy guide,
 Did'st stone the poet's mansion like an ass,
 Forgetting that thy own was made of glass.
 Know, John, that passion maketh man a swine :
 Know this, and bid thy conduct copy mine.
 When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
 Why, simple John, attempt my road to thwart ?
 Amidst thy walks shou'd bullies meet thine eye,
 Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by.
 To bustling bravoës, for my ease and pride,
 I give the wall, and smiling turn aside.
 Thus if a rock or log the stream oppose,
 That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows ;

No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, easy yielding, wind in peace away.
My hate of courtiers how thine anger drew !
I own I loathe St. James's servile crew :
Where'er the smiles of royalty are found,
The lazy clan of courtiers crouch around :
Thus on the country towns when Phœbus shines,
Amidst the radiance ev'ry cur reclines ;
And lo ! neglectful of the mice and rats,
Each street presents us with a line of cats.

Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of oaths,
Not more so than a decent suit of clothes
Requires of broad gold lace th' expensive glare,
That makes the linsy-woolsey million stare ;
Besides, a proverb, suited to my wish,
Declares that swearing never catcheth fish.
'Tis vulgar—I have said it o'er and o'er ;
Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.
Struck, nay, half petrified, that Banks shou'd dare,
Indecent fellow ! ravish Newton's chair ;
Mock such as Wisdom's sacred mines explore,
And kick the arts and sciences to door ;
Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)
A fly-club of a great and fam'd society :
The Muse, with virtuous indignation stung,
In rhyme's strong chains the brazen culprit hung ;
When with the fury of a thousand foes,
Howl'd the wild tempest of thy verse and prose !

Shock'd

Shock'd that an idle gossip, Madam Thrale *,
 And he †, a feather genius in thy scale,
 High panting for the echo of a name,
 Shou'd meanly crucify poor Johnson's fame;
 I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,
 And fix'd to satire's scourge my sharpest wire;
 When lo! the poet's visage to begrime,
 Forth rush'd thy muddy sluice of prose and rhyme:
 For this, against my will, indeed with tears,
 I shou'd a grinning land thy ass's ears.

Fir'd that the Muse shou'd daringly suggest
 That stars have beam'd upon the blackest breast;
 Just like their heav'nly cousins all so bright,
 O'er the dark mantle of old mother NIGHT;
 Shou'd hint (by Fortune's wild vagaries plac'd)
 That crowns may feel themselves at times disgrac'd;
 To take a King's and courtier's part so prone,
 Full at my forehead did'st thou sling the stone;
 But thanks to Phœbus, who secur'd my crown,
 Thou cou'dst not bring the great Goliath down!

Griev'd that th' ambitious Muse a PRINCE shou'd
 Whose name diffuses luster o'er her lays; [praise,
 A PRINCE whose only fault is want of art,
 Whose horrid vice, benevolence of heart;

* Now Madam Piozzi.

† Mr. James Boswell.

Which

Which little abject souls profusion call,
And o'er each action vainly spit their gall :
Griev'd that the Muse attack'd with scorn a MAN,
Unlucky form'd on Nature's hungry plan ;
Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor :
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate ;
Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,
That dreads to spill a single drop of ink ;
On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
And saves the little dot upon an *i* ;
Happy e'en Nature's tenderest ties to slight,
And vilely rob an offspring of his right ;
Forth rush'd thy venom—harmless, too, it flow'd,
For man defies the poison of a toad ;
Vex'd that the Muse (as if she utter'd treason)
Shou'd try to bring poor Boswell back to reason !
(Herculean toil, to keep such folly under !)
Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt thy thunder !
When mad t' induce the world to deem thee wise,
Thou star'd'st through spectacles with sapient eyes ;
Say, did I cry, th' impostor to expose,
“ See JOHN's whole stock of wisdom on his nose ! ”
Cat-like, because the world my lyrics read,
Thine envy claw'd the laurel on my head ;
Yet claw'd I not again with cat-like spleen,
The drooping leaves of thy sad Magazine :

Touch'd

Touch'd not *thy* trash, nor Hayley's tinsel stuff;
 Nor fresh, stale, new antiquities of Gough * :
 Indeed I'm tender conscienc'd on that score,
 And learn to look with pity on the poor :
 No Mohawk I, in scenes of horror bred,
 I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead ;
 Yet well thou knowest that with trifling toil,
 On satire's gridir'n I cou'd bid thee broil—
 Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
 And give thee, John, for one of Folly's martyrs.
 I see thy vanity in all its fulness ;
 The turbot, ven'son of aspiring dulness !
 And let me, oh ! rare epicure, remark,
 That thou hast got a gullet like a shark.
 Myself as merciful as man can be,
 I grieve to find that mercy not in *thee*.
 Behold, amidst their short'ning, panting breath,
 Poor souls ! the dying dread thee more than death.
 " Oh ! save us from JOHN NICHOLS ! " is the cry,
 " Let not that death-hunter know where we lie ;
 " What in *delirium* from our lips may fall,
 " Oh ! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all !
 " Oh ! let not from the tomb our ghosts complain !
 " O Jesu ! we shall soon be up again ;
 " Condemn'd, alas ! to grin with grisly mien,
 " 'Midst the pale horrors of his Magazine :

* A maker of antiquities, and one of Sir Joseph Banks's
 copper-farthing oracles, and constant tea and toast men.

“ Like felons first in Newgate ballads sung,
“ Then (giv’n to INFAMY) on Hounslow hung!”
Know, when thou took’st of Aristarch the chair,
My eyes expanded only to a stare :
Softly indeed unto myself I sigh’d,
“ Johnson *, thy place is d—mn—y supplied ;
“ Not that I think this idol of the million,
“ Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintilian ;
“ Who gives (against sound taste so apt to sin)
“ A pyramid’s importance to a pin ;
“ On ev’ry theme alike his pompous art,
“ The general conflagration or a f——.”
When into Fame’s fair dome, t’ insult her throne,
So free, as if the house had been thy own,
Thou dar’d’st to shove a vile conundrum crew,
Fellows that Phœbus nor the Muses knew ;
Speak, did I tell the nation with my pen,
How Fame in anger kick’d them out agen ;
Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,
And call’d thee a pert puppy for thy pains ?
On such mark’d impudence did I harangue,
And give to public scorn the pigmy gang ?
Short are the hours that smuggled praise can last,
An echo, a poor meretricious blast ;

* The late Dr. Johnson superintended this Magazine ; a post of honour assumed afterwards by Mr. John Nichols.

A sudden gust that bids old ruins stare,
 And, howling, whirls a feather through the air.
 FLATT'RY, a little sly deceiving lass,
 With smile resistless, and a front of brass,
 Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day;
 Then, like a batter'd harridan, decay;
 Whilst TRUTH, unfading, lifts the head sublime,
 And dares the formidable test of TIME.
 Thou dragon of th' Hesperian fruit, call'd praise,
 Whose leather-stretching conscience interest sways;
 Shame, that through sordid avarice and spleen,
 None taste but such as cram thy Magazine.
 Charm'd as a child whose doting eye regards
 Its imitation of Saint Paul's with cards;
 When fir'd by Plutarch's venerable name,
 Whose genius rais'd a pyramid to fame;
 Thou gav'st of Bowyer's life a gossip's story,
 And only rear'dst a dunghill to thy glory;
 I rail'd not at thine infant emulation,
 Nor spread thy weakness, John, around the nation;
 Nay, griev'd was I, as all the world can tell,
 That thou shou'd'st write a book * that would not sell.

* Unfortunately for poor John, every book that he has published has been possessed of so much of the *vis inertiae* as not to be able (if I may use the Bookseller's phrase) to *move off*; witness the Life of old Bowyer, the guttings of old magazines and Ladies' Diaries, called Miscellanies, the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, editions of trash of every denomination, &c. &c.

When

When tort'ring the poor gamut wild and loud,
Thou scrap'd'st harsh discords on thy Muse's crowd;
What though I stopp'd my ears with all my pow'rs,
I mourn'd the labour of thy tuneless hours.
Oft have I whisper'd to myself, " Enough
" Oft this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff:
" A Magazine! a pedlar's, huckster's shop,
" That harbours brush, and cabbage net, and mop,
" Pan, gridir'n, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
" Tape, turnip, malkilns, night-caps green and red,
" Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jordan, dish,
" Stale loaves, and rusty nails, and stinking fish ;"
Yet bade I not the world its laughs prepare,
To meet thy miserable monthly ware :
Nay, man, I've *prais'd* thee—for example, said,
" Lo! in his cumbrous Magazine display'd
" Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,
" Which proves that John may make a lucky blunder;
" How like the heavy mountain, on whose side
" A daisy starts in solitary pride !"
Lo! from ebriety their sons to save,
The Greeks oft show'd the lads a drunken slave :
I thus might thee, O, jingling John, display,
A sad example in the rhyming way,
For printers and their demons to avoid,
Whose labours might more wisely be employ'd ;
But pity sweetly whispers in my ear,
" Expose not childhood that deserves a tear ;"

" Set not the roaring lion at a rat,
 " Nor call down thunder to destroy a gnat."
 When mad for honours *—softly have I said,
 " What imp cou'd put it in the Printer's head?
 " Oh! may the Fates the maniac over-rule,
 " For titles cannot dignify a fool!"
 Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,
 By calling thee the filliest in the nation;
 No, John, be comforted—it cannot be;
 I think I know a few that equal thee.
 Swear, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,
 'That hirelings wrote each work which bears thy name;
 How false! I know thou wrotest many a line,
 Lo! all the blunders of the books are thine.
 A literary jackdaw thou, god wot!
 Yet by that thievish name I call'd thee not;
 A carrion crow that lives upon the dead;
 Yet hawk-like pounc'd I not upon thy head;
 A daring coiner, lo! I let the pass,
 Nor once impeach'd thy literary brags!

* John's ambition to be a Common-council man was violent for a long time; great were the pains used, manifold were the contrivances employed, and prodigious was the interest made for the obtention of this honour—A vacancy happening in Ferringdon ward, John's more lucky *genius* prevailed, and his wishes were gratified; thus is he in the way of being what I have in an ode augured of Mr. Auctioneer Skinner.

" If things go fair,

" Proud London's proud Lord May'r."

Speak—

Speak—when enamour'd of thy monthly hash,
 Thou clapp'st another six-pence on thy trash;
 Once did'st thou hear me in a passion roar,
 "Was ever impudence like this before?"
 Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
 In mild soliloquy I whisper'd thus:
 "How blest the FOOL! he thinks he all things knows;
 "With joy he wakes, with joy his eye-lids close;
 "Pleas'd through the world to spread his own renown
 "With calm contempt he looks on others down;
 "Self and his own dear work th' eternal theme,
 "His daily idol and his nightly dream;
 "Thrice envied Being, whom no tongue can wound,
 "In Pride's impenetrable armour bound!
 "How much in happiness beyond the wise,
 "Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes;
 "O'er human imbecility who groan,
 "And sigh to think how little's to be known!"
 Oh do not to the Muse's hill resort,
 Æsop's dull brute *!—a bumpkin 'midst a court:
 With brother council crack the clumsy joke;
 'Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke;
 Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
 Where *ordinary* men of two-pence go;
 Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
 And never table-cloth is spoil'd by stains:
 Where in the board's black hole (suberb design!)
 Pepper and salt in matrimony join;

* The fable of the Gentleman, the Ass, and the Lap-dog.

And in another hole with frown and smile,
Much too like marriage, vinegar and oil!——
Where for a towel (œconomic thought!)
A monstrous mastiff after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on *Gentlemen's* commands,
And yields his back of shag to wipe their hands—
Such is the scene where thou should'st ever sit,
Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit—
Deal not in Hist'ry; often have I said
Twill prove a most unprofitable trade:
Talk not of PAINTING, for thou know'st her not;
Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot:
Nor make strong love to MUSIC, 'tis a Dame
Who smiles not on the souls of earth, but flame.
Push not thy brain to thought—thou canst not think—
From metaphysick shou'd thy genius shrink!
To thee superior, see the Goddess rise,
And hide her lofty head amidst the skies!
Behold eternal mist her beauties shroud,
And 'tis not thy weak eye can pierce the cloud:
Curs'd with the common *furor* of inditing,
Yet if thy head possess the mangle of writing;
Go with biography and cool thy rage,
Pen lives that cannot well disgrace thy page;
Describe whom ev'ry nobler virtue curses,
A PAIR who mump with millions in their purses.
If loftier subjects thy ambition call,
Descant upon the giants of Guildhall.

THE POET COMPLAINETH OF THE CRUELTY OF AUTHORS,
AUTHORESSES, AND THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

ELEGY

TO

APOLLO.

GREAT are my enemies in trade, God knows !
There's not a poet but wou'd stop my note ;
With such a world of spite their venom flows,
With such good-will the knaves wou'd cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, Phœbus, say,
To get so much ill-blood, such cursing looks ?
Is it because my more ambitious lay
Disdains to visit trunk-makers and cooks ?

To go with theirs to grocers, and to men
Who fortune in that weed tobacco see ;
From thence come laden back agen,
With sugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee ?

The man of words, of stilt-supported phrase,
The glist'ring Hayley scorns whate'er I write ;
This Will-o'-wisp of verse disdains my lays ;
Tales, Odes, nor Lousiads, yield the least delight.

So

So lofty, yet in ware so humbly dealing !
 So classically tasteless ! big with nought !
 So tender, yet so destitute of feeling !
 So sentimental too without a thought !

I see the band of BLUE-STOCKINGS arise,
 Historic, critic, and poetic dames !
 This lifts her palms, and that her marv'ling eyes,
 And squeaks, "The fellow's stuff should feel the
 " flames ;

" Such is the way his works should come to *light* :"—
 Thus rail those dames of classic erudition ;
 Thus, leagu'd with wit, unmerciful they bite
 Thy fav'rite Bard, O Phœbus, and Physician !

And now I hear a score in union bawl,—

" In cold contempt shall poor PIOZZI sigh ?
 " MISS HANNAH MORE into oblivion fall ?
 " Dear MISTRESS MONTAGUE neglected lie ?
 " Those rich Corinthian pillars of our club,
 " Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread ;
 " Whilst *he*, of motley poetry the SCRUB *,
 " Erects, Colossus-like, his brazen head !
 " Oh ! let the scullion use his vapid book,
 " Instead of dish-clouts when her hands she wipes :
 " Oh ! let the kindled leaves assist the cook,
 " And of old washerwomen light the pipes !"

* The Poet here most fancifully alludeth to Mr. SCRUB, the
 servant of all-work, in Farquhar's play of the *Beaux Stratagem*.

Thus

Thus in my condemnation they agree,
 The mighty cloud-capp'd PETTICOATED WISE;
 Whilst pleas'd (as conscious of the just decree)
 In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise!

The Misses sad of elegy, my foes,
 Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;
 Bald all my rhymes, my verses measur'd prose,
 That bears would better touch the Muse's lyre.

The riddle and conundrum-mongers cry,
 "Pshaw! d-mn his Lyrics, Loufiads—d-mn 'em all;
 "His strength in field diarian dares he try?
 "Soon would the Almanac record his fall!"

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim!
 Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill!
 Themselves "fair traders of the Mount," they name;
 But *me* a smuggler on thy sacred hill!

God of us Lyrics shall I rouse my rhyme,
 Confound the gang and vindicate my lay;
 Or calmly leave them to devouring TIME,
 Who dines upon such *witlings* every day.

A DISCONTENT, MINGLED WITH SOME GRUMBLING, AMONGST
 THE MORE ENLIGHTENED MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL
 SOCIETY, ON ACCOUNT OF SIR JOSEPH'S NON-COMMUNICA-
 TION OF WISDOM TO THE ROYAL JOURNALS, SPURRED THE
 KNIGHT

KNIGHT ON AT LAST (WITHOUT THE HELP OF BALAAM'S ANGEL) TO OPEN HIS MOUTH—HE TOLD AN INTIMATE FRIND THAT HE HAD MADE A DISCOVERY THAT WOULD ASTONISH THE WORLD, ENRICH THE JOURNALS, AND RENDER HIMSELF IMMORTAL—WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT CONFIDENCE AND PHILOSOPHIC SOLEMNITY, HE AFFIRMED THAT HE WAS UPON THE VERY EVE OF PROVING WHAT HAD NEVER ENTERED INTO THE SOUL OF MAN; VIZ. THAT FLEAS WERE LOBSTERS—THAT JONAS DRYANDER WAS ORDERED TO COLLECT FIFTEEN HUNDRED FLEAS, AND BOIL THEM; WHICH IF THEY CHANGE TO THE FINE CRIMSON OF THE LOBSTER, WOULD PUT THE IDENTITY OF THE SPECIES BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF DOUBT—AT LENGTH THE BEDS OF THE PRESIDENT WERE RANSACKED BY HIS FLEA-CRIMP, HONEST JONAS—FIFTEEN HUNDRED OF THE HOPPING INHABITANTS WERE CAUGHT, AND PASSED THE DREADFUL ORDEAL OF BOILING WATER; WITH WHAT SUCCESS, O GENTLE READER! THE ODE WILL INFORM THEE.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

BOILED FLEAS.

BLEST be the man who thought upon a college,
 The market of all sorts of knowledge,
 Th' emporium, as we classic people say:
 Nay, he upon societies who thought,
 To learning's flock a deal of treasure brought,
 Dragging OBSCURITY so deep to day;
 Making

Making the dame turn out her bag,
Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;
Examining the smallest rag,
Black'ned by Time's most sacred smoke;

To use a *simile* a little rough,
Stripping dame Nature to her very buff;
Or to be somewhat more in speech refin'd,
By dint of pow'rs of eye and mind,
Enlight'ning what through darkness might escape,
Embroid'ring thus with silver spangles crape.

The mention of societies recalls
Of Somerset * the lofty walls,

The hive where fam'd Sir Joseph reigns Queen Bee
Though men, to whom Sir Joseph is not known,
Most certainly must take him for a drone;

Whose face by sloven Nature's hard decree,
Seems form'd fair ladies' pockets to alarm,
Rather than steal fair ladies' hearts by charm.

Well! so much for Sir Joseph's face,
And eke about the hive-like place,

Where our Sir Joseph reigns Queen Bee;
And verily Queen Bee's a proper name,
For, Reader, know it is a Royal dame,
Who to her subjects issueth decree:

Sendeth her subjects east and west,
To pitch on flowers and weeds the best,

* The Royal Society hold their meetings there.

And

And bring sweet treasure to the hive ;
She keepeth, too, of gentlemen a band,
To say soft things and flatter, kifs her hand,
Who eat the honey for fuch deeds, and thrive.

Sir Joseph has his flatt'ers, too, in hand,
Who say soft things—yea, very soft indeed,
For which the gentle flatt'ring band
Gain butter'd toast, sweet Flatt'ry's oily meed.

A girl for novelty where'er it lies,
In mofses, fleas, or cocklefhells, or flies,
Sir Joseph ever seeks for fomething new ;
Of this, whene'er he fits, he gravely talks,
Or whilst he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,
Amidft his royal and attendant crew.

ONE morning at his houfe in Soho Square,
As with a folemn, awe-infpiring air,
Amidft fome royal fycophants he fat ;
Moft manfully their mafficators ufing,
Moft pleafantly their greafy mouths amufing
With coffee, butter'd toast, and birds-neft chat ;

In Jonas Dryander, the fav'rite, came,
Who manufactures all Sir Joseph's fame— [fay"—
“ What luck ? ” Sir Joseph bawl'd—“ fay, Jonas,
“ I've boil'd juft fifteen hundred ”—Jonas whin'd—
“ The dev'l a one change colour cou'd I find ”—
Intelligence creating dire difmay !

Then

Then Jonas curs'd, with many a wicked wish,
 Then show'd the stubborn fleas upon a dish.
 "How!" roar'd the President, and backward
 fell——

"There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell!"
 And now his head in deep despair he shook;
 Now clos'd his eyes, and now upon his breast,
 He mutt'ring dropp'd his fable beard unblest;
 Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with pi-
 teous look.

Dread-struck sat AUBERT, BLAGDON, PLANTA,
 WOIDE,

Whose jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employ'd,
 Half open'd, gap'd, in sudden *stupor* lost;
 Whilst from the mouth of ev'ry gaping man,
 In mazy rill the cream-clad coffee ran,
 Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toast.

Now gaining speech, the parasitic crowd
 Leap'd up and roar'd in unison aloud:
 "Heav'ns! what's the matter! dear Sir Joseph,
 pray?"

Dumb to their questions the GREAT MAN remain'd:
 The Knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchsaf'd
 to say:

Again the *Gentlemen* their voices strain'd.
 Sudden the PRESIDENT OF FLIES, so sad,
 Strides round the room with disappointment mad,

Whilst ev'ry eye enlarged with wonder rolls;
And now his head against the wainscot leaning,
" Since you *must* know, *must* know (he sigh'd) the
 meaning,
" Fleas are not lobsters, d——n their souls*."

* The author would not have so frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he not previously known that Sir Joseph was the most accomplished swearer of the Royal Society.

A
 ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER;
 OR, A
 POETICAL ANSWER
 TO THE
 BENEVOLENT EPISTLE
 OF
 Mr. *PETER PINDAR*.
 ALSO, THE
 MANUSCRIPT ODES, SONGS, LETTERS, &c. &c.
 OF
 The above Mr. *PETER PINDAR*,
 NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY
SYLVANUS URBAN.

Sir, you lie!—I scorn your word,
 Or any man's that wears a sword.
 For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
 Or who cares for you?

CATCH.

LITTLE did I think that a Man of my mild
 and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a cat,
 should be forced out to battle:—but such is the au-
 dacity of the times—(*O tempora, ô mores!*) I have
 ventured forth to attack this Goliath of Ode and

Impudence; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr. *William Hayley*, who is a constant communicant to my *Gentleman's Magazine*, both in verse and prose, that is to say, in rhyme and criticism;—whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my *Gentleman's Magazine*, which every Gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads,—which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our Most Gracious Sovereign, who is the greatest Monarch upon earth,—but also with his Nobles, who are men of judgment and learning; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language:—so that, if I may be permitted to verify the praise of my monthly Publication (for indeed I must own I have a great itch for poetry,) I will do it in this poetical distich:

My Magazine all Magazines excels;
And, what's still better too, for JOHN, it sells.

I asked Mr. *Hayley*, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. PETER PINDAR. To this, Mr. *Hayley* replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the

the aspect of a bruising-match, too much like a set-to of *Johnson* and *Big Ben*; but added, that *I* might do it, if I thought proper. "But," says my good Friend, "I will privately attack him, under a fictitious signature;"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious Fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose:—but this was only small shot, with deference to Mr. *Hayley*; the grand artillery was reserved for me.

Kind Reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself, in simplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I first took the chair of criticism, I own that I trembled; for I am not ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a correspondent sent me an account of an ancient coin, I did not know a syllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed the legends used to perplex me much, in as much as I exposed myself greatly; for I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman Medal, meant the month in which it was struck off; and therefore I deemed it August: and G.P.R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter

Richardson. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking a she-wolf, I took to be two children milking a cow. D. M. for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half-word HEL. signifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the House of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to say, *Janum clusit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos seculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Consul*; M. F. Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. N. C. (would'st thou think it, Reader?) I translated Nincompoop; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobilissimus Cæsar*. P. P. which signifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those initials: But, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Respublica*, signifying, in English, the Republic.—Thus it will appear that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this Enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate*, I actually imagined meant a Tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only

only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwisely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue; for as much as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. SCIP. AS. which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip Afs; but for why, I could not say:—such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me:—rings for pigs noses were sent me for nose-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's shop, for the pitch that surrounded the body of Julius Cæsar; a large brown jordan, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black fugar-bafon, for a Druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous *Boerhaave* was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty shillings:—for, lo! Reader, this great Man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary too I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of correspondents was such, that I have perpetuated the deaths of bull-dogs, greyhounds, mastiffs, horses, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that the were people of consequence. Indeed I have not stuck to the letter
of

of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; for as much as I have sometimes put a scavenger over a Member of Parliament, a pig-driver over a Bishop, a lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a chimney-sweeper over a Duke: But as I was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it, (for who is not ambitious?) and as I was paid for it too, (and who can withstand a fee?) I have in some little measure disgraced my Journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess that I owe it all to Mr. *R. Gough*, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate Gentleman, like myself,—but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy PETER PINDAR hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cobwalls, old chamber-pots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. *Gough's* zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of KING EDWARD's fingers, as he lay exposed, a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger, my friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was, by the order of the Bishop of Rochester, who, unluckily seeing the deed, did, to the disgrace of the science,

science, order him to be searched, and forced him to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Bishop, Sir *Joseph Ayloffe*, and other Antiquarians present at the opening of the Monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend *Gough*, that he would have attempted the head, in stead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir *Joseph Banks* on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: “On Sunday night last died
“ Mrs. *Margery Moufer*, a widow Lady, beloved in
“ life, and lamented in death; she was the only
“ daughter of *Roger Grimalkin*, Esquire, of *Rat-*
“ *ley*.”—Ignorant indeed was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my Magazine—I
mean

mean their relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine.—But enough of myself; and now for Master PETER.

In the fullness of my passion, I at first set me down, and said to myself, *Facit indignatio versus*—when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following Poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this Poet PETER against himself; make him, like some game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected from every quarter his manuscript verses of every denomination; some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West-Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as also some of his Letters, particularly those to the KING of the MOSQUITOES, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica, soon after that Gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some of his Observations, and Sayings, and Speeches: I may verily say, Observations on men and manners, without any manners at all, or, in plainer phrase, much ill manners. PETER must not complain of my showing him no mercy by this Publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

— *Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

A PO-

A
POETICAL ANSWER
TO

Mr. *PETER PINDAR'S*

Benevolent Epistle to *JOHN NICHOLS*.

O SON of wicked Satan, with a foul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouth'd Censurer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy rhymes.
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out sheers:—
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of verse, thou blust'ring Blade!
Egad! I'll say, like *Keckfy*, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any HE;
No, not to any HE that wears a head—
Again I'll say, like *Keckfy*, "Who's afraid?"
Thank God, whene'er I wish like Kings to fare,
I go, unask'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.
But, thou, who asks thee, varlet! to their houses?
Fear'd by the husbands, dreaded by the spouses.
May God Almighty hear what now I speak!—
Some Aldermen would gladly break thy neck.

Thou

Thou tell'st us thou hast struck thy lyre to Kings—
Yes, faith, and founded very pretty things.
Thou blockhead, thou pretend to think thy rhymes
Shall live to see the days of after-times!
Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
Or e'en to Printers Dev'ls to tune the line!
Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
Thou know'st not that I was a Printer's Dev'l:
So, Sir, your satire wants the pow'r to drub,
In thus comparing NICHOLS to a grub.
Whate'er thou say'st, I'm not of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a bull:
And grant I am a bull, I sha'n't suppose
A cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.
Thou liest when thou sayest, like a top,
With anger rais'd, I spinn'd about my shop:
Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy stripes,
Thou Prince of Liars, kick about my types.
Books have I written; books I still will write,
And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:
With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
Whose Magazine goes off so well as mine?
Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling?
Who gives more curious matter for a shilling?
England's first geniuses I keep in pay;
Much prose I buy, and many a poet's lay:
The silk-worm HAYLEY spins me heaps of verse,
And GOUGH, antiquities exceeding scarce:

Great

Great HORACE WALPOLE too, with sweet good-will,
Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'ry-hill :
Miss SEWARD, Mistress YEARDSLEY, and Miss MORE,
Of lines (dear Women !) send me many a score.
These are the Nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
Fool ! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
These are the Men, of prose and verse the Knights,
With genius flashing, like the northern lights !
These are the Men whose works immortal show
The men of literature from top to toe.—
But thou'rt a wen,—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
Without one single grain of wit or humour :
Thy Muse too all so consequential struts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts ;—
A fish-drab, a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the spring.
Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady ;
But, PETER, thou art mounted on a *Neddy* :
Or, in the London phrase—thou Dev'nshire Monkey,
Thy Pegasus is nothing but a Donkey.
I own, my vanity it well may raise,
To find so many gaping for my praise ;
Who send such flatt'ring things as ne'er were seen,
To get well varnish'd in my Magazine :
Indeed I often do indulge the elves,
And suffer authors to commend themselves ;
Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
And men are judges of their proper merit.

Lumps have I giv'n them too of beef, and pudding,
 That helps a hungry genius in its studying;
 And humming porter, when their Muse was dry—
 For this be glory unto God on high!
 And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
 Nor beef assisting genius in its studying.
 To Authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roast,
 And many a time a tankard with a toast—
 But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast!
 And halfpence too, and six-pences, ecod!
 But boast avaunt!—the glory be to God!
 To Bards, good shoes and stocking I have giv'n—
 But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n!
 Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen
 That I'm head Master of the Magazine;
 Who let no author see the house of FAME,
 Before he gets a passport in my name.
 Art thou a Doctor? Yes, of thinning skill;
 For thousands have been poison'd by thy pill.
 But let my soul be calm:—It sha'n't be said
 I fear thee, O thou Monster!—"Who's afraid?"
 What though I know small Latin, and less Greek,
 Good sterling English I can write and speak:
 Yet thousands, who presume to be my betters,
 Can't spell their names, and scarcely know their
 letters.

Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
 What trade I was design'd for, when a boy:

"A

“ A barber or a taylor,” said my mother——
“ No,” cried my father, “ neither one nor t’other ;
“ A soldier, a rough soldier, JOHN shall wander,
“ Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander.”
But unto *letters* was I always squinting,
So ask’d my daddy’s leave to study Printing ;
And got myself to uncle Bowyer’s shop,
Where, when it pleas’d the Lord that he should drop,
The trade and good-will of the shop was mine ;
Where, without vanity, I think I shine ;
And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
I’m warm, and married, and can boil my goose.
And had I been to swords and musquets bred,
P’rhaps I had shin’d a *Cæsar*, or the *Swede* :
Hadst thou a soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
Thy rank had never rose above a drummer.
Howdar’st thou say, that should His ROYAL HIGHNESS
(A Prince renown’d for modesty and shyness)
Be Generalissimo of all our forces,
A jack-ass’s old back, and not a horse’s,
Should carry the good Prince into the field,
Whose arm a broomstick, for a staff, should wield,
That very, very broomstick which his wife
Oft us’d to finish matrimonial strife !
Why dost not praise the virtues of the *****,
As great in soul, as noble in her mien,
Whose virtues make the soul of Envy sick,
Strong as her snuff, and as her di’monds thick ?—

But wherefore this to PETER do I say?
Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.—
The ****, as wise a man as man can be;
The *****, so mild, who cannot kill a flea;
Brave GLO'STER's Highness, and his sober Wife,
Who lead the softest, sweetest, calmest life;
RICHMOND and LEEDS, each Duke a first-rate star,
One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
The open HAWKSB'RY, stranger to all guile,
Who never of a fix-pence robb'd our isle;
The modest PITT, the Joseph of the day,
Who never with lewd women went astray;
And many others, that I soon could mention,
Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
But where's the oak that never feels a blast?
Or sun, at times that is not overcast?
Alas! ev'n people dress'd in gold and ermine
May feel at times the bites of nasty vermin:
And when thou dar'st great Quality attack,
What art thou but a bug upon its back?
What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir JOSEPH done,
So good, and yet the subject of thy fun?
Just in his ways to women and to men—
Indeed he swears a little now and then.
Behold, his breakfasts shine with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With these he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality:

Ev'n

Ev'n from the north and south, and west and east,
Men send him shell, and butterfly, and beast.
Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON sends gods and mugs;
And, for his feast, a sow's most dainty dugs.
And shall such mob as thou, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in such a great Man's coat?
Whenever at St. James's he is seen,
Is not he spoke to by the KING and QUEEN?
And don't the Lords at once about him press,
And, like his Sov'reign's, much regard profess?
Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
Behold his rarities, and taste his wine?
Such are the honours, to delight the soul,
On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
On which thy old dog's mouth in vain may water.
Whether in Dev'nshire thou hast got a house,
I value not three capers of a louse;
Whether in Cornwall thou a house hast got,
And at elections only, boil'st thy pot;
Whether a Doctor, Devil, or a Friar,
I know not—but I know thou art a liar.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
This honest epitaph upon my head:—
“ Here lies JOHN's body; but his soul is seen
“ In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:
“ Brave, yet possess'd of all the softer feelings;
“ Successful with the Muses in his dealings;

“ Mild, yet in virtue’s cause as quick as tinder—
 “ Who never car’d one f—ig for PETER PINDAR.”

Mr. PETER PINDAR’s Apology for the variety of entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the first thing I shall present to the Public.

PETER’S APOLOGY.

LADIES, I keep a rhyme-shop—mine’s a trade;
 I sell to old and young, to man and maid:
 All customers must be oblig’d; and no man
 Wishes more universally to please:
 I’d really crawl upon my hands and knees,
 T’ oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet some, (the Devil take such virtuous times)
 Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,
 And beg I’d only deal in love-sick sonnet—
 How easy to bid others cease to feed!
 On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed,
 But, trust me, can’t *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre*
 in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth—
 sweetly wrapped up indeed, ’Squire PINDAR!

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by
 giving

giving them their true character in a few words, as for example :

Impudence, Egotism, and Conceit.

The expulsion of a most excellent set of Players from Kingsbridge in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining parish is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats ;
Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the sun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy ;
Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade ;

When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd Players,—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
Kings without shirts, and Queens with half a shoe.

Alas ! what dangers gloom'd of late around—
Monarchs and Queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke,

Duke, Dukeling, Princess, Prince, consign'd to jail !
 And, what the very soul of Pity shocks,
 The poor old Lear was threaten'd with the stocks,
 Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cherish such rare Royalty forlorn——
 A Garrick in thy bosom may be born,
 A Siddons too, of future fair renown :
 For Love is not a squeamish God, they say ;
 As pleas'd to see his rites perform'd on hay,
 As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

The same impudence, egotism, and conceit, as in
 the first Ode.

TO MY BARN.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
 When Thebes, in days of yore, was sack'd,
 And nought the fury of the troops could hinder ;
 What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearse,
 So well the common soldiers relish'd verse,
 They scorn'd to burn the dwelling-house of Pindar.
 With awe did Alexander view
 The house of my great Cousin too,
 And, gazing on the building, thus he sigh'd—
 “ General Parmenio, mark that house before ye !
 “ That lodging tells a melancholy story :
 “ There Pindar liv'd (great Bard !) and there he died.
 “ The

" The King of Syracuse, all nations know it,
 " Was celebrated by this lofty Poet,
 " And made immortal by his strains :
 " Ah ! could I find like *him* a bard, to sing me ;
 " Would any man, like *him* a Poet bring me ;
 " I'd give him a good pension for his pains.
 " But, ah ! Parmenio, 'mongst the sons of men,
 " This world will never see his like agen ;
 " The greatest Bard that ever breath'd is dead !
 " General Parmenio, what think *you* ?" —
 " Indeed 'tis true, my Liege, 'tis very true,"
 Parmenio cry'd, and, sighing, shook his head :

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,
 With which he chipp'd his cheese and onions,
 And from a rafter cut a handsome slice,
 To make rare tooth-picks for the Macedonians ;
 Just like the tooth-picks which we see
 At Stratford made, from Shakespear's mulb'rry-tree.

What pity that the 'Squire and Knight
 Knew not to prophecy as well as fight ;
 Then had they known the future men of metre ;
 Then had the General and the Monarch 'spied,
 In Fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
 That very Pindar's Cousin PETER !

Daughter of thatch, and stone, and mud,
 When I, no longer flesh and blood,

Shall

Shall join of lyric bards some half a dozen ;
 Meed of high worth, and, 'midst th' Elyfian plains,
 To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
 Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Cousin ;

On *thee* shall rising generations stare,
 That come to Kingsbridge and Dodbrook Fair * :
 For such thy history, and mine shall learn ;
 Like Alexander shall they ev'ry one
 Heavethedeepleigh, and say, " Since PETER's gone,
 " With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn."

The following Ode of Mr. PINDAR's is what
 rhetoricians would call ironical. The leading fea-
 ture seems to be impudence.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

NYMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
 And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
 And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspin made ;
 Who were thy parents, blushtful Virgin ? say—
 Perchance DAME FOLLY gave thee to the day,
 With GAFFER IGNORANCE's aid.

Say, Virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell ?
 With Maids of Honour, startful Virgin ? tell—

* Held annually at those places.

For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss ;
How wicked LORDS have whisper'd wicked things
Beneath the noses of good Queens and Kings,
And sigh'd for pleasures far beyond a kifs !

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid ;
At slightest things, thy cheek with crimson glows.
Say, art thou not asham'd, abash'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to *pluck* a rose ?
Or hast thou lost, O Nymph, thy pretty gall ;
So never pluckest any rose at all ?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single male ;
Nothing but females, at thy board to cram ;
That no he-lap-dog near thee wags his tail,
Nor cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
Some ravishers should make thy fav'rites wh—s,
Staring as stricken by a thunder-clap,
Thy modesty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis said, when wag-tails thou behold'st, and doves,
And sparrow, busy with their feather'd loves ;
Lord ! thou hast trembled at their wicked tricks ;
And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
Hast only peep'd upon them through the sticks.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That

That often on old Thames's funny banks,
Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders some outstretch'd, and some on corks,
Thou squinting, most *indiff'rent* girl art seen,
In contemplation of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Prim Nymph, thou art no fav'rite with the world :
I hear the direst curses on thee hurl'd !

Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit :
'Tis said, that if a mouse appear to view,
We hear a formidable screech ensue,
And if some huge devouring brute ;

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou bellowest as if thou wert undone,
And kickest at a cow-like rate, poor foul ;
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not disturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouse would go into his proper hole.

I've heard it sworn to, Nymph, that in the streets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
Thy Chloe other dogs so brazen meets,
That, wriggling, ask thy bitch to be their bride ;
Quick hast thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preserve her charms ;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of those same fancy canine crew,

Hast

Haſt op'd ſo loud and tunefully thy throat,
(Seeming as thou haſt learnt to ſcream by note)
Loud as the Sabine girls that tried to 'ſcape
The ſpeechleſs horrors of a Roman rape.

No novels readeſt thou, O Nymph, in ſight;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In ſecret, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhymes that Rocheſter ſo warmly wrote.

Oft doſt thou wonder how thy ſex, ſo ſweet,
Can fellows, thoſe great two-legg'd monſters, meet,
And ſwoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy ſex can fancy bliſſes
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kiſſes
Of ſuch a bear-like thing as man.

'Tis alſo ſaid, that if a flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luſcious lip to bite,
Or point his ſnout into thy ſnowy breaſt,
At once the houſe hath been alarm'd—the maids
Call'd idle, naſty, good-for-nothing jades;
Who, Eve-like, ruſhing to thy room undreſt,

Have thought ſome wicked raviſher ſo dread,
On Love's delicious viands to be fed,
Had ſeiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys;
Which had he done, a moſt audacious thief,
Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief [noiſe.
Thou woul'd'ſt not, Nymph, have made a greater

And yet 'tis said, again, O Nymph so bright,
 Thou sleep'st with John the coachman ev'ry night—
 Vile tales! invented to destroy thy fame;
 For wert thou, fearful Lass, this instant married,
 At night thy modest cheek would burn with shame,
 Nor would'st thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried*:
 There, when thy Strephon rush'd, in white array'd,
 To clasp with kisses sweet his white-stol'd Maid,
 And riot in the luxury of charms;
 Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
 Mute as a fish, and fairly turn'd to stone—
 O Damsel! thou would'st die within his arms.

More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten
 Commandments.

TO FORTUNE.

AH loit'ring Fortune, thou art come too late:
 Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before;
 When all my youthful passions in a roar,
 Rare hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate?
 Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
 The loveliest forms of nature in the street,
 The fair, the black, and lasting brown!
 And, whilst their charms enraptur'd I survey'd,
 This pretty legend on their lips I read—
 “ Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.”

How

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the charm of ev'ry Phillis!
How wish'd myself a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roses and her lilies!
Indeed not only without paying——
But for her liberty without once staying.

“ At Otaheité,” I have said with tears,
“ No gentleman a jail so horrid fears
“ For taking liberties with lasses :
“ Soon as they heard how Love in England far'd,
“ The glorious Otaheitans all were scar'd,
“ And call'd us Englishmen a pack of asses.——
“ But they, indeed, are heathens—have no souls
“ But such as must be fried on burning coals.
“ But I'm a Christian, and abhor a rape :
“ Yet if a lass would *sell* her lean and fat,
“ I'm not so great an enemy to *that*——
“ Though *that* might whelp a little kind of scrape;
“ Since 'tis believ'd that simple fornication
“ May step between a man and his salvation.”

D——n'd Fortune! thus to make me groan!
To offer *now* thy shining pieces——
For *now* my passions all are flown,
Gone to my nephews and my nieces.

ODE to Madam SCHW—G and Co.

On their intended VOYAGE to GERMANY.

Written in the YEAR 1789.

WE wish you a good voyage to that shore
 Where all your friends are impudent and poor.
 Oblige us, Madam—don't again come over—
 To use a cant phrase, we've been finely fobb'd,
 Indeed have very dextrously been robb'd—
 You've liv'd just eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be so good—
 We cannot spare such quantities of blood:
 At least for some ten years, pray cross the main;
 Then, cruel, should you think upon returning,
 To put us Britons all in second mourning,
 We may support phlebotomy again.

To you and your lean gang we owe th' Excise:
 PITT cannot any other scheme devise,
 To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purses.
 With great respect I here assure you, Ma'am,
 Your name our common people loudly d—n;
 Genteeler folks attack with silent curses.

Madam,

Madam, can *you* speak Latin?—No, not much—
 I think you principally spew * High-Dutch :
 But did you Latin understand, (God bleſs it,)
 I'd offer up the pithieſt, prettieſt line,
 Unto your Avarice's ſacred ſhrine——

“ *Creſcit amor nummi quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit.* ”——

The which tranſlation of this Latin line
 Is this—‘ Alas ! that maw profound of thine
 ‘ May like the ſtomach of a whale be reckon'd :
 ‘ Throw into it the nation's treasury,
 ‘ But for a minute it will pleaſure ye ;
 ‘ That gullet would be gaping for a ſecond.’

Madam, we wiſh you a long, long adieu—
 Good riddance of the ſnuff and di'mond crew !

Your abſence, all, alone the State relieves ;
 For, hungry Ladies, as I'm here alive,
 A houſe can never hope to thrive,
 That harboureth a neſt of Thieves.

* The Author thinks this expreſſion, though a dirty one,
 more deſcriptive than any other of the guttural German ;
 and therefore chooſes not to ſacrifice truth to a little *bien-
 ſéance*.

An insupportable Apology for keeping Mistresses, and
a Laugh at that most respectable State Matrimony.

O D E.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
By marriage never have I been disjointed;
For matrimony deals prodigious blows:
And yet for this stormy state, God knows,
I've groan'd—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.

With Love's dear passion will I never war:

Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
E'en if he beats, in age, old *Par*:

'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing Time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a faucy, fad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:
Love keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter;
Marriage, in epigram so keen, and satire.

Love seeketh always to oblige the fair;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:

Marriage desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love

Love wishes, in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown :
Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill bred,
Can kick his fighting turtle out of bed ;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant ;
A very showy bird, a fine cock-pheasant :
By time, it changeth to a different fowl ;
Sometimes a cuckow, oft'ner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
Which ev'ry rascal has a key to pick.

O Love ! for Heaven's sake, never leave my heart
No ! thou and I will never, never part—
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving Wife.

T O C H L O E.

An Apology for going into the Country.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heav'n,
For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing ;
The joys for which I thousands would have giv'n,
Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the Loves!
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We should be prudent, never live too fast;
Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame—
Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
Till pen'ry stares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purse,
Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!
Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose
Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
Yet often should the little God retire—
Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
That keeps alive the sacred fire.

In the same impudently ironical style.

ODE TO LAIS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of skin,
Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest floc;
With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
And lips that none but mouths of cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-street,
That too, too fair, seducing form to meet;
Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight;
Where thou wilt practise ev'ry roguish art,
To bid my spirits all unbridled start,
Run off with me full tilt, and steal my sight.
Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! cease to turn, and leer, and smile,
My too imprudent senses to beguile!
Ah! keep that leg so taper from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art:
So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part
By me abhorr'd—and christ'ned *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay;
Whilst

Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peeping,
 Seems to that rogue interpreter, my eye,
 To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh—
 Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
 And hide those orbs of sweet inflammability!—
 Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet;
 And do not follow her to Charlotte-street.

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I see,
 But wish to carry off poor struggling *me*;
 Yes, the wild bed of beauty wish to seek!—
 Yet, if you do—to make your two hearts ake,
 A sweet, a sweet revenge I mean to take;
 For, curse me if you shall not stay a week.

But, let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, stand—
 But, lo, I am not at my own command:
 Bed, bosom, kifs, embraces, storm my brains,
 And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
 O lovely Lads! too pow'rful are thy charms,
 And fascination dwells within thy arms.

The Passions join the fierce invading host;
 And I and Virtue are o'erwhelm'd and lost—
 Passions that in a martingal should move;
 Wild horses, loosen'd by the hands of LOVE.

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be seen—
 The Bard, and VIRTUE a poor captive Queen!

O LAIS,

O LAIS, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
Just Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the Death of Lady MOUNT E———'s favourite Pig *Cupid*, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

TO LADY MOUNT E———,

ON THE DEATH OF HER PIG CUPID.

O DRY that tear, so round and big;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a single Pig——
Your Lord and Son are still behind.

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; sent to me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, one of which is now actually in His Majesty's glorious Library at Buckingham-House.

To Mr. J. NICHOLS,

ON HIS

HISTORY of the PROGRESSES of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

JOHN, though it asks no subtilty of brain
To write QUEEN BESS's Progress thro' the land;
Excuse the freedom, if I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On

On Vanity's d—n'd rock what thousands split !
 'Thou should'st have labour'd on some humbler matter—
 On somewhat on a level with thy wit—
 For instance—when Her Majesty made w—.

To show that I can be candid, even to people
 of no candour, I shall conclude this First Part with
 a few Songs that are not totally destitute of merit.

T O D E L I A.

WHILST poets pour their happiest lays,
 And call thee ev'ry thing divine ;
 Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
 To censure be the province mine.

Though born with talents to surprise,
 Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display :
 Thus seem they trifling in thy eyes ;
 Thus Heav'n's best gifts are thrown away.

Though rich in charms thou know'st it not ;
 Such is thine ignorance profound :
 And then such cruelty thy lot,
 Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

TO FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have fought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in prose and song ;
Through half Old England woo'd thee :
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands :
But, ah ! in vain pursu'd thee !

Now, Fortune, thou would'st fain be kind ;
And now I'll plainly speak my mind —

I care not straws about thee :
For Delia's hand alone I toil'd ;
Unbrib'd by wealth, the Nymph has smil'd ;
And bliss is ours without thee.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
That give my heart the constant sigh !
Ah ! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
Who can't with ease his wants supply ?

Oh haste, thy charity display ;
With little I'll contented be :
The kisses which thou throw'st away
Upon thy dog, will do for *me*.

I cannot, however, conclude this First Part of Mr. PETER's lucubrations without a severe reprehension of his want of loyalty, as well as want of respect, for that first of Courts ST. JAMES's; and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose that it was written in the last reign, since it is impossible that it should be in the present.

TO A FRIEND IN DISGRACE.

SO then, thy SOV'REIGN turns away his face!
Thank God, with all thy soul, for the disgrace.

This instant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the man who makes thee free;
No more endeavour FOLLY's hand to kiss:
At first I look'd with pity on thy state;
But now I humbly thank the foot of Fate,
That kindly kicks thee into bliss.

I've been disgrac'd too—felt a Monarch's frown,
And consequently quitted town:—
But have my fields refus'd their smiles so sweet?
Say, have my birds grown sulky, with the KING?
My thrushes, linnets, larks, refus'd to sing?
My winding brooks to prattle at my feet?

No! no such matter!—Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gayly glides away:

In short, all Nature seems dispos'd to please——
Then prithee quit thy qualms; look up and laugh;
The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
And make our *congé* to the Gods of Ease.

By day, shall NATURE's simple voice
Our walks, and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an empty Court where Tumult howls;
And should at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
We'll go and listen to our Owls;

Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs——
How very diff'rent from the throats of Kings!

END OF PART 1.

A D V I C E
TO THE
FUTURE LAUREAT:
A N O D E.

*Nil nimium fudeo, Cæsar, tibi velle placere;
Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.*

CATULLUS.

So little, Cæsar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the Man be black or fair.

THE POET EXPRESSETH WONDERFUL CURIOSITY FOR KNOW-
ING THE FUTURE LAUREAT—REPORTETH THE CANDI-
DATES FOR THE SUBLIME OFFICE OF POETICAL TRUM-
PETER—RECOMMENDETH TO HIS MUSE THE PRAISES OF
ECONOMY, POULTRY, COW-PENS, PIGS, DUNGHILLS, &c.
ADVISETH THE MENTION OF HIS PRESENT MONEY-LOVING
MAJESTY OF NAPLES—ALSO OF THE GREAT PEOPLE OF
GERMANY—PETER GENTLY CRITICISETH POOR THOMAS,
AND UTTERETH STRANGE THINGS OF COURTS—HE EX-
CLAIMETH SUDDENLY, AND BOASTETH OF HIS PURITY—
HE RETURNETH SWEETLY TO THE UNKNOWN LAUREAT,
ASKETH HIM PERTINENT QUESTIONS, AND INFORMETH
HIM WHAT A LAUREAT SHOULD RESEMBLE.

PART

P A R T II.

THE POET FEELETH A MOST UNCOMMON METAMORPHOSE—
 BREAKETH OUT INTO A KIND OF POETICAL DELIRIUM—
 TALKETH OF COURT-REFORMATION, THE ARTS AND SCI-
 ENCES; AND SEEMETH TO CONTINUE MAD TO THE END
 OF THE CHAPTER.

WHO shall resume St. James's life,
 And call ideal virtues into life?
 On tiptoe gaping, lo, I stand,
 To see the future Laureat of the land!

Dread rivals, splashing through the dirty road,
 With thund'ring specimens of Ode,
 The lyric bundles on each Poet's back,
 Intent to gain the stipend and the Sack,
 See MASON, HAYLEY, to the Palace scamper,
 Like porters sweating underneath a hamper!

And see the hacks of NICHOLS' Magazine
 Rush, loyal, to berhyme a King and Queen;
 And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
 The Bellman's heart, with hopes of vict'ry, throb.

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
 Who from obscurity art doom'd to start,
 Call'd, by the Royal mandate, to proclaim
 To distant realms a Monarch's feeble fame——
 For fame of Kings, like cripples in the gout,
 Demands a crutch to move about——

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied prize,
 O, if for Royal smile thy bosom sighs,
 Of pig-economy exalt the praise ;—
 O flatter sheep and bullocks in thy lays !
 To saving wisdom boldly strike the strings,
 And justify the grazier-trade in Kings.

Descant on ducks, and geese, and cocks, and hens,
 Hay-stacks, and dairies, cow-houses, and pens ;
 Descant on dunghills, ev'ry sort of kine,
 And in the pretty article of swine :

Inform us, without loss, to twig
 The stomach of a feeding calf, or cow ;
 And tell us, economic, how
 To steal a dinner from a fatt'ning pig ;
 And, Bard, to make us still more blest, declare
 How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on air.

Sing how the King of Naples sells his fish,
 And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish ;
 Sing, to his subjects how he sells his game,
 So fierce for dying rich the Monarch's flame :

Sing of the economy of German quality ;
 Emp'rors, Electors, dead to hospitality ;
 Margraves, and miserable Dukes, [cooks :—
 Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their
 Such be the burthen of thy birth-day song,
 And, lo, our Court will listen all day long.

Tom

TOM prov'd unequal to the Laureat's place ;
He warbled with an Attic grace :
The language was not understood at Court,
Where bow and curt'sy, grin and shrug, resort ;
Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil ;
And love, that wish'd each other to the devil !

TOM was a scholar—luckless wight !
Lodg'd with old manners in a musty college ;
He knew not that a palace hated knowledge,
And deem'd it pedantry to spell and write,
TOM heard of royal libraries, indeed,
And, weakly, fancied that the books were read :

He knew not that an author's sense
Was, at a Palace, not worth finding ;
That what to notice gave a book pretence,
Was solely paper, print, and binding !

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
Old PINDAR's name, nor occupation,
Had not *I* started forth—a lucky hit,
And prov'd myself the Theban Bard's relation.

The names of DRUMMOND, BOLDERO, and HOARE,
Though strangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
Are discords that the Palace-folks adore,
Sweet as sincerity, as honour dear !

The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
So much the Banker, soars beyond the Poet ;

For

For Courts prefer, so classically weak,
A Guinea's music to the noise of Greek :
Menin aeide Thea, empty sounds,
How mean to—"Pay the bearer fifty pounds!"

Angels, and ministers of grace, what's here !
See suppliant SAL'SB'RY to the Bard appear !
He sighs—upon his knuckles he is down !
His Lordship begs I'll take the Poet's crown.

Avaunt, my Lord !—Solicitation, fly !
I'll not be Zany to a King, not I :
I'll be no Monarch's humble thrush,
To whistle from the laurel bush ;
Or, rather, a tame owl, to hoot
Whene'er it shall my masters suit.

I have no flatt'ries cut and dried—no varnish
For Royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,
Expos'd a little to the biting air :
I've got a soul, and so no lies to spare ; —
Besides, too proud to sing for hire,
I scorn to touch a venal lyre.

Avaunt, ye sceptred vulgar—purpled, ermin'd !
The Muse shall make no mummies, I'm determin'd.
World, call her prostitute, bawd, dirty b——,
If meanly *once* she deals in spice and pitch ;
And saves a carcase, by its lyric balm,
So putrid, which the very worms must d——n.

Again

Again to thee I turn, from dear digression ;
 To thee, ambitious of the Sack-possession !
 O thou, the future Laureat, yet unknown,
 The nightingale or magpie of a Throne !

Reveal the situation of thy brain.
 Or clear, or muddy is its fountain ?
 Of molehill can it make a mountain,
 So strong the magic of its wizard strain ?

Laureats should boast a bushel of invention,
 Or yield up all poetical pretension——
 Lo, flatt'ries form a Monarch's first delights !
 A solar microscope the Bard should be,
 That to a camel's size can swell a flea,
 And give the guts of Aldermen to mites.

P A R T II.

MY soul assumes a loftier wing ;
 I'm chang'd, I feel myself a King !

I'm sceptred—on my head the crown descends !
 To purple turn'd my coat of parson's grey,
 Now let my Majesty itself display,
 And show that Kings and glory may be friends.

Yet, though I myself a King,

I hope, untainting, that the crown descends——
 Not on my people's shoulders bids me spring ;
 And cry, forgetful of myself and friends,

“ Blood

“ Blood of the Gods within my veins I find —
“ Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind.”

Low at my feet the spaniel-courtiers cow'r;
Curl, wheedle, wine, paw, lick my shoe, for pow'r;
Prepar'd for ev'ry insult, servile train,
To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Off, PITT and GRENVILLE—you are not yet men—
Go, children, to your leading-strings agen,
Make not a hobby-horse of this fair Isle:—
Yet, were no danger in the childish sway,
A kingdom might permit a baby's play,
And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.
Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—
Go, find of politics the lost horn-book.

Off with EXCISE your Imp, with lengthened claws,
And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;
That monster, damping Freedom's sacred joys;
Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of foolish boys!
My soul, to FREEDOM wedded, Freedom loves;
Then blast me, lightnings, when, so coldly cruel,
I to pomatum sacrifice the jewel,
Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off, J——! some dæmon did create thee:
Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!
“ Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee!
“ And when I hate thee not,” I war with Nature.
Such

Such reptiles dare not 'midst my radiance sport—
C——s'd be such snakes that crawl about a Court.

Disgrace not, simp'ring fycophants, my throne!—
E——, and pigmy V——T, be gone!
B——R, thou stinkest!—weazel, polecat, fly!
Thy manners shock, thy form offends my eye.
As for thy principles—they're gone long since—
Lost when a poor deserter from thy PRINCE.

———, avaunt? thou'rt cowardly and mean;
Thy foul is fable, and thy hands unclean.—
Yet to minutiae to descend, what need?
Enough, that thou art one of Charles's breed.

Out with that SAL'SBURY!—DUNDAS, avaunt!
Off, water-gruel WESTMORELAND, and LEEDS!
You, verily, are not the men I want—
My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, HARCOURT! who would'st starve my kine
Or make them, poor lean devils, dine
On vile horse-chefnuts—'tis a c—fed meal—
Instead of turnips, corn, and hay:
Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,
Into my royal favour steal.

Off, UXBRIDGE!—LEEDS, too, once more get along!
You shall no be Lord-Presidents of song;

You

You throw poor St. Cecilia into fits :
 You've ears, but verily they do not hear,
 Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear ;
 And brains that want their compliment of wits.

Off, WALSINGHAM !—thou putt'st me in a sweat :
 I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
 For ever something *most important* brewing ;
 For ever busy, busy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of Post-office, the teaser, fretter ;
 Informing clerks the way to seal a letter ;
 Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
 Instructing Susan how to sweep the room ;
 The letter-man, to hold his bag ;
 The mail-guard (funk in ignorance forlorn!)
 To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn ;
 Off, off!—of consequence thou rag !
 Go to the fields, and gain a Nation's thanks—
 Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for BANKS.

I want not fellows that can only prate ;
 I want no whirligigs of state—
 No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
 Skipping, and leading men into the mire.
 Thou servile copieft, WEST, begone !
 With nought worth saving of thy own ;
 Phillis and Cloe, dancing dogs,
 PINETTI, and the fortune-telling hogs,

Toymen

Toymen and conj'rors, from my presence fly !
I have no children to amuse—not I.

Off, Sw —— G ! thou lean, old, wicked cat ;
Restless and spitting, biting, mewling, mean,
Thou shalt not in my chimney-corner squat,
Thou shalt not, harridan, be Queen :
Off, to thy country, by the map forgot,
Where Tyranny and Famine c —— e the spot.

Yet empty first thy bags of plunder'd gain,
Wages of vile political pollution ;
Then vanish, thou OLD FISTULA ! a drain
Enervating our glorious Constitution !
Off, H —— Gs' Wife !— thy di'monds bode no good ;
They shall not taint us—lo, they smell of blood !

Off, off, old G ——'s spawn !—now E ——'s fury,
In manners coarser than the dames of Drury !
O form'd for Uglinefs itself a foil !
Sprung from the Church, the world might well suppose
Thy blood with some few drops of meekness flows—
No, vitriol !—not one particle of oil !

I'll have no Laureat—sacred be the ode ;
Unfulfilled let its torrent roll !
Few merits mine, the Muse's wing to load ;
Small grace of form, and no sublime of soul :
And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
By verse unvarnish'd shall they shine.

The real Virtues dare themselves display,
 And need no pedestal to show away :
 Each from herself her own importance draws,
 And scorns a chatt'ring Poet's mock applause.
 Have niggard Nature, and my stars, unkind,
 Of sense and virtues stript my desert mind ;
 My name let Silence, with her veil, invade,
 And cold Oblivion pour th' eternal shade.

Oblig'd not to an Author's rhyme,
 Important, down the stream of Time,
 O let me fail, or not at all ;
 Too proud for Bards to take in tow my name,
 Just like the Victory *, or Fame *,
 That drag along the jolly-boat or yawl.

Away, the little sniv'ling spirit——
 Away, the hate of rising merit——
 Thy heav'n-ward wing, aspiring Genius, wave ;
 I will not, lev'ling with a jaundic'd eye,
 The secret blunderbuss let fly,
 To give thee, O thou royal bird ! a grave.

I'll have no poet-persecution—no !
 Proud of its liberty, the verse shall flow ;
 The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb :
 If, idly wanton, Poets tax me wrong,
 Their's is the infamy, for their's the song——
 Such blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep calm disturb.

* Ships of the Line.

But,

But, should fair Truth to Satire lend an edge,
 Bid with more force descend her thund'ring sledge,
 My justice dares not break the poet's pipe;
 And, like a school-boy, to the tyger's den,
 Who wanton flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
 I will not give him to * MACDONALD's gripe.

Wife let me hush of prejudice the storm,
 Disarm him for the future, and reform:—
 Yes; 'stead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
 Revenge the blow by reformation.

To TEOS, which of yore was reckon'd far,
 HIPPARCHUS really sent a man of war,
 To bring ANACREON, honied bard, to court;
 So PLATO says, a man of good report.

How diff'rent, Monarchs of the present day!
 From modern Kings each bee-like minstrel sculks,
 Whose love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
 Or send them out to warble at † THIEVES BAY.

Come, Science, and the Arts, around me bloom—
 Thrice-welcome, half my empire claim—
 The eye of Genius shall not wear a gloom,
 Nor BOYDELL dash my cheek with shame.

Historians, Poets, Painters, ev'ry merit,
 Shall feel King PETER's foist'ring spirit.

* The Attorney-General.

† Commonly called *Botany-Bay*.

Yes, men of Genius, be my equals, free—
Imperious consequence you shall not feel;
For show collected, just to bend the knee,
And grace, like slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel.

Avaunt, the parasitic dedication,
A trap to catch my smile, deceive the Nation,
And make the wide-mouth'd million bless my name:
Ah! let my *deeds* alone, instead of *lies*,
Proclaim me open, gen'rous, good, and wise—
Those manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, sons of science, come:
Oh, haste! and call King PETER's house your home:
Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,
And make my court a galaxy of wit.

Come, VIRTUE, though a dungeon hide thy face,
(For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls,)
Whose angel-form, from jails can blot disgrace,
And cast a sacred splendor o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings;
Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;
At times be merry upon thrifty Kings,
And smile at Majesty that starves the arts,
Ambitious, if with Wisdom thus we wed;
A Farthing shall not blush to bear OUR head!

A COM-

A
COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE
TO
JAMES BRUCE, Esq.
THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

— *Non Fabula mendax.*
WONDERS!—WONDERS!!—WONDERS!!!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

PERMIT a poor son of Apollo to make an offering of his Pamphlet, (a sort of widow's mite,) for the pleasure received from your five quartos. Aware of the dangers of launching into the foaming sea of usual dedication, in which many an unfortunate author has been drowned, I tremble at my present attempt. Exalted panegyric too frequently incurs the suspicion of a sneer. *Your* dedication, illustrious Sir, to the best of Kings, strikes me as the most perfect model of imitation—it is a column of Attic elegance and simplicity, erected to a deserving monarch. Pray,

Sir, did his august Majesty honour it with a perusal before publication? It truly forms the *ne plus ultra* of human panegyric; and, what is marvellous, cannot be suspected of adulation. Pray, Sir, how much might his Majesty give you for it?

What a similitude, illustrious Sir, between yourself and Mr. JAMES BOSWELL; and yet what a distance! Both gloriously ambitious, both great scholars, both intellectually adorned, both popular gentlemen, both dealers in history, and both descended from kings! But Mr. JAMES BOSWELL's ambition was not of so bold a wing as yours. *He* was content with a journey to Scotland, to exhibit Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the Lexicographer, to the *literati* of that country: *Your* more exalted ideas could only be satisfied with a display of the head quarters of the IMMORTAL NILE, who had puzzled the pursuits of men for seven thousand years. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL entertains only with a breakfast on spaldings (*alias* dried whittings,) the sublimer BRUCE treats us with a dish of lion. Whilst BOSWELL brings us acquainted with plain Scottish gentlewomen only, the gallant BRUCE charms us with romantic tales of QUEEN SITTINIA, &c. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL presents us only with an anecdote of a flannel night-cap made by Miss M'Leod, for the Doctor's bald head; the sublimer BRUCE tells of a piece of fatin, and six handsome

some crimson and green handkerchiefs, most gallantly transmitted to the beautiful AISCACH, of TEAWA. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL amuses us only with his drunken bout, and consequently a simple emetic scene, the soaring BRUCE greets us with the more important history of a thundering DIARRHÆA. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL prides himself only upon his descent from a Scottish King, the penetrating BRUCE discovers an origin from KING SOLOMON and the QUEEN OF SHEBA; which, under the rose, must be establishing a bastardy in the family, as the Abyssinian Queen could be nothing more than Solomon's concubine, their marriage having never been proved.

Pray, Sir, what may his Majesty intend to do with your invaluable Drawings, &c. &c.? Are they to be engraved, *pro bono publico*, at the expence of the royal purse; or kept *cautiously* locked up in a drawer at Buckingham-house, to induce the *dilettanti* to sigh for the publication? Possibly they are destined to be a posthumous work of the greatest of Kings; but not like posthumous works in general, to disgrace the dead.

I am, ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

P. P.

A COM-

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye *astonied* stare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
Behold our infancies in tale delight,
That bolt, like hedge-hog quills, the hair upright.
Of ghosts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
Dread monsters, issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, tho', with horror cloth'd, they chill the blood!
What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happen'd—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the visage of invention:
A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.
Mysterious conduct! yet 'tis Nature's plan
To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of man,
That ev'ry where in sweet profusion rise,
And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes!

What to the *vastly* deep * SIR JOSEPH gave,
As of the world, the sport of wind and wave?

* Sir Joseph Banks.

What

What bade the Knight, amidst those scenes remote,
 Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat?
 What, unconfounded, leap to Newton's chair?
 What, but to make a world with wonder stare?
 What bids a KING on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
 So oft rejoice the regiments of death;
 While Britain's mightier bulwark flighted lies,
 And vainly groaning for its Cæsar sighs?
 What, with the vulgar pigs of Ascot taken,
 Devour on * Ascot-heath his annual bacon?
 What bade that great, great man, a goodly sight,
 Watch his wife's di'mond petticoat all night;
 And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
 Make her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown?
 What bade the charming † LADY MARY fly
 MARCHESI's squeeze, for PACCHIEROTTI's sigh?
 What, MASTER EDGECUMBE deal in rhiming ware?
 What, but to put all ‡ Cawland in a stare?
 Sweet child of verse, who, with importance big,
 Pleas'd its own self, and eterniz'd a pig §;

Whilst,

* Constantly, *yea*, with annual constancy, do their *august Majesties* devour the fine fat Bacon of Ascot at the time of the races, and, after deeply loading their royal stomachs with this savoury meat, in grateful return load Ascot and the Bacon with royal approbation.

† Lady Mary Duncan.

‡ A small fishing town near Mount Edgumbe,

§ This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with
the

Whilst, mad an equal weight to share,
 OLD MOUNT plays Punchinello to a hair.
 What makes a girl the shops for novels rove?
 The sweet impossibilities of love;
 Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair;
 To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.
 What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
 That crowd the souls of swains with wild alarms,
 To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
 A veil of gauze so marvelously thin?
 What but a kind intention of the fair
 To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare?
 Behold! Religion's self, celestial dame,
 Founds on the rock of miracle her fame:
 A sacred building, that defies decay,
 That sin's wild waves can never wash away!
 What made * JOHN ROLLE (except for Exon's stare)
 Drill-serjeant to the aldermen and may'r;

E'er

the Earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's son.—It is said, that His Majesty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering near his grave, the Queen, who was at some distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously. His Majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, "The family vault, Charly; family vault, family vault."

* Mr. JOHN ROLLE's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of presentment to his Majesty when at Exeter, prevailed on him to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be introduced

E'er from the hall he led his chosen bands,
 To view the KING OF NATIONS, and kiss hands?
 How rarely man the haunts of wisdom seeks,
 Pleas'd with the life of cabbages and leeks!
 Though form'd to plough the soil, divinely strong,
 'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along:
 But BRUCE, on *curiosity's* wild wings,
 Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel springs.
 Let envy kindle with the blush of shame,
 That dares to call thee, BRUCE, a thief of fame.
 Pleas'd to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
 A thousand volumes could not make me yawn:
 And (O accept a salutary hint)——
 The world will read as fast as thou can'st print.

C—s'd by the goose's and the critic's quill,
 What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
 Thus that small imp, a tooth, a simple bone,
 Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan;
 Tear hopeless virgins from their happy dream,
 And bid for doctors 'stead of sweethearts scream;

introduced at the *Levee*: but, in spite of all his intellectual powers, which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture, much disorder happened; indeed the best of Kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that Mr. ROLLE was forced to place himself behind, to pull down properly on their knees; and many were the gentlemen he was obliged to run after, and make face to the right about, who uncourteously, though unwittingly, in quitting the presence, had turned their unpolished tails on Majesty.

In

In tears the tender tossing infant sleep,
 And from its eyelids brush the dews of sleep;
 Where, with a cheek in cherub blushes drest,
 It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanish'd rest.
 Far diff'rent, THOU, erect in conscious pride,
 Colossal dar'st the critic host bestride;
 Like yelping coward curs can'st make them skip.
 And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How hard that thou, a busy working bee,
 Should'st range from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree;
 Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
 Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme,
 And plund'ring * drones upon thine honey thrive,
 Who never gave an atom to the hive!
 Huge WHALE of marvel-hunters, further say,
 And glad the present and the future day;
 Speak! did no angel, proud to intervene,
 Bear thee, like Habbakuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-ey'd WONDER opes her lap to thee:
 How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
 Where'er, through trackless woods thy luckier way,
 Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on ev'ry spray.
 Blest man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
 Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
 Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
 Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'ror's bag.

* Alluding to an Abridgement of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame!
Poor wasted pigmies! skeletons of fame!
To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
The massy keys of yonder star-clad Heav'n;
With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
To put a few eclipses in thy pocket!
Nature, where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form;
The whisp'ring zephyr swells a howling storm;
Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purl'd before,
Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.
Thrice envy'd man, (if truth each volume sings,)
Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!
A simple swain, a stranger to a throne,
I ne'er sat down with kings to pick a bone!
For smiles I gap'd not, crouch'd not for assistance;
But paid my salutations at a distance:
Yet live, O KINGS, to see a distant date,
Because I've got a pretty good estate;
A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives;
A leasehold though, that hangs upon your lives;
Let to GEORGE KEARSLEY, at a moderate rent;
Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
Were Heav'n to place a crown upon my head,
So meek, so modest, I should faint with dread;
And like some honest bishop, with a sigh,
"Pity my greatness, Lord!" would be my cry.
Poets, like spiders, now-a-days must spin,
E'en from *themselves*, the threads of life so thin.

Nought pleaseth now the rulers of great nations,
But books of wonders, and sweet dedications.
Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head ;
Heads, like the mountain also, cold and raw,
That, ice-envelop'd, seldom feel a thaw.
O may the worst of ills my soul betide,
For *me* if ever love-sick lady dy'd !
If fatal darts from these two eyes of mine,
Play'd havock with fair ladies' hearts, like thine :
No, no ! I ever a hard bargain drove,
And purchas'd ev'ry atom of my love.
O BRUCE, I own, all candour, that I look
With envy, downright envy, on thy book ;
A book like Pfallmanazar's, form'd to last,
That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast ;
A book like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
And puts poor probability to flight ;
A book that e'en Pontopidan would own ;
A book most humbly offer'd to the Throne ;
A book, how happy ! which the King of Isles
Admires, (says rumour,) and receiv'd with smiles !

The fool, with equal gape, astonish'd sees,
Through Wonder's glasses, elephants, and fleas ;
But thou, in Wonder's school long bred, full grown,
Art pleas'd indeed with elephants alone :
Had'st thou been God, an insult to thy sight,
Thy majesty had scorn'd to make a mite.

Know,

Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldy whale,
My heart has panted at the monster's tail:
Had BRUCE been there, th' invincible, the brave,
How had he dash'd at once beneath the wave!
Bold with his dirk the mighty fish pursu'd,
And stain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood;
Then, rising glorious from the great attack,
Grac'd with the wat'ry tyrant on his back!

'Mid those fair * isles, the happy isles of old,
Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
These eyes have seen; but, let me truth confess,
No royal spectre came, these eyes to bless:
To no one chieftain-phantom too, I vow,
With rev'rence, did I ever make my bow:
Gone to make room, poor ghosts, so Fate inclines,
For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
But had thy foot, illustrious Trav'ler, trod,
Like me, the precincts of th' Elysian sod;
Full of enquiry easy, unconfounded,
By spectres had'st thou quickly been surrounded;
Then had we heard thy book of wonder boast,
How BRUCE the brave shook hands with ev'ry ghost!
In vain did I phœnomena pursue,
For Wonder waits upon the chosen few.
Whate'er I saw requir'd no witch's storm—
Slight deeds, that nature could with ease perform!

* The Canaries, or the Insulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.

Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
No golden eagles hopp'd into my dish.
Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure, left their oozy bed ;
Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
Sublimely whirl'd, like straws, amid the air ;
Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
On roaring lions have I made a meal.
Unequal *mine* with lions' bones to cope ;
Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.
O had'st thou trod, like me, the happy isle,
Whose * mountain treats all mountains with a smile ;
Bold had'st thou climb'd th' ascent, an easy matter,
And, nobly daring, fous'd into the *crater* ;
Then out agen had'st vaulted with a hop,
Quick as a sweeper from a chimney-top.
O had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The † isle which glads the heart with richest wine !
Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband, seated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun ;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
The man at once had sprung a sceptred lord ;

* Teneriffe.

† Madeira.

Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been ;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen ;
Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the music of the spheres ;
So kind is Nature always pleas'd to be,
When visited by favourites, like *thee* !
Strange ! thou hast seen the land, that, to its shame,
Ne'er heard our good ———'s virtues, nor his name !
I've only seen those regions, let me say,
Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

Alas, I never met with royal scenes !
No vomits gave to Abyssinian queens !
Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
Nor scorch'd with flames, a sceptred lady's hide ;
Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
Ventur'd to turn a princess inside out ;
Nor, blushing, stripp'd me to the very skin,
To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
I never saw (with ignorance I own)
Mule-mounted monarchs seek th' imperial throne ;
Which mule the carpet spoil'd—a dirty beast !
First stal'd ; then—What ?—Oblivion cloud the rest.
I saw no king, whose subjects form'd a riot,
And, imp-like, howl'd around him for his quiet.
Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas !)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grafs.
Where'er great Trav'ler, thou art pleas'd to tread,
The teeming skies rain wonders on thy head :

No common birth to greet thine eye appears,
But sacred labours of a thousand years.
Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
The rills shall curl into the name of BRUCE.
And, lo ! a universe his praise shall utter,
Who, first of mortals, found the parent gutter ;
And, let me add, of gutters too the QUEEN,
Without whose womb the Nile had never been.
Thus many a man, whose deeds have made a pother,
Has had a scurvy father or a mother.
O form'd in art and science to surpass ;
To whom e'en VALOUR is an arrant ass ;
O BRUCE, most surely TRAVEL's eldest son ;
Tell, prithee, all that thou hast seen and done !
I fear thou hidest half thy feats, unkind ;
A thousand wonders, ah ! remain behind !
Where is the chariot-wheel with PHARAOH's name,
Fish'd from the old Red Sea to swell thy fame ?
Where the horse-shoe with Pharoah's arms, and found
Where wicked Pharoah and his host were drown'd ?
Where of that stone a slice, and fresh account,
Giv'n by the LORD to MOSES on the Mount ?
And where a slice of that stone's elder brother,
That, broken, forc'dth' ALL-WISE t' engrave another !
Where of the cradle too, a sacred rush ?
Where a true charcoal of the burning bush ?
And, O the jewel, curious gem, disclose,
That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nose,

When,

When, with hard question, and two roguish eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise!
Sagacious Terrier in DISCOVERY's mine,
Shall Nature form no more a nose like thine?
No more display'd the pearls of wonder beam,
When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream:
To Afric' wilt thou never BRUCE return?
Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia mourn!
Droop shall DISCOVERY's wing, her bosom sigh,
And MARVEL meet no more the ravish'd eye;
Nature out-step her modesty no more;
Her cataracts of wonder cease to roar,
Forc'd to a common channel to subside,
And pour no longer an astounding tide?
O bid not yet thy lucky labours cease;
Still let the Land of Wonder feel increase:
Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
And blossom with fertility the field:
Gates, hedges mend, that IGNORANCE pull'd down,
And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.
Though ENVY d—ns thy volumes of surprise,
Blest I devour them with unsated eyes!
What though JOHNSON cry'd, with cynic sneer,
"I deem'd at first, indeed, BRUCE had been there:
"But soon the eye of keen investigation,
"Prov'd all the fellow's tale of fabrication."
But who, alas! on Johnson's word relies,
Who saw the too kind North with jaundic'd eyes:

Who

Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
For fear a Scottish tree might wound his sight ;
And, bent from decent candour to depart,
Allow'd a Scotchman neither head nor heart ?
Grant fiction half thy volumes of surprise,
High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise :
Still to FAME's temple dost thou boast pretension ;
For thine the *rara avis* of invention !
And lo ! amidst thy work of lab'ring years,
A dignity of egotism appears ;
A style that classic authors should pursue ;
A style that peerless * KATTERFELTO knew !
Thou dear man-mountain of discovery, run ;
Again attempt an Abyssinian sun !
Yes, go ; a second journey, BRUCE, pursue ;
More volumes of rich hist'ry bring to view.
O run, ere TIME the spectred tombs invade,
And seize the crumbling wonders from the shade ;
Crowd with fair columns, struck by TIME, thy page,
And snatch the falling grandeur from his rage :
Give that old TIME a vomit too, and draw
More of Egyptian marvels from his maw ;
Bid him disgorge, (by moderns call'd *a bum*,)
Scratch'd by ten thousand trav'lers, Memnon's bum ;
And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
The tail, the curious tail, of Balaam's ass.

* A late celebrated philosopher and conjuror.

Say, what should stop, O BRUCE, thy grand career ;
Of Fame the fav'rite, and no child of Fear ?
DANGER's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
Pants at thy presence, and a coward flies.
Where other trav'lers, fraught with terror, roam,
Lo ! BRUCE in Wonder-Land is quite at home ;
The same cool eye on Nature's forms looks down ;
Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
Whate'er thine action, wonder crowds the tale ;
It smells of Brobdignag—it boasts a scale !
Fond of the lofty, BRUCE no pigmy loves—
Who likes a pigmy, that a giant moves ?
Again—what pigmy, with a form of lath,
Loft in his shadow, likes the MAN OF GATH ?
The bowerly hostess, for a cart-horse fit,
Scorns DAPHNE's reed-like shape, and calls her *chit* ;
Whilst on the rough *robustious* lump of Nature,
Contemptuous DAPHNE's whispers, " What a crea-
Pity ! pursuits like thine should feel a pause, [ture !"
More than half-smother'd by fair Fame's applause !
I see thee safe return'd from MARVEL's mine,
Whose gems in ev'ry rock so precious shine ;
Proud of the product of a world unknown,
Unloading all thy treasure at the throne ;
While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
" Most marv'llous is the reign of George the Third !"
How like the butchers' boys we sometimes meet,
Stuck round with bladders, in a London street :

In

In full-blown majesty who move, and drop
The bloated burden in an OILMAN's shop ;
Whilst country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
Cry they "*ne'er zeed zo vine a zight bevore.*"

I see old NILE, the king of floods, arise,
Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes ;
Otters and alligators in his train,
Made by thy five immortal volumes vain ;
Weasels and polecats, sheregrigs, carrion-crows,
Seen and smelt only by thine eyes and nose.
" Son of the Arts, and Cousin of a King,
" " Loud as a kettle-drum whose actions ring,"
Exclaims the king of floods, " thy books I've read,
" And for thy birth-place, envy Brother TWEED."
O BRUCE, by Fame for ever to be sung ;
Job's war-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung :
When envious Death shall put thee in his stable,
Snipp'd life's fine thread, that should have been a cable ;
Lo ! to thy mem'ry shall the marble swell,
Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell !
Here, in fair sculpture, the recording stones
Shall give thee glorious, cracking lions' bones ;
There, which the squeamish souls of Britain shocks,
Rich steaks devouring from the living ox :
Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
Full many a virtuoso alligator ;
There, BRUCE informing queens, in naked pride,
The feel and colour of a Scotsman's hide :

Here

Here of the genealogy a tree,
Branching from Solomon's wise trunk to thee ;
There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
BRUCE fighting an hyæna hand to hand ;
Which dread hyæna (what a beast uncouth !)
Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth :
Here temples bursting glorious on the view,
Which HIST'RY, though a gossip, never knew ;
There columns starting from the earth and flood,
Just like the razor-fish from sand and mud :
Here a wise Monarch, with voracious looks,
Receiving all thy drawings and thy books ;
Whilst FAME behind him all so solemn sings
The lib'ral spirit of the best of Kings.

Man says, O BRUCE, that thou wert hardly us'd ;
That our great King at first thy book refus'd ;
Indeed look'd grimly 'midst his courtier crew,
Who, gentle courtiers ! all look'd *grimly* too !
Thus when in black the lofty SKY looks down,
The sympathizing SEA reflects a frown ;
Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man, and maid,
All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
Ah me ! that leads to FAME's divine abode :
Yet thick, (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
Unaw'd by mortals, and unscar'd by cats,)

What

What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
Fast as the swain, whose arms the damsels fill,
Embrace of elegance down Greenwich Hill;
Whilst thou, Briareus like, with dauntless air,
Resolv'd to ravish FAME, immortal Fair,
Just like our London bullies with the w——,
Hast scal'd the cloud-clapt height, and forc'd her doors!
O form'd the trav'lers of the East to scare,
Although thy pow'rs are mighty, learn to spare:
Dog should not prey on dog, the proverb says:
Allow then brother-trav'lers crumbs of praise;
Like thee, let others reap applause, and rise
By daring visits to Egyptian skies:
But calmly, lo! thou canst not see them pass;
"This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass."
Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
JACK KETCH, the SPIDER, weaves the fatal line;
Beneath a leaf he hides with watchful eye,
Now darts, and roping hangs the trav'ling FLY.
Again, most tiresome, let me say, Go, go,
Proceed, and *all about it* let us know:
Led safely by thine enterprising star,
Hyænas shall not with thy journey war:
Uneat by tygers, dare the forest's gloom.
To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom:
Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings;
And hound-like, scent fresh tombs of ancient kings,
When

Which Time had buried with the mighty dead,
 And cold Oblivion, swallow'd in her shade:
 And mind, ('tis HIST'RY's province to *surprise*,)
 That tales are sweetest, that sound most like lies.

As the confessed superiority of Mr. BRUCE to Mr. BOSWELL entitles him to a more eminent mark of distinction, I have added an ODE, in my best Manner, to this *Complimentary Epistle*, which the Congratulatory Epistle to Mr. BOSWELL cannot boast.

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQUIRE.

O BRUCE, for this his short and sweet epistle,
 Thou biddest p'rhaps the gentle bard "go whistle;"
 Or, somewhat worse, *perchaunce*, that rhimes to
 That is to say, knights of the blade, [knight;
 One time so busy in the dubbing trade,
 That, like to silver, it was shoulder'd bright.

Pity by hungry critics thou should'st fall,
 So clever, and so form'd to please us all!
 Again!—by royal favour all-surrounded,
 A balm so rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded!
 Thus the BAG FOX, (how cruelly, alack!)
 Turn'd out with turpentine upon his back,

Amidst the war of hounds and hunters flies ;
Shews sport ; but, luckless, by his fragrance dies !

Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,
O BRUCE, thou treadest Abyssinian grounds ;
Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil :
Indeed, thou need'st not dread th' event ;
Surrounding clouds destroy the scent,
And mock their most sagacious toil :
Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs ;
For hares, the hunters say, run best in fogs.

Of thee and me, two great physicians,
How diff'rent are the dispositions !
Thy foul delights in wonder, pomp, and bustle ;
Mine in th' unmarvellous and placid scent,
Plain as the * hut of our good King and Queen ;—
I imitate the stationary muscle.

Yet, boldly thou, O BRUCE, again proceed ;
Of wonder ope the fountain head ;
Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware ;
Whilst I, a simple son of peace,
The world of *bagatelle* increase,
By love-sick sonnets to the fair :

Now to Sir Joseph, now a Duke, now Wren,
Now Robin Red-breast, dedicate the pen :

* A house close by the glorious castle of Windsor.

Now glow-worm,| child of shade and light, not
To whom, of wicked wits the tuneful art, [flame;
So very apt, indeed, from truth to start,

Compares the nightly street-meand'ring dame.

Mild INSECT, harmless as myself, I ween;
Thou little planet of the rural scene,
When summer warms the vallies with her rays;
Accept a trifling sonnet to thy praise.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, O nightly be thy splendor giv'n:
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry sweetest dew of Heav'n!

Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chace the horrors of the midnight shade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour:

Oh ! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat ;
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die !

QUEEN of the insect world, what leaves delight ?
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet Child of Stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell ;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life ;
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade !
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease ;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade !

THE
RIGHTS OF KINGS;
OR,
LOYAL ODES
TO
DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Τὴς μανὶν θυμοῦ εἰσέβη. ANACREON.

Thus for a MIGHTY MONARCH to be levell'd!
Pray were you drunk, or mad, Sirs, or be-devill'd?

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this—The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his Majesty's desire, that a Mr. LAU-

RENCE might be added to the list of R. A.'s, his Majesty, from his superior knowledge in painting, being *perfectly convinced* of this young Artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the Royal wish, and the wish of the President, and (under the rose!!!) the wish of Mr. BENJAMIN WEST, the Windsor oracle of Paint, and Painter of History, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majesty's wish, Sir JOSHUA's wish, Mr. WEST's wish, with the most ineffable *sang-froid*, not to call it by the harder name, disgust. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Associates, at which Mr. LAURENCE ought to have been elected an Associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obstinacy of these Royal Mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr. LAURENCE, amounted to just three, and that of his opponent Mr. WHEATLEY to sixteen!!!—Indignant and loyal Reader, the Lyric Muse, who has uniformly attacked Meanness, Folly, Impudence, Avarice, and Ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sublimities.

P R O-

 P R O Æ M I U M.

 TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-spoken man!
 Modest as ADDINGTON our SPEAKER,
 Amidst Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
 Where INNOCENCE so meek, did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,
 He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's head,
 One leg just rais'd to hop into the chair;
 Just like a CAT in rain amid the street,
 That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
 Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepared!

"I fear I am a most unworthy choice,"
 Said *Mis*ter SPEAKER, with a lamb-like voice!
 "I have but one step more," he cried,
 Keeping his head coquettishly aside.

How much like CHRISTIE, with his hammer rais'd,
 (CHRISTIE, a public Speaker too, so prais'd,)
 Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing,
 Then crying—"Gemmen, going, going, going!"

Yes,

Yes, *Gentles* all, a modest Bard, and shy,
 With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye;
 Modest as *Myſter* SPEAKER at the LORDS,
 When lowly he did Maſteſty *beſeech*
 T'allow his *humble* COMMONS uſe of words;
 That is to ſay, a liberty of ſpeech:

Alſo to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
 Becauſe a *confab* royal is a treat;
 Indeed for *ſubjects* much too rich,
 As wiſe KING JAMES aſſerted of the *itch*:

Likewiſe to have the privilege of TICK,
 Becauſe a BAILIFF is a meddling rogue,
 Who, with a hand of iron, or a ſtick,
 Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!
 Barbarian act, that men of worſhip frets!
 Who think of loſtier things than idle debts;
 Deep pond'ring ever on the NATION's good,
 Not on great greaſy butchers, tailor knaves,
 Mercers and clammy grocers—compter ſlaves,
 Who, by their ſtinking ſweat, procure their food.

Tradefmen! a ſet of vulgar ſwine;
 Crutches for FORTUNE in a deep decline:
 Lo what a Tradefman's good for, and lo all—
 A wooden buttrefs for a tott'ring wall!
 With tears have I beheld full many a 'SQUIRE

Moſt brutally by *Bailiffs* dragg'd along;
 For turnpike, furniture, or houſe's hire,
 Horſe, wages, coach, or ſome ſuch idle ſong!

Now.

Now 'Squire's a title of much reputation—
 Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;
 Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
 Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
 Poor Gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
 To knuckle to such nuisances of State!

Gentles, to you, well pleas'd, I turn again,
 Quitting my fav'rite *rambling* strain;
 Leaving belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digression,
 So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profession*,
 When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,
 And sneaking FANCY quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,
 Licentious, slander'd crown-and-sceptre men!

“ Readers, one moment look me in the face;

“ A Poet not *quite* destitute of grace;

“ And answer *one* not bred in FLATTERY's schools—

“ Are you, or are you not, a set of fools?

“ Pinning your faith on GRANDEUR's sleeve—

“ Say, do you, in your consciences, believe

“ That M——s never can be weak nor mean;

“ And that a M——'s wife, yclepp'd a ——,

“ May not (and why not?) be a downright slop,

“ Form'd of the coarsest rags of NATURE's shop?

“ I read the answer in each visage”—“ No!”

“ O Jesu! *can* it be? and *is* it so?

“ Put down my book——

“ Give it not *one* contaminating look:

“ I stare

“ I stare on you with pity—nay, with pain——
 “ KEARSLEY shall tofs your money back again :
 “ Get your crowns shav’d, poor souls—I wish you
 “ And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell.” [well—

Such were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,
 When tainted by a King-deriding Clan :
 But now I curse those *tenets* o’er and o’er——
 A convert quite—a sweet and alter’d man :

The sacred force of SOV’REIGNTY I feel——
 To ROYALTY’s stern port I learn to kneel :
 For Royalties are deem’d most sacred things ;
 So sacred by the Courtiers, that the *Bible*
 May be inform’d against, and prov’d a libel,
 For saying—“ Put no confidence in Kings !”

Though this indeed may be interpolation,
 As much was coin’d by Popish priests and friars ;
 For ah ! how hard ’tis for imagination
 To *fancy* Monarchs hypocrites and liars !

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye Gods ?
 Alas ! in *waking*’s favour lie the odds !

The

The dev'l it is! ah me! 'tis really so!
 How, Sirs! on Majesty's proud corns to tread!
 Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
 Where can your Impudencies hope to go?

Refuse a Monarch's mighty orders!—
 It smells of treason—on rebellion borders!
 'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the QUEEN's fond wish as well,
 That * MASTER LAWRENCE should come in!
 Against a Queen so gentle to rebel!
 This is another crying sin!
 What;—not oblige, in such a trifling thing,
 So sweet a Queen, and such a goodly King!

A Queen *unus'd* to opposition-weather—
 At disappointment so *unus'd* to start—
 So full of dove-like gentleness her heart,
 As if the dove had lent its softest feather,
 That heart of gentleness to form,
Unus'd (as I have said) to opposition-storm!

O let me just inform you, one and all,
 That Kings and Potentates, both great and small,
 Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle:
 Most instantaneous too must be compliance;
 Refusal is most d—n—e defiance;
 They struggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *smile* some diff'rence lies—
 We whip a bantering when it kicks and cries,

* A young Portrait-painter of some merit.

Fully determin'd not to please it :
But lo ! the children that possess a crown
(Young Herculeſes) knock us down,
And, angry for the bauble, *ſeize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a cur, *perchaunce* :
Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance ;
How he looks up to Maſter for a ſmile !
Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,
Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
Eager with ſuch anxiety the while ;

And if a pat *ſhould* bleſs the whinſing ſcraper,
Lord, how the animal begins to caper !

Thus ſhould it be with ſubjects and great Kings—
But you are ſtrangers to theſe humble things.
For ſhame ! upon the courtier's creed go look—
And take a leaf from humble HAWKS'B'RY's book ;
Or ſweet neck-bending water-gruel LEEDS,
Who Maſteſty with pap of flatt'ry feeds ;
Which pap, if highly reliſh'd, will of courſe,
Rewarded, make him MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Where was PREROGATIVE ?—aſleep ?

A blockhead, not a better watch to keep.

In this moſt ſolemn, moſt important hour !

Why heard we not the thunder of his voice ;

Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,

So eaſy to the iron arm of Power ?

Why

Why slept his sledge, the guardian of a crown,
 So form'd to knock unruly rascals down?
 Ah me! PREROGATIVE seems nearly dead!
 Behold his tott'ring limbs and palsied head;
 Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
 His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his voice so weak;
 A mouse behind the wainscot—eunuch squeak!
 “Ah! *non sum qualis eram*,” now he sighs.
 To ev'ry body's call, ah! now so pliant!
 Sad skeleton of once a sturdy giant!

Poor bending shrivell'd form, but just alive,
 Art thou that bully once—PREROGATIVE?
 Where is the mien of Mars, the eye's wild stare,
 A meteor darting horror with its glare?
 How like a BRANDY-DRINKER, who on flame
 Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first;
 But, by his enemy INTEMP'RANCE curst,
 Yields to that victor of mankind with shame;
 Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,
 Just like a passing shadow, sinks away!

Bedchamber Lords are all in ire—
 The Maids of Honour all on fire;
 Nay, though despotically shav'd, the Cooks,
 Bluff on th' occasion, put on bull's-beef looks:
 And really this is very grand behaving,
 So nobly to forgive the famous shaving!

See MADAM SCHWELLENBERG most cat-like stare ;
 And though no fav'rite of the King,
 She cries, "*By Got, it shock and make my hair*
" Upright—it is so dam dam saucy ting."

STANHOPE, perchance, will clasp you in his arms ;
 And PRICE's Ghost, with eloquence's charms,
 Will, from his tomb upspringing, sound applause :
 But know, I deem not so of EDMUND BURKE :
 He nobly styles the deed " a d—mn'd day's work ;"
 Superior he to cutting royal claws.

MUN very justly thinks the human back
 Should be to Kings a sort of humble hack ;
 That ev'ry subject ought to wear a saddle,
 O'er which those great rough-riders, Kings, may
 straddle.

O D E II.

THE fam'd Assembly of the French will smile
 At this disgrace of our fair isle :
 Messieurs FAYETTE the Great, and Co.
 With tears of joy will overflow,
 And order the Assembly of the Nation
 To send you sweet congratulation.

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp ?
 Compar'd to Kings, a grampus and a shrimp !

Lo !

Lo! when from Windsor mighty Kings arrive,
Like London mack'el, all alive!

Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd so hot
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot;
Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,
Kings boasting very strong digestive pow'rs.

A POINTER thus, lock'd up a week,
Half starv'd, and longing for a steak;
Behold him now turn'd loose so wild to eat——
Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes, flatt'ry-soups are all prepar'd so hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:

Side-dishes too of curtsies, bows, and scrapes,
With stare and wonder in all sorts of shapes;
Attentions darting from the full-stretch'd eye,
That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by:
Attentions sharp as those of LUMPY, SMALL,
At cricket skill'd to catch the flying ball;
Whilst you survey (abominable thing!)
With cold contempt the character of King!

Think by what royal bounty you are blest!

Think of the patronage to Painters all!
Not a poor shallow rill confin'd to WEST,
But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; GEORGE is gen'rous—watches all your wants—
And pours his soft'ring rains upon his plants.

Then, meeting such a friend, you ought to cry
“ Glory be to GEORGE on high !”

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand’ring pair,
As oft it happens, ’mid their walks in air;

Though one be rich, the other poor,
In rare electric matter, how they greet !
With what delight they seem to meet ;

And, pleas’d, with all the fire of friendship roar !

GEORGE, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly ;
Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly ;

Buys up your works, and much commiffion gives
To Hift’ry, Portrait, Landscape-Men —
Careful as of her chicken a good hen :

Thus like an Alderman each Limner lives.

Yes ; a good hen—I see her wing display’d,
To warm, protect you with parental shade :

But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
Are all for mounting on your mother’s back,
With threat’ning beak and noisy faucy clack,
Her eyes out, trying to be picking ;

Against her blasphemously fwearing :

This is undutiful beyond all bearing.

Where’er the plaintive cry of WANT appears,
Cock’d, like a greyhound’s, are the King’s two ears :
Ready for fuch poor wights to bake, and brew !
A circumstance believ’d by very few !

Thus,

Thus, to PHILOSOPHY's surprise,
A pin can lead the lightning of the skies!

O D E III.

BEHOLD, his Majesty is in a passion!
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!
Suppose he takes it in his royal head
To strike your Academic Idol dead;
Knock down your HOUSE, dissolve you in his ire,
And strip you of your boasted title—'SQUIRE!

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
You always make that iron hot;
For then it asks but little force and skill——
Its sturdiness is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwise with man!
Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:
So widely diff'rent are the metals,
Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his Queen and Windsor tow'rs,
Oft from the fascinating Dairy flown,
To raise the Arts with all his mighty pow'rs,
And hold high converse with the folks of Town:

From lofty CARTHAGE thus, by Jove's decree,
 On nobler works than those of love, intent,
 ÆNEAS from the widow DIDO went,
 And, full of piety, put off to sea!

Vain of your Academic honours, vain,
 I say agen,
 Idly you deem'd yourselves the first of men;
 And then
 You spurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—
 By all the Gods, unfortunately, so 'tis!

Full oft, by FORTUNE, man is play'd a trick;
 Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys,
 Just like the CANDLE's luckless wick
 Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

O D E IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale;
 REBELLION chills me into stone;
 "Tell not in Gath the tale,
 "Nor publish in the streets of Ascalon."

Copy the manners of a Court:
 There (thanks to EDUCATION for't)

SUBMISSION

SUBMISSION cowering creeps, with fearful eye,
Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,
In rev'rence, abject and profound,
Too humbly modest to behold the sky :

There, all alive too, HAWK ATTENTION sits,
To study Royal HUMOUR's various fits ;
With wings expanded, ready to fly post,
To East, to West, to North, or South,
To cater for a Monarch's mighty mouth,
To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or boil'd, or roast :

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news,
Which full-fed London ev'ry moment sp—s :
Then to the Palace the rich treasure bears,
And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There ADULATION, with her silver tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,

Says unto Majesty *such things* !
Tells him that CÆSAR won not half *his* fame ;
That ALEXANDER was a childish name
Compar'd to *his*—the King of KINGS !

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,
With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
On all the words from Majesty that dart ;
As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,
Enough, indeed, to load a cart :

Her

Her mouth so pleas'd the treasures to devour!
Wide as the port-hole of a Seventy-four!

Such is the picture of a Palace scene,
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:
The outline chaste, and easy flowing;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.
Such, such is ADULATION, charming maid!
Whose conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

O D E V.

AT opposition, lo! the foul demurs!
At such the royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as sticks, the cats and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and spurs, high-melted colts.

Too well I know that you the Great despise;
Molehills, instead of mountains, in your eyes:
'Tis wrong!

I often rev'rence GRANDEUR in my song.

Go, Sirs, to Court upon a gala day:
Soon as the soldiers cry aloud, "Make way!"

How gloriously the Courtiers strut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of filk and gold,
With such an elevated front, and bold,
With such state-consequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they strut,
So stiff, so stake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame Nature had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious fight! this no one dares deny:
And lo! I'd lay considerable odds,
That man who ne'er divinities did spy,
Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the Great are ignorant—what then?
Still are they folks of worship—still *great* men;
Though flogg'd through schools, and banish'd from
a college,

Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,
The Game-act and JOHN NICHOLS' Magazine.

Still men of worship, must they all appear
BEINGS we little people should *revere*?

'Tis nat'ral to revere the *folk* on high;
To rev'rence, lo! our infancies are led!

Well do I recollect how oft my eye
Ador'd the Kings and Queens of Gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen *
Who rode so far to see, and to be seen:

* Her Majesty of Sheba.

Though

Though hungry as a hound, with pence in store,
When in their glory on the stalls I met 'em ;
Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
I deem'd it sacrilege to eat 'em !

O D E VI.

THE light of REASON is a little ray,
But still it shows us the right way :
Indeed, the GENTLEWOMAN makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze —
A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols, to destroy.

But ERROR, what a meretricious jade,
Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,
To tempt the silly and unwary !
Her meteor, lo ! she lights !—here, there,
Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary.

On the Fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
And love of this same garish light ;
All on a sudden goes this meteor out ;
And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,
Blund'ring and trying to get back agen,
They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus

Thus you Academicians all proceed :
You are those BADGERS, Gentlemen, indeed !

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,
A Revolution spirit, 'mongst mankind :
A spark will now set kingdoms in a blaze,
That would not fire a barn in former days ;
So lately turn'd to touchwood is each State——
So whimsical indeed the ways of FATE !

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
Did ever you make cuckoldom your study ?
P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine——
But, Gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This state of man, and let me add obscenity,
Is not a situation of *betweenity*,

As some word-coiners are dispos'd to call't—
Meaning a mawkish, *as-it-were-ish* state,
Containing neither love nor hate——

A sort of water-gruel without salt.

Know then, that CUCKOLDOM's all eye, all ear,

All smell, all taste, and, faith ! all feeling——
His senses sharp as those of cats appear,
To right, to left—as quick as soldiers wheeling,
To catch a wife's bad fame, alas ! not praise ;
Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days ;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
And making love'y LIFE one lengthen'd sigh :

A pair

A pair of antlers his—he sits on thorns——
He nothing sees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the Cuckold in idea, lo,
On either side his head a horn appears
Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know
Are only one huge pair of ass's ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights;
Our M——h means not to invade your rights:
It never, never was a Royal plan——
“For BRUTUS is an honourable man!”
Greater from CHAMBERS should be all your fears,
Whose HOUSE is tumbling fast about your ears.

O D E VII.

THE King (God grace him) wishes you to *shine*:
He rais'd the building with *your* cash and *mine*:
But what is wealth? what thousands? trifling things!
To swell the mighty volume of its fame,
He call'd it ROYAL—thus he *gave* the name;
Which proveth the munificence of Kings——
Heav'ns, what a present! ah, well worth possessing!
Lo! on a level with a Bishop's blessing!

DOMITIAN (so says HIST'RY, with a sigh)
Would quit affairs of state, to hunt a fly:

But

But we have no such trifle-hunting Kings! —
Europe knows no such miserable *things*!
Her Princes gallop on a larger scale;
No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale!

GEORGE wishes not to give the dome a grave;
Not to destroy he cometh—but to save:
Not like DAME NATURE, who composes forms
The fairest for the fascinated eye;
Then sends her lightnings, floods, and storms,
To bid the beauteous flowrets die!

When once a woman's handsome, smart, and clever,
In God's name let her bloom for ever!
Ah! could I snatch TIME's ploughshare from his hand,
Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,
Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face!
Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
Cuts up the lily and the rose,
Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of
grace——

Ah! could I simply do but this,
The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,
It seems as though TIME did not like his work;
As though he wanted something *better* still,
Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop
In Misdames *JOHNSON's, *KELLY's, *WINDSOR's
shop,

Or rather hot-house!—Lord, if fond of billing,
What grace, for guineas, we may find!
Nay, in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,
We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling!

O BEAUTY, how thou stealest me away!
Born, thou sweet WITCH, thy POET to beguile!
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
He feels a chain in ev'ry smile.
Thou Tyrant of my heart, let go my pen——
I *must*, *will* speak to Academic men.

Sirs! should the ROYAL EAGLE, from his height,
Dart on your puny forms his eye of flame,
And wanton, just to exercise his might,
(Deeming you no ignoble game)
Should pounce on your owl-backs, so stout,
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe——
What figures you would cut within his gripe!
This can the KING OF ISLES perform—I know it—
Yet, though of pow'r so full, he will not show it.
To soon your band its weakness would deplore!
A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

* The Priestesses of the Cyprian Goddess.

Say,

Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?
 Where lurks the burning blush of shame?
 Alas! that symptom of remaining grace
 Knows not to tinge an Academic face!
 Sons of the Dev'l like you, rebellious, hear——
 It is for Kings to *burden—us* to *bear*.

I own I've said (and glory in th' advice),
 "Be not, O King, as usual, *over-nice* :
 "Dread Sire, (to take a phrase from CALIBAN)
 "Bite 'em"——
 "To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
 "Knight 'em."

ODE IX.

THE modern French deem Monarchs much like fire,
 Which a good looking-after doth require——
 Too much inclin'd to prove an evil;
 A fire that needeth to be well secur'd,
 Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,
 Which otherwise would play the devil :
 Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,
 I deem their Monarch's jacket rather strait.
 MESDAMES POISSARDES, 'twas shockingly ill bred,
 To fling your flounders at your MONARCH's head.

Though, VENUS-like, descended from the flood,
 'Twas base, ye sweet DIVINITIES of Mud.
 To this great truth, a UNIVERSE agrees,
"He who lies down with dogs, will rise with fleas."
 How applicable! lo, you took advice,
 I'm sure, from that ARCH-DEVIL, DOCTOR PRICE,
 And STANHOPE—who so praise the French and clap,
 For catching Kings, like polecats, in a trap.

O may I never *be*—but *were* I King,
 Like ropes should I consider laws;
 Preventing, when I wish'd it, a good spring—
 Hand-cuffs to bind my lion claws.

A set of articles implies mistrust—
 How can the LORD'S ANOINTED be unjust?
 We never should believe such things
 As doubt the wisdom of the KING OF KINGS:
 What the LORD chooses *must* be good,
 Although he sent us but a piece of wood.
 Ev'n * CHESTERFIELD, that Atheistic Dog,
 Declares he has a rev'rence for KING LOG.
*"When will that lucky day be born, that brings
 "A bridle for the arrogance of Kings?"*

* "I confess I have some regard for KING LOG."

Vide his Letters.

"Too

“ Too slowly moves, alas ! the loit’ring hour.
“ When will those tyrants cease to fancy Man
“ A Dog in PROVIDENCE’s lev’ling plan,
“ To crouch and lick the blood-stain’d rods of
Such is your most unkingly cry— [“ Pow’r ?”
And lo, I tell it with a sigh !

Rank is in man the itch of opposition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a physician.
You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you ev’ry thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal pow’r,
Which like the eagle’s pinion ought to spread ;
So greedily suck in REBELLION’s breath,
That wafts the seeds of IMPUDENCE and DEATH.

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor’s feast,
A COMMON-COUNCILMAN, a beast,
On ev’ry season’d dish so hungry stuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs.
Poor fool ! he swallows rheumatism and gout,
Asthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than Doctors, with their knowledges so stout,
Can vanquish with their boluses and pills !

But, Sirs, you must be *cautious* how you act ;
Attorney-General is no *reasoning* thing !

’Tis an indubitable fact,
This fellow is the creature of a King ;

His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—
And “Instant vengeance” is his sole reply.
'Tis dangerous to shake hands with such hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause!

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,
Buzzing opinions upon King and Queen.
Ah! should he fall forth so strong,
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song;
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the insect nations pour:

In airy tumult blest, the light-wing'd throng,
Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hums to NIGHT's list'ning ear the choral song,
And wantons through the boundless field of shade;
When, lo! the mouse-fac'd DEMON of the gloom,
Espying, hungry meditates their doom!

Bounce, from his hole so secret bursts the BAT,
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost!
Behold him fall on the humming host,

And murd'rous overturn the tribes of GNAT;
Nimble from right to left, like TIPPOO, wheel,
And snap ten thousand pris'ners at a meal!

ODE

O D E X.

HOW pleasant 'tis the Courtier clan to see!
So prompt to drop to Majesty the knee;
To start, to run, to leap, to fly;
And gambol in the Royal eye!
And, if expectant of some high employ,
How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incense to the Royal nose!
How liquidly the oil of FLATT'RY flows!
But should the Monarch turn from sweet to sour,
Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,
How alter'd instantly the Courtier clan!
How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus CORYDON, betroth'd to DELIA's charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:

In mad'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
In rich luxuriance o'er a breast of snow,
And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

NIGHT too entrances—SLUMBER brings the dream—

Gives to his lips his IDOL's sweetest kifs;
Bids the wild heart, high panting, swell its stream,
And deluge every nerve with bliss:
But if his NYMPH unfortunately frowns,
Sad, chapfall'n, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns!

Oh,

Oh, try with blifs his moments to beguile :
 Strive not to make your Sov'reign frown—but smile :
 Sublime are Royal nods—moft precious things !—
 Then, to be *whiftled* to by Kings !

To have him lean familiar on one's ſhoulder,
 Becoming thus the Royal arm-upholder,
 A heart of very ſtone muſt glad !
 Oh ! would ſome King ſo far himſelf demean,
 As on *my* ſhoulder but for *once* to lean,
 Th' exceſs of joy would nearly make me mad !
 How on the honour'd garment I ſhould dote—
 And think a glory blaz'd around the coat !

Bleſt, I ſhould make this coat my coat of arms,
 In fancy glitt'ring with a thouſand charms ;
 And ſhow my children's children o'er and o'er :
 “ Here, Babies,” I ſhould ſay, “ with awe behold
 “ This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold :
 “ This very, very coat, your grandfire wore !

“ Here,”—pointing to the ſhoulder—I ſhould ſay,
 “ Here Maſteſty's *own* hand ſo ſacred lay”— [utter;
 Then p'rhaps repeat ſome ſpeech the King might
 As—“ Peter, how go ſheep a ſcore ? what ? what ?
 “ What's cheapeſt meat to make a bullock fat ?
 “ Hæ ? Hæ ? what, what's the price of country
 “ butter ?”

Then

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,
 And deem my house adorn'd with immortality :
 Thus should I make the children, calf-like, stare,
 And fancy grandfather a man of quality :
 And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,
 The Muse should sing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor lost AMERICA, high honours missing,
 Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-
 Knows nought of golden promises of Kings ; [kissing ;
 Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings :

In solitude the lovely REBEL sighs !
 But vainly drops the penitential tear——
 Deaf as the adder to the Woman's cries,
 We suffer not her wail to wound OUR ear :
 For food, we bid her hopeless children prowl,
 And with the savage of the desert howl.

O D E XI.

"MAN may be happy, if he will :"
 I've said it often, and I think so still :
 Doctrine to make the MILLION stare !
 Know then, each MORTAL is an actual JOVE ;
 Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
 Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But

But here's the mischief—Man's an ass, I say;
 Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain;
 He hides the charming, cheerful ray
 That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain!
 Dark, he *must* court the scull, and spade, and shroud—
 The mistress of his soul must be a CLOUD!

Who told him that he must be curs'd on earth?—
 The GOD of NATURE?—No such thing!
 HEAV'N whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,
 “Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing;
 “Don't be too wise, and be an ape:—
 “In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.

“Roses shall smooth LIFE's journey, and adorn;
 “Yet, mind me—if, through want of grace,
 “Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,
 “Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn.”

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
 Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—
 For ever brooding over MIS'RY's eggs,
 As though Life's pleasure were a deadly sin;
 Moufing for ever for a gin
 To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev'n at a dinner, some will be unblest'd,
 However good the viands, and well dress'd:

They

They always come to table with a scowl,
 Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,
 Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
 Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-load, lo, their stomachs steal,
 Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
 I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
 I hate to drop the discontented jaw!
 O let me NATURE's simple smile pursue,
 And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw!

O D E XII.

TREAT SOV'REIGNS, Sirs, with more respect, I beg:
 To Thrones, with due *decorum*, make a leg;
 Ev'n *those* are sacred, though but empty chairs:
 There lurks in Thrones a *something*, though but wood,
 That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,
 And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares:

Wishing by no means to affront,
 I wonder what's the meaning on't!

LOUIS QUATORZE was quite the Frenchman's God;
 Who made all nations tremble at his nod;

Married

Married SCARRON's old widow, dry and frousy;
 Got deep in debt, the constable out-ran;
 And, to complete the farce, this GOD-LIKE MAN
 Died——*lousy**!

The CROWN, so powerful, made him every thing!
 There's somewhat marv'lous in it, I must own!
 Lo! folly is not folly on a Throne!
 For Whiting's eyes are di'monds in a King!

I dare not say that no exception springs
 Against this mighty magic pow'r of Kings:
 Not all a MONARCH's smiles, and pow'rs of PLACE,
 Can wipe vulgarity from BRUDENELL's face;
 Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
 Blot art, infernal art, from H—KSB—Y's eye;
 Blot beast from S-LISB—Y, who no legend needs,
 Pertness from D—K, and vacancy from L—DS.

O D E XIII.

LO! Majesty admireth yon fair † DOME;
 And deemeth that he is admir'd again!
 The King is wedded to it—'tis his home—
 He watches it—and *loves* it, e'en to pain:

* He actually had the *Morbus Pediculofus*.

† The Royal Academy.

And yet this lofty Dome is heard to say,
 " Poh! poh! p-x take your love—away! away!"

To this, with energy I answer—" Shame!"
 Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
 This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
 And brings to mind a little Ode to MARRIAGE.

ODE TO HYMEN:

Or, THE HECTIC.

GOD of ten million charming things,
 Of whom *our* MILTON so divinely sings,
 Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife——
 HYMEN, how comes it that I am so slighted?
 Why with thy myst'ries am I not delighted,
 Which I have try'd to peep on half my life?

God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist——
 O put me speedily upon thy list!
 A civil list, like that of Kings, I'm told,
 Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold!

What have I done to lose thy good opinion?
 Against thee was I ever known to rail;
 And say, (abusing thus thy sweet dominion)
 " Curse me! if this Boy's trap shall catch my tail?"

VCL. III.

N

No

No! no!—I praise thy knot with bellowing breath,
Which, like JACK KETCH's, seldom slips till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of Night,
Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,

The hopeless HECTIC rolls his eye-balls, sighing:
“Sleep on,” he cries, and drops the tend'rest tear;
Then kisses his wife's cherub cheek so dear:

“Blest be thy slumbers, Love! though I am dying:
“Ah! whilst *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,
“*I* pump, for life, the putrid well of death!
“*I* feel of Fate's hard hand th' 'oppressive pow'r;
“*I* count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,
“That seems in Fancy's startled ear to say——
“Soon must thou wander from thy wife away.”

“Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,
“Murm'ring deep melancholy on my ear:
“And sullen—ling'ring, as if loth to part,
“And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.
“Yet, though *I* pant for life, sleep *thou*, my dove,
“For well thy constancy deserves my love.”

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,
His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing BRIDE,
Whose cheek the dream of rapt'rous kisses warms,
Anticipates her SPOUSE's wish so good;
Feels Love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
And pants amidst a *second* husband's arms;

Now

Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
“ Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead ! ”

O D E XIV.

YOU quarrell'd with SIR JOSHUA some time since ;
Of Painters, easily allow'd the Prince—

The Emp'ror, let me say, without a flattery ;
Yet wantonly against this Emp'ror, lo !
An overflowing tub of bile to show,
You foolish planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vastly like a hive ;
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive !
But here the *simile* will go no further ;
For bees are making honey, one and all ;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, self-murder.

But let the spirit that surrounds *my* frame
Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—
When DISAPPOINTMENT sets my house in flame,
Let REASON all she can to quench it do :
REASON has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife ;

For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
That hornet's nest, the tribes of woes :
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

O D E XV.

AH! could you wish your * PRESIDENT to change?
Ah! could you, PAGANS, after false Gods range?

Swop *solid* REYNOLDS for that *shadow* WEST?
In love-affairs variety's no fin—
Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—
Here 'tis Paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In LOVE's warm regions I should like, I own,
'Midst diff'rent climes to fix my throne:

DAVID's Physicians order'd change of † Dame—
And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em pass
Into variety of grafs——
With *bulls*, I guefs, th' advantage is the same.

* The AUTHOR has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the Academic Rebellion was meant to attack the PRESIDENT; the disappearance of whose works, in the present EXHIBITION [1791], has been fatal.—One Picture from SIR JOSHUA's hand would have atoned for a host of *Daubs*.

† Abihag, the fair Shunamite.

And

And as I MONSIEUR CUPIDON employ,
To manufacture pieces of my joy,

I would not mad run counter to the fashion :
A little SYLVIA, with the sweetest smile,
Possesses power some moments to beguile,
And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing !
Then PLEASURE soon would spread her wanton wing :
No ! no ! VARIETY the game must start—
Come oft, and make her curt'fy to my heart ;
And, like the Orange Girls, my taste to suit,
Cry, " Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of fruit."

Dull CONSTANCY is quite a Quaker's hat,
. So formal !—changeless in its great broad brim :
VARIETY's a fine young playful CAT—
A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim ;
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

O D E XVI.

DEAD is idolatry, and faint the praise
That Sceptred People meet with now-a-days !
All unmolested, lo ! the VIRTUES sleep !
Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings—
Sweet PANEGRIC moves with snail-like creep,
And DEFAMATION on the lightning's wings !

Too pleas'd to pluck the soaring plume of Pow'r,
You blest an Opposition hour;
Too fond, alas! of roasting harmless Kings;
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
Beat the *dear* creatures just like Bears at stake;
Just like a poor tame GULL's, would clip his wings!

Poor bird! whom FATE oft cruelly assails;
Forc'd from his bold aërial height,
Sweeping the Sun amidst his flight,
To hop a garden, and hunt snails!

Such is the fate of LOUIS SEIZE,
Whom PITY, with a sigh, surveys;
Whom FRENCHMEN daringly have laid a curb on;
Who now no more *full royally* indites,
No more "*Sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,
But, "I'm your humble Servant, LOUIS BOURBON."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
Shall lull no more an EMPIRE's idle groan:
Bastilles, those schools of peace and sweet morality,
Instruct no more the mob, and men of quality:

Bastilles, the haunt of philosophic gloom,
Surround the IMPS of Liberty no more:
In dust each iron and colossal door,
Which clos'd in thunder on a Rebel's room;

That pealing, with reverberated sound,
Rung through the caverns of the dread PROFOUND;
Where

Where MEDITATION ponder'd, pensive Maid!
And HORROR, death-like, paus'd upon the shade.

Oh, let us cherish, then, the ROYAL RACE,
The fount of honour, freedom, pension, place!
On *me* would KINGS their treasure fling away,
Most humbly grateful would I say,
" Thus LIBYA's Forests a kind shade supply,
" And for the meanest Savage form a den;
" And thus the Mountains that invade the sky,
" Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the WREN."

O D E XVII.

AMID the deep'ning gloom of Time
Your puny names shall scarce appear;
While those of Kings, in characters sublime,
Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere:
Their peerless acts, with ev'ry virtuous quality,
Shall grace the PYRAMID of IMMORTALITY.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,
As on a Birth or Coronation night,
Amidst the evening's honour'd shade,
Fast by the grocer's, or the chandler's shop,
Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,
By loyal thumb-bottles display'd!

That,

That, burning with a rival glow,
Beam on the gaping multitude below.

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the King—
 He watches!—yes, he ponders through the night!
To buried Genius lends a fancied wing,
And lifts him from his darkness into light:

Thus, nightly on the * MEVAGIZZY shore,
When HORROR breathes upon the heaving DEEP,
 Amid the wild and solemn roar,
These eyes have seen the crafty HERON creep;
Now dart his beak so sharp for fish's blood,
And snatch a wriggling Conger from the flood!

Here differeth this comparison of ours—
The KING *preserveth*—but the FOWL *devours*.

ODE XVIII.

GO, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,
And much-offended Majesty implore;
Say, piteous, kneeling in the Royal view—
“Have pity on a sad abandon'd crew,
“And we, great King, will sin no more:

* A Fishing-town, in Cornwall.

“Forgive,

“ Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,
“ And *Mister* LAURENCE shall come in.”

Your hemp cravats, your pray'r, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,
For they are not inexorable people ;
Although you thus have run their patience hard ;
And though you are, to such great folk compar'd,
Candle-extinguishers to some high steeple.

For Kings (I speak it to their vast applause)
Can pardon, if you let them gain their cause ;
So gracious, they will give you such kind looks,
As fell upon the shav'd and humbled Cooks ;
Kind as a Gard'ner's charitable eye
On some crush'd snail, or bird-lim'd fly ;
Kind as the Epicure's, who, fond of mites,
Mingleth compassion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of Monarchs low'r !
I see him, all like vinegar so sour,
Look black !—but, *still* good-humour's in his soul ;
And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet——
Stream of forgiveness, what a Treat !——
I see his eye, with love re-kindling, roll.

Thus, when the DEMON of the storm has driv'n
The SUN, that YOUTH of splendour, from his heav'n,
Drown'd

Drown'd every vale, and blasted ev'ry bloom;
 Cast o'er poor NATURE's smile a sable shroud,
 Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,
 And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom;

Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely Ray
 Peeps from the op'ning West with timid air,
 (Till forc'd by shouldering clouds away,)
 Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great K—g's commands,
 What trouble he had taken off your hands!
 For ART you had not rang'd the realm around!
 His keener eye the precious gem had found!
 Then, what an honour to have seen appointed,
 Your very NIGHTMAN, by the LORD'S ANOINTED!

O D E XIX.

A LITTLE more, and I have done——
 "The Muses' tittle-tattle must go on.——"

The world is very fond of calling "Fool:"
 It looks with rapture on a simple head,
 Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
 So pleasing to the taste of RIDICULE:
 Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,
 Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And,

And, should the Head belong to some great DUKE,
HAWK-SATIRE eyes it with the keenest look :
Still, should the OWNER hap to be a KING,
Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing !
Such is the proneness to assail *great folk*,
And make high birth and state a standing joke.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab
Call'd ENVY, which, alas ! too many know !
The heart should be a Medlar, not a Crab ;
Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow :
But GREATNESS, fun-like, from the muddy stream,
Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam !

Indeed, the PEOPLE are a lawless crew——
Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform ?
As soon a feather may the waves subdue,
And spiders bind the pinions of the storm.

Yet, 'tis not strange, that Kings should lose repute,
Confid'ring Man's so great a Brute .——
Ev'n SAINTS themselves have lost their reputation :
ROME formerly had thirty thousand Gods ;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
They own scarce *one* through all the Romish Nation.
Alas ! who now believes in sticks and stones,
Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones ?

SAINT AGNES, that sweet Lady, void of Sin,
Was stripp'd, poor Gentlewoman, to her skin ;
And,

And, for Religion, carried to the stews;
When, as the Lady was so bare,
God gave her such a quantity of hair,
As reach'd unto her very shoes.

When to the Bawdy-house arriv'd the DAME,
An angel from above commission'd came,
And spread around her such a heav'nly light,
As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young OFFICER *, a Buck,
Wishing prodigiously to have a look,
Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the Light,
Meaning to violate the DAME so good;
Which meaning, when the DEVIL understood,
He choak'd the wanton ROGUE out-right.

Such is the tale! true ev'ry crumb;
Now, no more heeded than TOM THUMB.

TO MR. PITT.

DEAR as a di'mond to the best of Queens,
Dear as to Cormorants, of fish a shoal;
Dear to a German Hog, as beds of beans;
Dear as a sixpence sav'd, to MIS'RY's soul:

* The son of a Praefect.

Dear

Dear as the Doctor's Bill to this good Nation,
Which Parliament, with tears of joy, survey'd;
Which brought about a much-desir'd salvation,
For which the Doctors have been *poorly* paid:

Dear as the * ROYAL MESSAGE to the NATION,
By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—
“ More money for the CHILDREN's education—
“ Hard times! more money for the CHILDREN's
board :”

Dear as to *valiant* GLOSTER sword and gun;
Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry ass;
Dear to the fam'd GEORGE SELWYN, as a pun;
Dear as to legs of mutton, caper sauce;

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the PROUD;
Dear as to Hackney-coachmen signs of rain,
Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,
And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;

So dear to Monarchs is that idol Pow'r!
So dear is prompt obedience to a King!
Far, of resistance be the trying hour!
God bless us! what a melancholy thing!

* What a niggardly set of Representatives we send to Parliament! To suffer his Majesty so *frequently* to be begging for a *little* money, is shameful in the extreme.—In God's name, let him have the TREASURY at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions, an economy would have been pardonable.

Yet opposition-fraught to Royal wishes,

Quite counter to a gracious King's commands,
Behold! th' ACADEMICIANS, those strange fishes,
For * WHEATLEY lifted their unhallow'd hands.

So then, those fellows have not learnt to crawl,
To play the spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
Oh, be their bones by Tigers broken all!
Pleas'd, by wild horses could I see them drawn.—

O PITT! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry!
Not make a poor ASSOCIATE!—such a *thing*!
Who try'd to tarnish thus the Royal Glory?
What Rebel balloted against his King?

Then, Sir, he is so bountiful a man!
A cataract of charity, I'll say—
Inform me any body, if you can,
Unmark'd by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
Through CHELT'NAM, WEYMOUTH, EXON, FLY-
MOUTH, lo,

With joy his staring subjects all, so dear,
See from each step a stream of glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal an —,
At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!
How bright the sparkles that hop out behind!

* The Rival Candidate of Mr. LAURENCE.

Nurs'd

Nurs'd on the dunghill of the smiles of Kings,
What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start !
So nimbly the fair Vegetable springs !
Such warmth prolific can a smile impart !

Such is of Royalty the envied pow'r !——
Then perish ev'ry Academic Plant !
Oh, may they feel nor sun, nor soft'ring show'r !
Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of WANT !

What Nabob structures rise, with wings outspread,
Whose Owners' necks well merit to be lopp'd !
With what sublimity they lift the head,
By DEATH, and RUIN's ATLAS-shoulders propp'd !

But such thy Master's purity of soul,
His eyes upon the sword of Justice feast :
“Curse on the Pearl (he cries) by RAPINE stole ;
“Curse on the di'monds of the bleeding East !

“Curse on the Villains that whole realms despoil !
“Curse on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)
“That steals the fruit of LABOUR's honest toil,
“And draws the tear of blood from PITY's eye !”

O PITT ! what punishment shall we contrive,
To suit this faucy, self-important Crew ?
How shall we smother this Academic Hive,
That stinging makes us look so very blue ?

Oh, bid our Monarch draw his purse-strings tight ;
Contract his open heart, of giant stature ;
Use ev'ry species of little spite,
And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our Sov'reign take it not to heart ;
For downright Brutes are BRITONS, nine in ten :
At curbs and whips behold us Asses start,
And insolently claim the RIGHTS OF MEN !

And yet, I moderation wish to Kings !
Yes, yes, they should be merciful, though strong.
As SCEPTRES have been found in France with wings,
One would not lose an EMPIRE for a *Song*.

O D E S

TO

Mr. P A I N E,

AUTHOR OF

" RIGHTS OF MAN ;"

ON THE INTENDED CELEBRATION OF
THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE,

BY A

SET OF BRITISH DEMOCRATES,

On the FOURTEENTH of JULY.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.* — JUVENAL.

O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a Realm on fire! —
AMBITION smiling prais'd thy giant wish:
Compar'd to *thee*, the MAN, to gain a name,
Who to DIANA's temple put the flame,
A simple Minnow to the PRINCE of FISH.

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest,
 Of Peace thou most delicious pest?
 How shameful that this pin's-head of an ISLE,
 Whilst half the GLOBE's in grief, should wear a smile!
 How dares the WREN amidst his hedges sing,
 Whilst Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

O must the scythe of DESOLATION sleep,
 So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
 And HAVOCK on his hunter drop his lash;
 Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the sky,
 To chase an Empire, and enjoy the cry,
 The cry of Millions—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
 How DEATH had grinn'd delight, and Hell been glad,
 To see our liberties o'erturning;
 And WAR, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
 Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
 Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on
 mourning!

Why cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay fly?
 Dread'st thou of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp eye?
 Return, and bring MESDAMES POISSARDES along;
 And lo, with Friendship's squeeze and fire to meet 'em,
 And oaths of év'ry hue to greet 'em,
 The fisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
 Where HORROR brooding on d—n—tion dwells,

And

And vomit forth their grisly bands;
 Surrounded by this squalid host,
 PAINE shall their leader be, and boast; [hands.
 PAINE, GORDON, and REBELLION, shall shake

IMPORTANCE, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
 I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
 To *whisper* to a KING of modern time,
 And try to strike a royal *foible* dead;
 Whilst dauntless *thou*, of *treason* mak'st no bones,
 But strik'st at *Kings themselves* upon their thrones!

O D E II.

HELL hears our pray'r!—all is not lost—
 Behold a chosen few, a *host*,
 Stand forth the CHAMPIONS of the glorious Cause!
 The jails are opening!—hark! the iron doors!
 Chains clank!—the brazen throat of TUMULT roars;
 And lo, the destin'd VICTIMS of the Laws!
 Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
 And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THRONG!

BEDLAM unlocks her melancholy cells!
 Forth rush the MANIACS grim, with joyful yells;
 They tear their blankets, clap their frenzy'd hands;
 They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam,
 they stare;
 They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air;
 And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands!
 Thou

Thou SUN, withdraw thy hated day;

To Æthiop DARKNESS yield thy reign;
And hide in clouds, O MOON, thy ray,

Nor peep upon our spectre scene!—
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! PEACE, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
Our Music shall be NATURE's cry;
Our ears shall feast on PITY's sigh—
Lo, haggard DEATH prepares his tombs!—

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel!—
SON of Sedition, daring PAINE,
Whilst speech endues thy treason tongue,
Bid the roof ring with d—ned song,
And EREBUS shall echo back the strain.

SONG, by Mr. PAINE.

COME, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,
And success to our excellent Cause:—
As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost;
So perdition to Monarchs and Laws!

FRANCE

FRANCE shows us the way—an example how great!

Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;
May our names be preserv'd by some da—n—le feat,
For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
The thanks of our CLUB shall be giv'n to that MAN,
And *Hemlock* shall form him a crown.

Our Empire has tow'r'd with a lustre too long;
Then blot out this wonderful SUN;
Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong
Complete what dark GORDON begun.

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all;
A punishment light as a feather;—
Yet we triumph in death, as we CATILINES fall,
And go to the Devil together.

THE
REMONSTRANCE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN ODE TO MY ASS:

ALSO,
THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN,
A TALE;
AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS;
AND
AN ADDRESS TO MY PAMPHLET.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c. &c. HOR

The MAN of dove-like Innocence a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself* now, for example,
Disdains of GOSSIP FAME the tittle tattle!
He begs NO NEWS-PAPER to fight his battle—
Unmov'd, with equal eye on all he looks;
The LORD'S ANOINTED, and his lousy COOK.

I deem'd rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding TRUTH;
But now, no more creating awe and wonder:
Old empty hogheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "*We're the NOBLE THUNDER.*"

P. PINDAR.

WIDE gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-
ey'd WONDER,
Whilst "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and
thunder,"

With

With CALUMNY's dark hounds the BARD pursue :

“ Bring on his marrow-bones th' Apostate down,

“ The Turncoat is a flatt'rer of the Crown ;

“ Burn all his verses, burn the Author too :”

Such is the sound of millions ! such the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky shore !

“ How chang'd his note ! (they cry) now spinning
rhimes

“ In compliment to Monarchs of the times,

“ Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour ;

“ The star-bedizen'd sycophants of State,

“ Blue-ribbon'd knaves have brib'd his pliant hate ;

“ Behold him at St. James's snug at anchor.”

Thus on my ears, so patient let me say,

They pour their rough, rude peals of groundless
clamour ;

Battering, pell-mell, upon my head away,

Just like on anvils the smith's sledge and hammer !

Howe'er the world in scorn may shake its head,

Nor knave nor fool through me shall current pass ;

Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to spread

The MUSE's silver o'er a lump of brass.

I own the voice of CENSURE very proper ;

Greatly resembling a tobacco-stopper ;

Confining all the seeds of fire so stout,

And quick in growth, when left to run about :

But

But possibly I'm harden'd—yes, I fear
Her frequent strokes have form'd a callous ear.

There was a time when PETER ghost-like star'd
When CENSURE thunder'd!—star'd with awe profound ;

With sighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepar'd ;
So chill'd with horror at the solemn found !
But harden'd, soon he gave his ague o'er ;
Look'd up, and smil'd, and thought of her no more.

Thus when an earthquake bids JAMAICA tremble ;
On Sunday all the folks to church assemble,
To soothe JEHOVAH, so devoutly studying—
Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws :
Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding—
Deeming, in earthquake-time, a dainty board
A sad abomination to the LORD !

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover ;
The tempest of their fears blown over,
Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
They think they have no bus'ness now with church ;
So, calmly leave th' ALMIGHTY in the lurch,
And sin it—till he gives a *second* shake.

The Ladies too have join'd the gen'ral cry !
What ! those *Divinities* in PETER's eye !

Angels

Angels in *petticoats*!—it ill behoves 'em :
What! bite the constant SRENTOR of their praise,
Who robb'd the Muses of their *sweetest* lays,
To tell the world how much he loves 'em !

The Bard, who vouches for their *harmless* souls,
And like another CICEERO persuades,
The frenzy'd eye of admiration rolls—
Ready to kneel and worship 'em—Oh jades!

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,
Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen :
No royal rotten wood my verse veneers—
O yield me, for a moment yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
Though Kings may be, we *must* support the breed.

Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
That through the world such royal folly rules,
As bids us think thrones advertise for fools ;
Yet is a King a utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather ;
Which screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
Though downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the Great
 A thimble-full of obligation ;
 Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
 To lift me to PREFERMENT's funny station ;

Like many a *Gentleman* whom LOVE promotes,
 Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns ;
 Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
 That climb up precipices by their horns.

I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)
 To kifs—what shall I call 't?—of any Lord :
 Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em ;
 Nay, like the God of truth, I scarcely know 'em.

By me unprais'd are Dukes and Earls :
 At such most commonly my satire snarls——
My pride like *theirs* the high-nos'd elves,
 Who love what's equal only to *themselves*.

As for Court virtues, wherefoe'er they lie,
 I leave them all to *My*ster Laureate PYE,
 The fashionable Bard, whom Courts revere ;
 Who trotteth, with a grave and goodly pace,
 Deep laden with his Sovereign, twice a year,
 Around Parnassus's old famous base :
 Not only proving his great King alive,
 But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But

But I'm not qualified to be a hack ;
 Too proud to carry lumber on my back : —
 Too dainty is my Lady Muse, I hope,
 Into a coalshed to convert her shop ;
 Her shop indeed—a very handsome room,
 Fill'd with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court Poets must create—on trifles rant—
 Make something out of nothing—Lord, I can't !
 Bards must bid virtues crowd on Kings in swarms,
 However from such company remote ; —
 Just as good-natur'd Heralds make up arms
 For Nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching taylor for a Court,
 Low bred on liver, and what clowns call *mugget* * :
 Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
 I cannot sew gold lace upon a drugget.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the SCEPTER'D GREAT :
 Talk not of Kings—I deem one half a cheat :

Felt is their weakness—husks, mere husks of men !
 Yes, they create NOBILITY—I know it ;
 The veriest ideot of them all can do it,
 And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But can a King command th' ethereal flame
 That clothes with immortality a name ?

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

Oh, could the RACE *that* fire ethereal catch !
 But no such privilege to Kings is giv'n :
 So very *low* their int'rest lies in Heav'n,
 They can't *command enough* to light a *match*.

No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil ;
 I've not yet bargain'd with the Devil.

Yet grant me sold—I've precedents a store ;
 Besides, we Poets are confounded poor ;
 And, ah ! how hard to starve, to please MORALITY !
 For HUNGER, though a fav'rite of old SAINTS,
 Whose pinching virtue pious hist'ry paints,
 Is reckon'd now a FELLOW of bad quality :
 Not deem'd a *Gentleman*—can't shew his face,
 E'en where SAINT PETER'S * children give the grace !
 A rosy finner, LUXURY *y-clept*, —
 Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes, (as I've said) we Bards are mostly poor,
 Can scarcely drive gaunt Famine from the door !
 That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows !
 Ah me ! most rarely it Pactolian flows :
 Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
 Few are the golden grains that POETS pick ;
 And yet each new advent'rer of the NINE
 Deems all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

* Archbishops, Bishops, &c.

All this by way of wild digression—
And now for my political Confession.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor finners,
I reprobate your revolution-dinners.

NATURE at times makes wretched wares ;
(Amongst the smiling corn like tares)
Men with such miserable souls !
Nought pleases, from the moment of their birth ;
With horror for a while they blot the earth,
Then, crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December DAY,
That shows his muddy discontented head,
Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away
In gloom and fullenness to bed !

Have not our Revolution hosts a few
Of souls of this same Æthiop hue ?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell you, ye are mad ;
Your case, although not mortal, yet quite bad :

An ugly inflammation of the brain.

Although a dull physician, I could find
Something to calm the hurry of the mind,

And bring you back to common sense again—
The stocks would do it, Gentlemen, or jails :
A heavy *nostrum*—yet it rarely fails.

Lo, DRUNKENNESS, a blust'ring, bullying blade,
 The cock'd hat covering half one eye so brave,
 As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,
 Nature a driv'ler, and the world his slave :
 He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears, on boldly goes,
 To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose ;

When lo, NIGHT's long-staff'd GUARDIAN to him steals,
 Squints with one eye on him, and then the other ;
 To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,
 And lays him on old Earth, our common mother—

Thence at the Round-house, in about an hour,
 Renews his poor debilitated pow'r
 Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing —
 Yet is this WATCHMAN too a heavy BEING.

Keel up lies FRANCE !—long may she keep that posture !
 Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have tost her ;
 Behold the thousands that surround the wreck !
 Her cables parted, rudder gone,
 Split all her sails, her main-mast down,
 Choak'd all her pumps, broke in her deck ;
 Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll !
 Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

FRANCE lifts the busy sword of blood no more ;
 Lost to its giant grasp the wither'd hand :
 O say, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
 The dark disturber of each happy land ?

To

To Britain an insidious d—n'd Iägo——
 Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
 And keep that patriot model in your eye——
 His constant cry, "*Delenda est CARTHAGO.*"

FRANCE is *our* Carthage, that sworn foe to truth,
 Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain!
 And now she's down, our British bucks forsooth
 Would lift the stabbing strumpet up again.

Love I the French?—By heav'ns 'tis no such matter!
 Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple Nature.

What Frenchman loves a Briton?—None:
 Yet by the hand this enemy we take;
 Yes, blund'ring Britons bosom up the snake,
 And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and eke of night,
 The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
 To LOVE's pure passion only due;
 The seraph smile that soft-ey'd FRIENDSHIP wears,
 And SORROW's balm of sympathizing tears,
 Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all varnish'd art!
 This doth EXPERIENCE ev'ry moment prove:
 And hollow must to all things be the heart,
 That foe to beauty, which deceives in love.

Hear me, DAME NATURE, on those men of *cork*—
 Blush at a FRENCHMAN's *heart*, thy handywork;
 A dung-

A dunghill that luxuriant feeds
 The gaudy and the rankest weeds :
 Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
 Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a neighb'ring nation to the French
 Have morals that emit a stronger stench,
 That Christian noses scarcely can withstand :
 The HEART a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
 The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
 Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools!—And can we deem the French *profound*,
 And, pleas'd, their infant politics embrace,
 Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
 Without one pebble to supply its place ?

Yet are they follow'd, prais'd, admir'd, ador'd.
 Be with such praise these ears no longer bor'd !
 This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
 That verily a FRENCHMAN is not rational.

Yes, FRENCHMEN, this is my unvarying creed,
 “ You are not rational indeed ;
 “ So low have fond conceit, and folly, sunk ye :
 “ Only a larger kind of monkey !”

“ What art thou writing now ?”—the WORLD exclaims,
 “ Thou man of brags !”

Good WORLD, no names, no names—I beg, no names—
 Writing?—an Ode to my old fav'rite Ass.

Not

Not making royal varnish—no!
My Ass's virtues bid my numbers flow:
PETER his name, my namefake, a good beast;
A servant to my family some years.—
To me is gratitude a turtle feast;
It is a virtue that my soul reveres;
And therefore I've been fabricating metre
All in the praise of honest PETER.

ODE TO MY ASS, *PETER*.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despis'd,
But not by *me* despis'd—respected long!
To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
Accept, old Fellow-traveller, a song.

My great great ANCESTOR, of Lyric fame,
Immortal! threw a glory round the *horse*;
Then, as I lit my candle at his flame,
That candle shall illumine *thee* of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
In FAME's fair temple also boast a niche?

How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
OBLIVION stuffs into her sooty sack,
Calmly as Jew Old-clothes-men, in their bags,
Mix some Great Man's lac'd coat with dirty rags;

Or

Or satin petticoat of some sweet Maid,
 That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade !
 And what's the reason ?—Reason too apparent !
 Ah ! “ *quia vate sacro carent,*”
 As Horace says, that bard divine,
 Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, PETER, I remember, oft, when tir'd
 And most unpleasantly at times bemir'd,
 Bold hast thou said, “ I'll budge not one inch further ;
 “ And now, young MASTER, you may kick or murder.”
 Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitless matter !
 For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
 Though, BALAAM-like, I curs'd thee with a smack ;
 Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
 And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
 In vain did I thy running rump assail :

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
 And gavest me a puddle for a bed.
 Now this was fair—the action bore no guile :
 Thou duck'dst me not, like JUDAS, with a smile.
 O were the manners of some Monarchs *such*,
 Who smile ev'n in the close insidious hour
 That kicks th' unguarded minion from his pow'r !
 But this is asking p'rhaps of Kings *too much*.

O PETER, little didst thou think, I ween,
 When I a schoolboy on thy back was seen,

Riding

Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth ;
For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth ;
Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
On fies, or nuts, or strawb'ries to regale——

I say, O PETER, little didst thou think,
That *I*, thy namefake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and rise a *wond'rous Bard*,
And gain such praise, SUBLIMITY's reward ;

But not the LAUREL—honour much too high ;
Giv'n by the KING OF ISLES to *Mister PYE*,
Who sings his SOV'REIGN's virtues twice a year,
And therefore cannot chronicle SMALL BEER.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true ;
There are, who on my verses look *askew*,

And call my lyric lucubrations *stuff* :
But I'm a *modest*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
Or I could say *such things* about *myself*——

But God forbid that I should puff !

Yet natural are *selfish* predilections !
Like snakes they writhe about the heart's affections,

And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit ;
Producing, as by nat'ralists I'm told,
Torpida insensibility, so cold

To ev'ry Brother's rising merit.

WITS to each other just like loadstones act,
That do not *always* like firm friends *attract* ;

Though

Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
The little harden'd rogues as oft *repel*.

But lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long-ear'd friend!
Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
Victorious, for lac'd hats didst thou contend;
And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud proud day,
Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away;
Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
Rais'd by that Queen of Passions, LOVE.
Whene'er in LOVE's delicious frenzy crost
By long-ear'd brothers, lo, wert thou a *host*!
LOVE did thy lion-heart with courage steel!
Quicker than that of VESTRIS mov'd thy heel:
Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite!
And then no Alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy race no more rever'd?
Indeed 'tis greatly to be fear'd!

Yet shalt THOU flourish in immortal song,
To *me* if immortality belong;
For stranger things than *this* have come to pass—
POSTERITY thine hist'ry shall devour,
And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r
In gay profusion rais'd the dewy grass,

I led

I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
And mid the verdure saw thee up to knees!

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade;

And, happy, *how* thou cam'st at my command,
And wantoning around, as though afraid,

With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
Then scamper, kicking, frolicksome, away,
With such a fascinating bray!

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,
And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
And dart at me such friendly leers;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail;

And when I mov'd, *how*, griev'd, thou seem'dst to say,
"Dear MASTER, let your humble Ass prevail;

"Pray, MASTER, do not go away"——

And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter?)

I gave thee grafs again, O pleasant PETER.

And *how*, when WINTER bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky;
When waving trees, furcharg'd with chilling rain,
Dropp'd seeming tears upon the haras'd plain,
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull:
Thus, whilst *abroad* DECEMBER rul'd the day,
How PLENTY shew'd *within*, the blooming MAY!

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,
And be thy bed-maker at night,
Thy Groom attended, both with hay and oat,
By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
And laugh at many a fine Court Lord and Knight,
Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the Tailor,
And probably their bodies to the Jailor!

What though no dimples thou hast got ;
Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
And oft a 'witching smile and cheerful laugh ;
And then thy *cleanliness* !—'tis strange to utter !
Like fin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter ;
And then the stream so *daintily* dost quaff !
Unlike a country Alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose !

What though I've heard some voices sweeter ;
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle PETER !
Whether a judge of music, I don't know——

 If so,
Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
That enter at the Opera door.

Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarse :
 Ev'n love-sick tones, address'd to Lady Asses—
Oflaves indeed of wondrous force ;
And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

LORD

LORD CARDIGAN, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give *his* voice for *thine* :

And LADY * MOUNT, her MAJESTY's fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor Lady ! who has quarrell'd with the Graces,
Would very willingly change *faces*.

How honour'd *once* wert thou ! but ah, no more !
Thus too *despis'd* the Bards—*steem'd* of yore !
How rated once, the tuneful TRIBES of Greece !
Deem'd much like di'monds—thousands worth a-piece !

How great was PINDAR's glory !—On a day,
Entering APOLLO's church, to pray,
The LADY of the sacred fane, or *Mistress*,
Or, in more classic term, the PRIESTESS,
Address'd him with ineffable delight—— [calves,
“ GREAT SIR, (quoth she) in pigs, and sheep, and
“ Master *insists upon't* that you go halves :
“ To *beef* his Godship also gives you right.”

Thus did the TWAIN most hearty dinners make ;
PINDAR and PHŒBUS eating steak and steak :
When too (PAUSANIAS says), to please the GOD—
Between each mouthful, PINDAR sung an ODE !

* Her M——y is always happy to have LADY MOUNT
E —— by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in
England—in short, his LORDSHIP in *petticoats*.

Thus half a Deity was this great POET !

Now this was grand in PHŒRUS—vastly civil—
How chang'd are things ! the present moments show it ;
For *Bard* is now synonymous with *Devil* !

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak—

How *simple scholarship* was wont to rule !

A man like DOCTOR PARR, that *mouth'd* but *Greek*,

Was almost worshipp'd by the SAGE and FOOL ;

Deem'd by the world indeed a first-rate star.

How diff'rent *now* the fate of DOCTOR PARR !

Unknown he walks !—his name no infants lisp—

Not only reckon'd not a first-rate star

Is this our Greek man, DOCTOR PARR,

But, Gods ! not equal to a Will-o'-wisp !

Plague on't ! how niggardly the trump of Fame,

That wakes not **Bellendenus* on the shelf !

The world so still, too, on the DOCTOR's name,

The man is really forc'd to praise *himself* !

“ Archbishops, Bishops,” (so says DOCTOR PARR)

“ By *Alpha, Beta, merely*, have been made ;

“ Why from the mitre then am *I* so far ;

“ So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade ?

* The Preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d'essai* of the Doctor's for a Bishoprick—it was the child of his *dotage*. The pap of Party supported it some little time ; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

“ O. PITT,

" O PITT, shame on thee!—art thou *still* to seek
" The *soul* of wisdom in the *sound* of Greek?"

PETER, suppose we make a bit of stile,
And rest ourselves a little while?

In Continuation.

THUS endeth DOCTOR PARR; and now again,
To thee, as *good* a subject, flows the strain.
Permit me, PETER, in my lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin—" *tempora mutantur!*"

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fall'n and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack;
Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back!
No gorgeous saddles yours—no iv'ry cribs;
No silken girths surround your ribs;

No ROYAL hands your cheeks with pleasure pat;
Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest;
Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded!
And much too is the POET's glory faded!

A time there was, when Kings of this fair LAND,
So meek, would *creep* to POETS, cap in hand,
Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
To sweeten a poor putrifying name——
But past are those rich hours! ah, hours of *yore*!
Those golden sands of TIME shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy discarded* state,
Whate'er may be the *future* will of FATE;
Since, as we find by PYE, (what still must pride us)
Kings *twice a year* can condescend to *ride us*.

AN AFTER-REFLEXION.

NOW, WORLD, thou see'st the stuff of which I'm made;
Firm to the honour of the *tuneful Trade*;
Leaving, with high contempt, the Courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble Ass.

Yet should a miracle the PALACE mend,
And high-nos'd SAL'SB'RY to the VIRTUES send,
 Commanding them to come and chat with KINGS;
Well pleas'd *repentant* Sinners to support,
So help me, IMPUDENCE, I'll go to Court!
 Besides, I dearly love to see *strange things*.

P R O Æ M I U M

TO THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HOW varied are our tastes! DAME NATURE's plan,
All for *wise* reasons, since the world began:

Yes, yes, the good old LADY acted right:
Had things been *otherwise*, like wolves and bears,
We all had fall'n together by the ears——
One object had produc'd an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd LIFE's path instead of *roses*;
And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with histories of bloody noses,
Had taken leave of absence of the GRACES.

Now interrupting not each other's line,
You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine*——
You press the blue-ey'd CHLOE to your arms,
And *I* the black-ey'd SAPPHO's browner charms:
Thus situated in our different blisses,
We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule:
We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,

Dra-

Dragooning us into his predilections ;
As though there was no *diff'rence* in affections,
And that it was the Booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because *he* doats on *beef* !
Again—how weak the ways of *some*, and sad !
One would suppose the Man-creation mad.

Lo ! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
And flings himself into MISFORTUNE's brambles,
In full pursuit of HAPPINESS's treasure ;
When, with a little glance of circumspection,
A mustard grain of sense—a *child's* reflection——
The fool had cours'd the velvet lawn of PLEASURE.

Idly he braves the furge, and roaring gale ;
When REASON, if consulted with a smile,
Had tow'd through summer seas his filken *sail*,
And sav'd a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've somewhere said above, I find,
That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate DRUNKENNESS, a nasty pig !
With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
Reeling and belching wisdom in one's face !
How I hate BULLY UPROAR from my soul,
Whom nought but whips and prisons can controul,
Those necessary implements of GRACE !

Yet

Yet altars rise to DRUNKENNESS and RIOT—
How few to mild SOBRIETY and QUIET !

Thou art my Goddess, SOLITUDE—to thee,
Parent of dove-ey'd PEACE, I bend the knee !

O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
Where many a varied chaste and fragrant flow'r
Turns coyly from Rogue ZEPHYR's whisper sweet !

Blest IMP ! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
And kisses all the BEAUTIES of the plain :

Where, happy, mid the all-enlivening ray,
The insect nations spend the busy day,
Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground ;
Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around !

Where HEALTH so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
And pours the spirit of content in song !

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—
These d—n most cordially, what those adore.

THE
MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST:
A TALE.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
Much like the fam'd Reformers now of FRANCE,
Flew from the dwelling of an old POISSARDE;
Where, sometimes *in* his cage, and sometimes *out*,
He justified the Revolution rout,
That is, call'd names, and got a sop for his reward.

Red-hot with Monarch-roasting coals,
Just like his old fish-thund'ring Dame,
He left the Queen of crabs, and plaice, and soals,
To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arriv'd at evening's philosophic hour,
He rested on a rural antique tow'r,
Some BARON's castle in the days of old;
When furious wars, misnomer'd civil,
Sent mighty chiefs to see the Devil,
Leaving behind, their bodies for rich mould,
That pliable from form to form patroles,
Making fresh houses for new souls.

Perch'd

Perch'd on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
 And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
 Looks dev'lish knowing, with his head awry,
 Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, MAGGOT starts and stares,
 And wonders, and for somewhat *strange* prepares;
 But lo, his wonder did not hold him long——
 Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
 A modest warble melted on his ear,
 A plaintive, soothing, solitary song——

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
 Afraid dim NATURE's deep repose to wound;
 That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude SUBLIME.
 This was a novelty to MAG indeed,
 Who, pulling up his spindle-shanks with speed,
 Dropp'd from his turret, half-devour'd by TIME,
A la Françoise, upon the spray
 Where a lone Red-breast pour'd to eve, his lay.

Staring the modest minstrel in the face;
 Familiar, and with arch grimace,
 He conn'd the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
 As though he knew him years before;
 And thus began, with seeming great civility,
 All in the Paris ease of volubility——

"What—BOBBY! da—'me, is it *you*,
 "That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,

"So

“ So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
“ To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty ?

“ ‘Sdeath ! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene !
“ Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts, I ween ;
“ Rare midnight screeches, BOB, between you all !
“ Why, what’s the name on’t, BOBBY ? Dismal Hall ?

“ Come, to be serious—curse this queer old spot,
“ And let thy owlsh habitation rot !
“ Join *me*, and soon in riot will we revel :
“ I’ll teach thee how to curse, and call folks names,
“ And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
“ And most *divinely* play the devil.

“ Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
“ And prove thou hast a bit of soul :
“ Soon shalt thou see old stupid LONDON *dance* ;
“ There will we shine immortal knaves ;
“ Not steal unknown, like cuckoos, to our *graves*,
“ But imitate the geniuses of FRANCE.

“ Who’d be that monkish, cloister’d thing, a muscle ?
“ Importance only can arise from bustle !
“ Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife ;
“ ~~These~~ *charm*, and add a *dignity* to life.
“ That thou shouldst choose this spot, is monstrous odd !
“ Poh, poh ! thou canst not like this life, by G— !”

“ Sir !”

“ Sir !” like one thunder-stricken, staring wide—

“ Can you be serious, Sir ?” the ROBIN cried.

“ Serious !” rejoin’d the MAGPIE, “ aye, my boy—

“ So come, let’s play the devil, and enjoy.”

“ Flames !” quoth the ROBIN—“ and in riot revel,

“ Call names, and curse, *divinely* play the devil !

“ I cannot, for my life, the fun discern.”

“ No !—blush then, BOB, and follow me, and learn.”

“ Excuse me, Sir,” the modest HERMIT cried—

“ Hell’s not the hobby-horse I wish to ride.”

“ Hell !” laugh’d the MAGPIE, “ hell no longer dread ;

“ Why, BOB, in FRANCE the Devil’s lately dead :

“ D—n—n vulgar to a Frenchman’s hearing—

“ The word is only kept alive for swearing.

“ Against futurity they all protest ;

“ And God and Heav’n are grown a standing jest.

“ Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion ;

“ FRANCE is quite alter’d—now a *thinking* nation :

“ No more of penitential tears and groans !

“ PHILOSOPHY has crack’d RELIGION’s bones.

“ As for your *Saviour* of a wicked world,

“ Long from his consequence has *he* been hurl’d :

“ They *do* acknowledge *such* a man, d’ye see ;

“ But then they call him simple MONSIEUR CHRIST.

" BOB, for thy ignorance, I may blush for shame—
 " Behold, *thy* DOCTOR PRIEST *they* says the same.
 " Well! now thou fully art *convinc'd*—let's go."
 " What cursed doctrine!" quoth the ROBIN, " No—
 " I won't go—no! thy speeches make me shudder."
 " *Poor* ROBIN! quoth the MAGPIE, " what a pudder!
 " Be d—n'd then, BOBBY"—flying off, he rav'd—
 " And, (quoth the ROBIN) Sir, may *you* be *fav'd*!"
 This said, the tuneful SPRITE renew'd his lay;
 A sweet and farewell hymn to parting DAY.

In THOMAS PAINE the MAGPIE doth appear:
 That I'm POOR ROBIN, is not *quite so clear*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this Tale of the MAGPIE and ROBIN ought *immediately* to have *followed* the REMONSTRANCE: but as *Disorder*, instead of *Order*, is the leading feature of my sublime LYRIC BRETHERN of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of *their sacred* names. The fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot REVOLUTIONIST to a POET in the country, pressing him to become a Member of the ORDER of CONFUSION.

A N

APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

AS want of candour really is not right,
 I own my Satire too inclin'd to *bite* :
 On KINGS behold it *breakfast, dine, and sup*——
 Now shall she *praise*, and try to make it up.

Why will the simple world expect wise things
 From lofty folk, particularly Kings ?

Look on their poverty of education !
 Ador'd and flatter'd, taught that they are Gods ;
 And by their awful frowns and nods,
 JOVE-LIKE, to shake the pillars of creation !

They scorn that little useful IMP call'd MIND,
 Who fits them for the circle of Mankind !
 PRIDE their companion, and the WORLD their hate ;
 Immur'd, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, GREAT KINGS *will condescend*
 A little with their *subjects to unbend* !

An instance take :—A King of this great Land,
In days of yore, we understand,
 Did visit SAL'SBURY's old church so fair :
 An EARL of PEMBROKE was the MONARCH's guide ;
Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side ;
 And into the Cathedral stole the PAIR.

The VERGER met them in his blue silk gown,
 And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,
 Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay :
 Looking the frighten'd VERGER thro' and thro',
 All with his eye-glass—" Well, Sir, who are *you* ?
 "What, what, Sir?—hey, Sir?" deign'd the King to say.

" I am the VERGER here, most mighty * KING :
 " In this Cathedral I do *ev'ry* thing ;
 " Sweep it, an't please ye, Sir, and keep it clean."
 " Hey ? VERGER ! VERGER ! you the VERGER ?—
 hey ?"

" Yes, please your glorious MAJESTY, I *be*,"
 The VERGER answer'd, with the mildest mien.

Then turn'd the KING about towards the PEER,
 And wink'd, and laugh'd ; then whisper'd in his ear,
 " Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word :
 " I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey,
 my Lord ?"

Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
 He kenn'd the trembling VERGER o'er again.

" He's a poor *Verger*, SIRE," his Lordship cry'd :

" Sixpence would *handsomely* requite him."

" Poor Verger, Verger, hey ?" the King reply'd :

" No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't
knight him."

* The Reader will be pleas'd to observe, that the VERGER,
 of all the sons of the Church, was the *only* ONE entrusted with
 the ROYAL INTENTION !!!

Now

Now to the lofty roof the King did raise
 His glass, and skipp'd it o'er with sounds of praise;
 For thus his marv'ling MAJESTY did speak:
 "Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete;
 "High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat:
 "What, VERGER, what? *mop, mop* it once a week?"

"An't please your MAJESTY," with marv'ling chops,
 The VERGER answer'd, "we have got no mops
 "In Sal'sb'ry that will reach so high."
 "Not *mop*, no, no, not *mop* it," quoth the King—
 "No, Sir, *our Sal'sb'ry mops* do no such thing;
 "They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*."

M O R A L.

This little anecdote doth plainly show
 That IGNORANCE a King too often lurches;
 For, hid from ART, Lord! how *should* MONARCHES
 know
 The nat'ral history of mops and churches?

STORY THE SECOND.

FROM SAL'SB'RY Church to WILTON House so
 grand,
 Return'd the mighty RULER of the land—

“ My Lord, you’ve got fine statues,” said the King.
 “ A *few* ! *beneath* your royal notice, Sir,”
 Replied LORD PEMBROKE—“ Stir, my Lord, stir, stir;
 “ Let’s see them all, all, all, all, *ev’ry* thing.

“ Who’s this ? who’s this ?—who’s this fine fellow
 here ?”

“ SESOSTRIS,” bowing low, replied the PEER.
 “ SIR SOSTRIS, hey ?—SIR SOSTRIS ?—’pon my word !
 “ KNIGHT or a BARONET, my Lord ?
 “ One of my making ?—what, my Lord, *my making* ?”
 This, with a vengeance, was mistaking !

“ *Se-sOSTRIS*, SIRE,” *so soft*, the Peer reply’d—
 “ A famous KING of EGYPT, Sir, of old.”
 “ Poh, poh !” th’ *instructed* MONARCH snappish cry’d,
 “ I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told.”

“ Pray, pray, my Lord, who’s that big Fellow there ?”
 “ ’Tis HERCULES,” replies the shrinking PEER.
 “ Strong fellow, hey, my Lord ? strong fellow, hey ?
 “ Clean’d stables !—crack’d a lion like a flea ; [him—
 “ Kill’d snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found
 “ The QUEEN, QUEEN’s coming ! wrap an *apron*
 round him.”

OUR Moral is not merely water-gruel—
 It shows that curiosity’s a jewel !

It shows with Kings that IGNORANCE may dwell:
 It shows that subjects must not give opinions
 To PEOPLE reigning over wide dominions,
 As *information to great Folk*, is hell:

It shows that DECENCY may live with Kings,
 On whom the bold *Virtu-men* turn their backs;
 And shows (for num'rous are the naked things)
 That saucy Statues should be lodg'd in sacks.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK:

AN ELEGY.

CHILD of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
 Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes!
 Whether or long or short will be thy date,
 FUTURITY's dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas! will be thy lot!
 Severe thine ordeal, I am fore afraid!
 Some judges will *condemn*, and others *not*:
 Some call thy form substantial—others, *shade*.

Yes, CHILD, by multitudes wilt thou be tried!
 Wise men, and fools, thy merits will examine:
Those, through *much prudence*, may thy virtues *hide*;
These, through *vile rancour*, or the dread of famine.
Prov'd

Prov'd will it be indeed (to make thee shrink)
 What metal Nature in thy mass did knead :
 A * *melting* process will be us'd, I think——
 That is to say, large quantities of lead.

By some indeed will NITRE's fuming spirit
 Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender, thrown;
 Perchance a *Master* hand may try thy merit ;
 Perchance an Imp by FOLLY only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid Hare,
 Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chase!
 A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair ;
 For SPITE and HUNGER have but little grace.

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running ;
 And many a trick hast thou within thy brain ;
 But guns and greyhounds are too much for *cunning*,
 Join'd to the *rav'nous pack* of THOMAS PAINE!

And now a LAMB!—What devils now-a-days
 The butch'ring SHOP of Criticism employs !
 Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays !
 A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys !

Ah me ! how hard to reach the dome of FAME !
 Knock'd down before she gets half-way, poor MUSE !
 For many a LOU that cannot gain a name,
 (Rebus and Riddle-maker) now *reviews* !

* Called *Eliguation*.

Poor jealous Eunuchs in the land of TASTE,
 Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise;
 Malicious, lo, they lay the region waste;
 Fire all they can, and triumph o'er the blaze!

Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel FEW
 Fix on poor MERIT's throat, to stop her breath:
 How like the beauteous * FRUIT, that turns of Dew
 The life ambrosial, into drops of Death!

Sweet BABE, to WEYMOUTH shouldst thou find thy
 The KING, with curiosity so wild, [way:
 May on a sudden send for thee, and say,
 "See, CHARLY, PETER's child—fine child, fine
 child:

"Ring, ring for SCHWELLENBERG—ring, Charly, ring;
 "Show it to SCHWELLENBERG; show, show it,
 show it——

"She'll say, '*Got dem de saucy stoopid ting,*
 '*I hate more worse as hell what come from Poet.*'

Yet will *some Courtiers* all at once be glad!
 LEEDS, HAWKS'B'RY, SAL'S'B'RY, BRUDENELL,
 will rejoice;

Forget how oft thy Brothers made them mad,
 And echo through the realm the royal voice.

* The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the
 Manchineel tree, are universally known.

And

And then for ME his MAJESTY may send ;
 (Making some people grumble in their gizzards)
 With DRAKE's new place, perchance, thy SIRE
 befriend ;

FIRST FLY-CATCHER to good QUEEN CHARLOTTE's
 * Lizards !

* The story of the LIZARDS is as follows :—At a BOARD of GREEN CLOTH lately, which assembled, as usual, with due *decorum*, do deliberate on the *species* of food proper to be given to the LIONS of BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden Gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a servant of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the *Honourable* BOARD ; which servant, a true DEVONSHIRE DUMPLIN, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus :
 “ ZUR VRANCIS, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort † enny ‡
 “ more Vlees §—Have ye cort enny, ZUR VRANCIS ?” The Baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, stared, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips at poor NUMPS : but all the face-making hints were thrown away.
 “ Why, ZUR VRANCIS, I zay, (continued NUMPS) MADAM
 “ ZWELLINGBURG wanth to know if yow've a nabb'd enny
 “ more Vlees ?” The BOARD stood amazed ! SIR FRANCIS blushed for the *first* time. At length, recovering from his confusion, and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about his business, he very candidly informed the BOARD, that HER MAJESTY had lately received a present of LIZARDS ; that she had ordered MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG to catch *flies* for them ; but that, to oblige MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a week, he promised to assist her in her FLY-HUNT ; in short, to be her *Deputy* FLY-CATCHER, and not *First* FLY-CATCHER, as the ELEGY erroneously proclaimeth.

† For caught. ‡ Any. § Flies.

A
COMMISERATING EPISTLE
TO
LORD LONSDALE.

*Quid sentire putas omnes, CALVINE, recenti
De scelere, et fidi violata crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus; nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris; casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et è medio FORTUNÆ ductus acervo.*

JUVENAL.

What think'st thou, LONSDALE, that the world will say
Of this d—n'd verdict at CARLISLE to-day?
Faith, simply this—"A flea-bite, and that's all—
"A loss that will not swallow LOWTHER-HALL;
"A trick of FORTUNE that we often find:
"A trick that plainly proves the GODDESS *blind*."

A R G U M E N T.

THE NOBLE EARL, AS NATURALLY IN PURSUIT OF HIS
COAL, AS A SPORTSMAN OF HIS HARE OR FOX, HAPPENING,
IN A COAL-CHASE, TO UNDERMINE A PARCEL OF HOUSES
BELONGING TO THE LORD-KNOWS-WHO, OF WHITEHAVEN
(NO VOTES PERHAPS FOR A BOROUGH OR A COUNTY), BUT
PARTICULARLY OF A MR. LITTLEDALE—WHAT DOES THIS
INSOLENT LITTLEDALE, BUT COMPLAIN!—NAY, NOT
CONTENTED WITH COMPLAINT, HE INSISTS UPON IT, THAT
HIS LORDSHIP HAS NO RIGHT TO PULL DOWN HIS HOUSE
ABOUT

ABOUT HIS EARS—NAY, WHAT IS STILL WORSE, THE FELLOW BRINGS AN ACTION, ABSOLUTELY BRINGS AN ACTION AGAINST HIS LORDSHIP—NAY, WHAT IS STILL MORE HORRIBLE, THE KNAVE GETS A VERDICT IN HIS FAVOUR—AND, WHAT IS MORE ATROCIOUS STILL, THE VILLAINS OF THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD ILLUMINATE THEIR HOUSES, AS IF FOR THE BIRTH-NIGHTS OF OUR BELOVED KING AND QUEEN, AND EXHIBIT EQUAL SYMPTOMS OF JOY.—NOTWITHSTANDING THIS SAUCY OPPOSITION TO THEIR GREAT SUPERIOR; NOTWITHSTANDING THE WICKED ACTION; NOTWITHSTANDING THE VILE AND UNNATURAL VERDICT; NOTWITHSTANDING THE TRIUMPHANT ILLUMINATION AND BRAZEN-FACED DELIGHT ON THE OCCASION; HOW SUBLIMELY HIS LORDSHIP BEHAVES! THOUGH HE MOST SPIRITEDLY SUSPENDS HIS COAL-WORKS FOR A TIME, TO SHEW THE POWER OF HIS VENGEANCE; LO, HE PROMISETH TO OPEN THEM AGAIN, ON CONDITION HE HAS FULL LIBERTY TO UNDERMINE ANY HOUSES THAT MAY IMPUDENTLY STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS COAL FOR THE FUTURE—WHAT AN ACT OF HUMANITY! PARTLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIMSELF, A POOR INDIVIDUAL; BUT PRINCIPALLY FOR THE ADVANTAGE OF THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD OF WHITEHAVEN! WHO, BESIDES HIS LORDSHIP, WOULD HAVE DONE THIS? IT IS TOO HUMANE—IT IS TOO GREAT—FOR, AS IT HAS BEEN OBSERVED BY SOME CELEBRATED DIVINES, THAT A MAN MAY BE OVER-RIGHTEOUS, SO VERILY MAY A GREAT PEER BE OVER-FORGIVING.—SUCH IS THE GROUND OF MY EPISTLE TO LORD LONSDALE.

WHAT, LONSDALE! after all thy ranting, tearing, High threat'ning, heft'ring, bullying, kicking, swearing—

What!

What! THOU, the brazen BULLY that bestrode
 Triumphant navies and the roaring flood,
 Yield to the anger of a tiny town,
 Who oft hast frighten'd *counties* with a frown!
 A set of smutty colliers mock thy pow'r!
 A hogstye lord it o'er a lofty tow'r!
 A few blind mice, in little league ally'd,
 Ye Gods! o'erturn a pyramid of pride!

Shades of the LOWTHERS, arm'd with vengeance,
 rise,

And shake this LONSDALE, who his birth belies.
 Shock'd at his weakness, HISTORY turns pale,
 And madly tears the leaf that holds the TALE.
 Look through the desert of five hundred years!
 Lo, not a LOWTHER virtue *once* appears.
 Then why to FAME's fair volume madly rush,
 And give thy poor old ANCESTORS a blush?
 Ah, do not so unfashionably dote,
 And stitch *one* spangle on an old black coat.
 Let not *one* act *ten thousand* acts upbraid:
 A farthing candle 'midst a world of shade.
 But grant a *solitary* deed—atchieve it——
 Who, pray the devil, LONSDALE, will believe it?
 Thus will the nation with one voice exclaim——
 "A LOWTHER do an act of virtuous fame!
 "When from a LOWTHER did a Scyon shoot,
 "A LOWTHER trunk not rotten at the root?

Say, does REPENTANCE wound thee?—'tis a
driv'ler.

Despise that *thing* call'd MEEKNESS—'tis a sniv'ler,
With pious sentiments, forsooth, who glows,
And kisses the vile hand that deals her blows.
Spurn at FORGIVENESS, that e'en fears to *chide*,
And keep again the company of PRIDE.

Go herd with BRUDENELL, who, with *Bardolph* face,
Scowls high contempt on all th' *untitled* race:
Go herd with LEEDS, in native pride so stable,
Who scorns to let his mother * fit at table:
Herd with the DAME of BLenheim †, of hard lot,
Whose pride lies poison'd by the lovely SCOT;
Mad that the MARLB'ROUGH blood, where honour
reigns,
Should join the puddle of a Sawney's veins:
Herd with the *lofty* 'SQUIRE of Strawb'ry-hill,
Whom genealogies with rev'rence fill:
Who on no threads of life a value puts,
That are not fairly spun from WILLIAM's guts.

* POOR MISTRESS ANGUISH has been refused, in form, the
honour of a knife and fork near her most exalted daughter.

* *Nimium ne crede colori*: "The duke is by no means so *soft* a
man as he *looks*."

† Lady SUSAN STUART, equal in good qualities, beauty,
and accomplishments, to any of the *Spencers*, is presumed, by
her union with her son, the Marquis of *Blandford*, absolutely to
have defiled the family.

How great in HORACE, thus to rev'rence *birth*;
HIMSELF a well-known clod of *common earth*!

What, LONSDALE, melted down thy ruthless rage?—
With dæmons *once* thy spirit dar'd engage,
Spat on the MOB that FREEDOM's ensign bore,
Smil'd at his storm, and mock'd his thunder-roar;
Fac'd keen CONTEMPT, and MURDER's sanguine eye,
And horse-whipp'd whining MERCY to her sky.
How art thou sunk! how wither'd!—Loft, I fear.
Where is the LOWTHER spirit—tell me where?—
Speak, can the ghost of CONSCIENCE haunt thy mind?
Hear'st thou the call of DEATH in ev'ry wind?
Lo, RESOLUTION to thy terror turns,
And o'er the skeleton of MANHOOD mourns!
Go, WONDER, to earth's utmost limits fly,
And say, if aught like this e'er stretch'd thine eye.

Rouse! and let "Richard be himself again!"—
Forge, forge anew OPPRESSION's galling chain;
Trip o'er his ears bold OPPOSITION's skin,
And bid with gags the mouth of FREEDOM grin.
Bid the dark Furies all thy bosom steel,
And *Cumberland* afresh thine anger feel:
Yes, yes, of *Cumberland* the comet blaze,
And, crab-like, roast her rascals with thy rays.
Stretch o'er the shrinking town thine arm of pow'r,
And, hydra-like, their croaking frogs devour.

Shew

Shew that thy breath, like ENVY's, baleful blows:
 A canker be, that kills the lovely rose.
 Prove how a rising country may be curst,
 And bid with spleen old NERO's spectre burst.

How pleasing to thine eye should be the band
 That happy fatten'd on the fertile land;
 Forc'd, Cain-like, off, where FAMINE sucks her nails,
 To starve, or hunt the wall and hedge for snails.—
 Thus triumph—" Shall DOMINION's ensigns sink,
 " And to a beggar's rag, a malkin sink?
 " What, shall the *vulture*-wing, that scour'd the sky,
 " Sneak to a *bat*'s, that shuns the public eye?
 " JOVE'S BIRD (the thunder from his talons torn)
 " Turn *owl*, to cry ' Tee-whit' in some old barn?
 " What! *I*, through OPPOSITION's furly furge
 " Who boldly dar'd so oft a passage urge,
 " Cry out at last, ' Help, help'—to fear a slave,
 " Pale, panting, puking, spent beneath the wave?
 " Shall RESOLUTION, that defied a *world*,
 " Oppos'd by *pigmies*, from his height be hurl'd?
 " Those *pigmies* o'er the huge MAN MOUNTAIN
 straddle,
 " Or, laughing, rock the GIANT in a *cradle*?
 " No, low-bred villains—nought my pow'r controls;
 " I'll hunt you all like vermin through your holes;
 " Out, root and branch—men, women, dogs, and cats;
 " Run, children, from the ruins, just like rats:

" Writhe into earth, like worms, and fear my frown ;
 " For, d—n me, all your houses shall come down.
 " Wretches, your heads are in the lion's jaws!
 " Off with them—LONSDALE dares defy the laws.
 " What though it thins my purse, it feeds my spleen;
 " So, scythe of DESOLATION, sweep the scene."
 Such is the glowing language thou should'st hold,
 And nobly emulate thy SIREs of old.
 For speech like this (too weak the voice of FAME)
 The mouths of cannon shall convey thy name——
 Such threat'ned deeds of hostile, god-like ire,
 Should travel only on the wings of fire.

Shall PITY be an inmate of thy breast?
 No, be a grinding-stone its rugged guest.
 Why should a virtue, man, thy mind bewitch?
 Lo, GENEROSITY was never rich.
 What! woo the VIRTUES!—of the world the sport—
 Nay, worse, who dare not shew their nose at COURT!

What gives the general wish for pow'r to glow?
 To look contemptuous on the world below;
 To bid *that* world bow down, admire, adore,
 And grind the fallow faces of the poor.

Ask, to the forest-laws what man gave birth?
 A *Nimrod*, lo! a lofty lord of earth!——
 Yet why should hares, and partridges, and grouse,
 Alone be ravish'd from the farmer's house?——

Go,

Go, LONSDALE, get an act to raise thy fame,
And make the farmers' wives and daughters GAME.

Whence, on a sudden, dost thou thus inherit
This soft, forbearing, lamb-like, dove-like spirit?
I saw sharp VENGEANCE tip-toe in thine eyes:—
How comes it that the threat'ning SPIRIT dies?

Yet, yet I see the feudal times return,
When tyrants bid in chains the million mourn;
When slaves to GRANDEUR crouch amidst the dust,
And HAVOCK roams, to please the ruling lust;
When PRIDE as calmly from the shoulder plucks
The heads of vassals, as the heads of ducks.

Curse on the liberty of modern days!
Again let POW'R her rod of iron raise.
Hang the French dogs, a mangy, mongrel fry!
That, running riot, on their huntsman fly!
How are the sacred robes of GREATNESS rent!
KINGS and NOBILITY fall'n *cent per cent*!

Sure, LONSDALE! thou art not too weak to know
From general riches what misfortunes flow.
Wealth for delicious slavery spoils a nation——
Adieu at once to gods and adoration.

Say, would you bid the under-world adore,
Crouch, flatter, tremble?—Keep the rascals poor.
Tyrannic,

Tyrannic, would you wish to cut and starve 'em !
 Their backs are at your service—only carve 'em.
 Give them but money, quick uprise the knaves,
 Forgetting in a moment they are slaves.
 Lost to the meanness of their former station,
 The scornful upstarts d—n their occupation.
 Lo, the proud BLACKSMITH, late a slave to coal,
 To *honours* turns his elevated soul !
 The cross-legg'd TAYLOR, lo, forgets his peers ;
 Kicks his old goose, the knave, and breaks his shears !
 The SHOW-MAN scorns poor PUNCH, his late support,
 And straw-stuff'd LADIES of th' Arcadian court ;
 This quits his camel—that, his spelling hogs ;
 And KINGS no more can dance with dancing-dogs*.
 Grant wealth—No more the humble cobbler cow'rs ;
 But boldly deems *his* blood as rich as ours,
 And blasphemously thinks th' Almighty's plan
 Ordain'd no diff'rence between man and man.
 Such is the sad effect of wealth—rank pride—
 Thus, mount a beggar, how the rogue will ride !

Parent of INSOLENT is WEALTH, I ween :
 Then 'mid thy neighbours let her not be seen.
 'Tis POVERTY that forges curbs for men,
 And tempts *divine* OPPRESSION from her den.

* It is an undeniable fact, that a certain great king (it is
 said, for the diversion of his *children only*) held out the skirts
 of his coat, and danced a minuet on Windsor Terrace, some
 years since, with one of the CANINE FIGURANTES

What

What folly, then, to let thine host repose,
To suffer *Cumberland* to lift the nose! —
Down with their hosts, and horsewhip them like dogs!
Styes be their bed, their food the food of hogs.
Keep famish'd, sons and daughters, fathers, mothers;
Nor let them beat in trade their grinning brothers;
Iberian monkeys, that, to bus'ness bred,
Well pleas'd, for *maravedes* hunt the head.

To India's hist'ry turn thy happy eyes,
And bid a second scene of horrors rise.
By Britons led, bid FAMINE's spectre train
Pour devastation on the fair domain.
What humbled victims sunk beneath the strife!
What thousands, tott'ring, snatch'd at parting life!
Nought could, alas! their suppliant hands avail:
In vain each feature told a starving tale;
On those rich heaps that rose beneath their care,
Their eye-balls fast'ning in a deadly glare.
There hadst thou seen the fallow babe distressed,
Hard clinging to a dying mother's breast;
Beating that breast with little, peevish cry,
Its plumpness wither'd, and its fountain dry:
Such was the scene, whilst ev'ry night, to sup,
The jackalls left their woods, to eat them up.

HUMANITY's a pigeon-hearted fool,
Soft, puling, as the girl at boarding-school,
That alms upon the begging wretch bestows,
And learns to sorrow at the tale of woes.

Where

Where is ambition? Dead?—It never dies—
Brutes, insects boast it—elephants and flies.
The horse would rather the blood-spur should gore him,
Than let a fellow-trav'ler pace before him:
And lo the spaniel!—when the master cheers
A brother, with what jealousy he hears;
Unblest, attention how he tries to raise;
Paws for a gentle pat, and whines for praise!

Eye nature thro', and mark the arm of POW'ER—
The great unceasingly the small devour.

Blest on a dainty dish of flies to dine,
Lo, by the spider weav'd the silken line.
A giddy wand'rer strikes the waving net;
Hitch'd his poor pinions, hitch'd his harmless feet:
Quick from his cave, that hid his watchful head,
The nimble tyrant scours along the thread;
Whips from the store-room of his guts a string,
And binds his captive's vainly-buzzing wing;
Remorseless deals the bite of death; and then
The *Cacus* drags the victim to his den.

Lo, hov'ring in mid sky, the caitiff kite
Sweeps the blue vault, and wheels with watchful flight;
A son of rapine, and untaught to spare,
The feather'd NIMROD roams the wild of air;
At length his searching eyes with joy explore
A hen and chicken near a farmer's door;

Sudden.

Sudden the tyrant quits th' aërial sleep ;
Down from his sphere he pours with lightning sweep,
Each iron talon fills with callous food,
And carries off in triumph half the brood.
In vain the parent flutters, capers, cries,
And kens her captive children up the skies ;
And, lo ! in vain the cursing farmer runs,
To send the leaden vengeance from his guns :
Safe seeks the rogue some solitary stone,
To tear the trembling flesh, and grind each bone.

Now on the stream's clear bosom, pr'ythee, peep ;
See, fly below, the alligator creep :
Whate'er he seizes, yields to fate's dread laws,
Crush'd in his hard inexorable jaws.

These be thy great examples—careful mind 'em,
And do not in a tittle lag behind 'em.
Be *thou* the spider that devours the flies ;
Be thou the tyrant kite that scours the skies ;
Be thou the hard-mouth'd subtle alligator,
Th' inexorable monarch of the water.

And lo, the lords of ocean !—see the whale
On all th' inferior hosts of sea regale !
The shark, the grampus—how before their eye
Th' affrighted under-world of fishes fly !

Then why not man, endu'd with giant pow'r,
The region of inferior mortals scour ?

For

For thee, then, was all *Cumberland* design'd,
 The whale, the shark, the grampus of mankind!
 Lo, at thy foot, the people whine and pray—
 But kick them, LONSDALE—'tis the LOWTHER way:
 Tread on each neck, and deem it but a beast,
 And emulate the tyrants of the East.
 Perchance thou fearest to be d—n'd, *or so?*
 On that thou should'st have ponder'd long ago.
 Look at thy *boroughs*—not *one* vote alone
 Can give a CANDIDATE the mob-rais'd throne.
 Thus, to the shrine of VIRTUE must be giv'n
 More than *one* deed, to seat the soul in heav'n.
 Deem otherwise—it were too mad by half—
 Lord! how would * shoe-makers and angels laugh!

With abject pray'r, behold! WHITEHAVEN plies
 thee——

Heed not her men—'tis plain they all *despise* thee.
 For, ask thyself, “ Amid this smutty nation,
 “ What have I done to merit approbation?”

Look!—has CONTRITION swell'd a single eye?
 Lift!—from one bosom canst thou hear her sigh?
 Nought like a *tear*, and nought resembling *moan*!
 Knee and mouth penitence, indeed, alone.
 With voices louder than the common CRYER's,
 I hear their hearts abuse their tongues for liars!

* Shoe-makers are frequently the most respectable votes in
 country boroughs.

For,

For, Lord! how *should* they *like* thee? who can
tell?—

Their noses never caught thy kitchen's smell;
For meat is apt *opinion* to improve,
And stomachs form a turnpike-gate to love.

KITE of the North, again, and yet again,
I bid thee spread thy terrors o'er the plain.
Hang o'er those sparrows with o'er-shadowing pride,
And bid them trembling in their thatches hide:
O, wake thy plagues, and break the shameful truce;
Unmuzzle VENGEANCE—let the blood-hound loose,
To bid HUMANITY, pale fool, adieu,
And flesh his hunger on the coal-black crew.
Thus shall the LOWTHER name again be great,
Men tremble at the sound, and children sweat;
High o'er thy walls, to prove a *host*, one slave,
The lordly flag of TYRANNY shall wave:
Thus at thy feet shall dumb OBEDIENCE fall,
And H-LL, in lustre, yield to LOWTHER-HALL.

MORE MONEY!

OR,

ODES OF INSTRUCTION

TO

Mr. *P I T T*:

WITH

A VARIETY of other CHOICE MATTERS.

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?*

VIRGIL.

O Gold! thou precious fascinating evil,
Say, with what soul thou hast not play'd the devil?

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo. VIRGIL.

Go to the House—beg, threaten, nay, *compel* for't:
We must have Money, though we shake all Hell for't.

READER,

THE rumour of an intended and speedy application to Parliament for more Money for the KING, gave birth to the following Odes. Though by no means an advocate for Mr. *Paine's* violent system of Revolution, I am too much the POET OF THE PEOPLE, not to sing for a *Reformation*. To the ODES is subjoined a sort of make-weight Poetry. As the
 Pieces

Pieces are alluded to in the ODES, I deemed it not amiss to publish them—To be sure, they add to the *price* as well as the *bulk* of the Pamphlet; but, as I still profess myself free from political corruption, notwithstanding a wicked report to the contrary (for GREAT POETS as well as GREAT KINGS may be traduced), I flatter myself that thou wilt be proud of the opportunity of paying a small tribute to PUBLIC VIRTUE.

P. P.

ODE I.

MORE Money wanted!—'tis a brazen lie;
 'Tis OPPOSITION's disappointed cry;
 A poison'd shaft to wound the best of Kings—
 More Money! 'tis a poor invented story,
 To cloud with dire disgrace the King of Glory—
 D—n'd shears to clip his Fame's exalted wings.

More Money!—'tis a little dirty tale,
 To sink of popularity the gale
 That wafts the name of GEORGE to utmost earth;
 A snake that should be strangled in its birth.

More Money!—'tis a Party-trick so mean,
 To make us sick of our good King and Queen!

T 2

We

We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
 That make the State a field devour'd by * wants:
 The rust that eats the cannon—the rank weed
 That dares the vessel's course sublime impede;
 The worm that knaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
 And opes the world of waters for its fate;
 A spreading cancer that demands the knife;
 That, wolf-like, preys upon the Nation's life.

More Money!—what a sound!—the solemn bell
 That tolls the Constitution's knell.

Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
 For loading spotless Majesty with wrongs:
 Nay, tear those tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
 Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poison'd souls.
 The Monarch scorns to ask a penny more——
 Tax'd to the eyes, his groans the State deplore:
 Away, then, DEFAMATION's baleful breath,
 That blows on VIRTUE's bud, the blight of death.

Yet *should* it happen that the Best of Kings
Should whisper to his Minister *strange things*,
 And bid thee Money ask, the tempting curse;
 Then *firmly* THOU, the Nation's steward, say
 (With rev'rence due to Royalty, I pray),
 “Dread Sire, have mercy on your People's purse.

* Another word for a Mole.

-
- " O King, your calculations have misl'd ye :
 " Millions on millions you have had already.
 " Oh ! let * DISCRETION from the Virtue band
 " Be call'd to Court, to take you by the hand.

 " You really do not know how rich you are :
 " Your wealth so wondrous makes your subjects
 stare——
 " Squeez'd from great cities, towns, and hovels :
 " HAWKS'B'RY and COURTTS. can show such heaps of
 treasure,
 " Such loads of guineas for the royal pleasure,
 " Heav'd into iron chests with shovels!
 " Then how can Majesty be poor ?
 " Your coffers, Sir, are running o'er."
-

O D E II.

- SAY to the King, (but with profound respect,
 For who would manners unto Kings neglect ?)
 " Dread Sir, to Hospitals you little grant,
 " Your magic Name supplying every want——

* This is fruitless advice, I fear—The PASSIONS are too powerful for the *gentle* VIRTUES. See my beautiful Address to those LADIES in this Work.

“ And then how seldom ’tis you give a treat!
 “ And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,
 “ The stomachs of your favour’d Few to fill——
 “ And butchers swear ’tis very pretty meat.

“ And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs;
 “ And beat old BAKEWELL* in the breed of rams,
 “ And never wish to keep a thing for finery:
 “ Thus are parterres of Richmond and of Kew
 “ Dug up for bull and cow and ram and ewe,
 “ And Windsor Park, so glorious, made a swinery..

“ And lo, your Dairy thriving, let me say,
 “ As not *one* drop of milk is giv’n away——
 “ So says your little Dairy-maid so sweet,
 “ Whose beauties many a smile so gracious meet;
 “ And smiling like the blooming May,
 “ Who shows the milk-score ev’ry day.
 “ How then can Majesty be poor?
 “ Your chests, Sir, must be running o’er.

“ Your Oratorios, that expences bred,
 “ And DUKE of CUMBERLAND †, so *dear*, are dead,

* We have more reverence than to say, a *Brother* Grazier of the North.

† By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to his Majesty.

“ That

-
- " That gave (*'tis said*) your Majesty much pain—
 " The Nation kindly paid your Doctors' bills,
 " I mean the WILLISES, for toil and pills,
 " That brought you to your Wisdom, Sire, again—
 " Then how can Majesty be poor?
 " Your coffers must be running o'er.
- " Cabbage and carrot without end,
 " The Windfor Gard'ners* daily send;
 " Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
 " Of Britain's High and Mighty LORD!
- " Of this, their glad posterity shall boast;
 " For such an honour never should be lost—
 " Thus shall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,
 " Crown'd were our great great great Forefathers'
 labours;
- " Whose praise thro' Fame's long trumpet ever rings,
 " For giving Cabbages to Kings!
- " Presents of ev'ry sort of thing are made,
 " Without the slightest danger of offending,
 " Either from Gentlemen, or men in trade;
 " Your Majesties are both so condescending—
 " Folks for acceptance never beg and pray;
 " For presents never yet were turn'd away.
- " People meet much encouragement *indeed*,
 " For sending rarities and pretty things;

* Not now.—See the Progress of ADMIRATION.

" At-

“ Although such rarities you do not need——

“ Such is the sweet humility of Kings.

“ Then how can Majesty be poor?

“ Your coffers must be running o’er.

“ Card-entertainment ’tis you chiefly give,

“ By which the Chandlers scarce can live——

“ For soon as e’er you leave the little rout,

“ The candles are immediately blown out!

“ So quickly seiz’d on by some candle-shark,

“ LADIES and Gentlemen are in the dark*.

“ Where what has happen’d, heav’n alone can tell,

“ AS DARKNESS oft turns pimp t’ undo a BELLE.”

O D E III.

SAY to thy King (but, as I’ve said before,
With due respect), “ By G——, you can’t be poor.

“ Sometimes a little Concert is *made up*,

“ Where nought is giv’n to eat or sup——

“ Where MUSIC makes an economic pother;

“ Where, with a solitary tweedle tweedle,

“ A pretty melancholy fiddle

“ Squeaks at the absence of his little brother,

* At the breaking-up of a Royal Card-party, this is constantly done:—the poor Maids of Honour, and the Gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

“ Whose

- " Whose presence would be much enjoy'd,
 " But costs *too much* to be employ'd!
 " Where FISCHER's instrument (a frugal choice)
 " Serves both for hautboys and for voice——
 " As BILLINGTON and MARA, to the King,
 " And that perverse STORACE would not sing*.
 " Lo! by some WOMAN's order (sic upon her!)
 " The pretty, harmless, modest Maids of Honour
 " Are forc'd to furnish for their beds, the sheet;
 " The pillow-cases too, says Fame,
 " By order of some high-commanding Dame,
 " To whose sweet soul economy is sweet.
 " Dear Maids of Honour! what a sin of sins,
 " That Britain can't accommodate your skins!
 " Poor GENEROSITY is sadly lam'd;
 " And yet the noble Beast was ne'er rode hard—
 " Pale, cold ECONOMY seems quite asham'd,
 " Who never plays an idle card:
 " Nay, AVARICE, her mother, with surprise
 " Turns up the whites, so sad, of both her eyes.

* When MONSIEUR NICOLAI, His MAJESTY's *first* favourite, *first* fiddle, and *first* news-monger, went with His MAJESTY's *Commands* to MADAM ST****, to assist at a sort of a concert at Buckingham-House, the Songstresses, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, "What, NICOLAI, I am to sing at the *old price*, I suppose?"—meaning nothing—'My compliments to your Master and Mistress, and tell them I am better engaged.'

-
- " To Wit you nothing give—to Learning nought :
 " Lo, in his garret, MATHEMATICS pines,
 " Where, hungry after bread and cheese and thought,
 " He forms with Brother Spiders usefess lines.

 " Th' expence of New-Year's Ode is felt no more!
 " Thus is that needfess, tuneless hubbub o'er;
 " All praise must center in the Birth-day Song:
 " The Virtues must be lump'd together—yes!
 " And *then* (if *subjects* may *presume* to guess)
 " The LAUREAT need not make it very long.

 " A *load* of praise is nauseous stuff——
 " SIRE, don't you think, at times, one line enough?
 " What's christen'd Merit, often wants a crutch—
 " Thus then a *single line* may be too much.

 " In vain the First of Poets tunes his pipe;
 " His whistle ne'er squeez'd sixpence from your gripe—
 " Vain all Epistles, vain his heav'nly Odes:
 " No, no! poor PETER may his strain prolong;
 " The dev'l a farthing will reward his song,
 " The song that should have celebrated Gods!

 " In vain for Royal patronage he sigh'd:
 " In vain (some say) the modest Bard apply'd
 " To gain his Book your patronising name—
 " And if this *Bard*, whom all the NINE inspire,
 " Instead of generous oil to feed his fire,
 " Finds cold cold water flung upon his flame:
 " If

- " I' he, ah ! vainly sighs for dedication,
" Woe to the *witlings* of the Nation !
" What though uncouth his shape, and dark his face ;
" Whose breeding Mother might for charcoal long ;
" Still may the BARD abound in verse and grace,
" And love for Majesty, *divinely* strong.
" Then heed not, SIRE, a clumsy form so fat,
" And *sombre* phiz, DAME NATURE's work, unkind ;
" Great mousing qualities, with many a cat,
" Of perfect ugliness, a lodging find.
" Observe a fat, black, greasy lump of coal ;
" Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
" A warm and lively lustre owes its birth ;
" A flame in *this world*, pleasant to the soul.
" To shapeless clouds, that, waggon-like, along
" Move cumbrous, scowling on the twilight heav'n,
" At times, behold, the purest snows belong !
" To such, of rain the lucid drops are giv'n :
" Nay, mid the mafs so murky and forlorn,
" Behold the lightning's vivid beam is born !"
Say—" Mighty Monarch, modest MERIT pines,
" Hid like the useless gem amid the mines.
" *Your* gracious smile, which all the world reveres,
" *Your* wealth had open'd her pale closing eye,
" Which HOPE once brig' ten'd with a spark of joy,
" And cruel D. SAPPPOINTMENT quench'd with tears."

O D E

O D E IV.

THEN unto Majesty shalt thou repeat
 The lines that are to Majesty a treat,
 Proverbs that economic souls revere;
 To wit—"A pin a day's a groat a year"—
 "A little saving is no sin"—
 "Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin"—
 "A penny sav'd, a penny got"—
 "'Tis money makes the old mare trot"—
 Then say, "With such wise counsellors, I'm sure
 "No Monarch ever can be poor."

Say too, "Great Sir, your Queen is very rich—
 "Witness the di'monds lodg'd in ev'ry stitch
 "Of Madam's petticoat*, of broad effulgence;
 "Where flame such jewels on its ample field,
 "As only to her charms and virtues yield,
 "So very noble, God's and Man's indulgence!"

Now may'st thou raise thy tone a little higher—
 Not 'Squire, for that's impertinent, but "SIRE,"
 Firm shalt thou say, "the Realm is not a wizard,
 "Quick, with a word, to make the guineas start,
 "To please a Monarch's gold-admiring heart—
 "In short, Britannia grumbles in her gizzard.

* This famous petticoat affordeth a pleasant history—one part
 of which is, that it was watched all night by a certain Great
 Man, on a particular occasion, to prevent its being stolen.

"Sire

“ Sire, let me say, the Realm will smell a rat,
“ And cry, ‘ Oh! oh! I know what you are at—
‘ Is this your cunning, MASTER BILLY PITT?
‘ What, Master BILLY! try to *touch* his Grace?
‘ To keep your most, most honourable place?
‘ Is this your flaming patriotic fit?

‘ Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
‘ The Beast hath got *some* brains within his skull;
‘ A pair of *dangerous* horns, too, let me add;
‘ Dare but to make the generous creature mad.’

Thus may’st thou decently thy voice exalt—
And add, “ Soft fires, O Monarch, make good malt;
“ The kiln, much forc’d, may blaze about our ears,
“ And then may Fate be busy with his shears—
“ For then, with all his fame, your daring SQUIRE
“ May, rat-like, squeak unpitied in the fire.”

Proclaim that Reputation is a jewel,
And life, without it, merely water-gruel—
Say, that a King who seeks a deathless name,
Turns not to News-papers to find a fame;
Where paragraphs (a Ministerial job)
Report the half-crown howlings of a Mob.

Inform the Monarch, when he goes to heav’n,
Verse to his parting spirit may be giv’n;

Ev'n PETER's verse, for which a thousand sigh—
 Verse which the POET ev'n to Brutes * can give,
 To bid their lucky names immortal live,
 Yet to a *King* the sacred gift deny!

Say, "Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs;
 "Dread Sir, they are most miserable hacks——

"How 'tis they bear it all, is my surprise!

"I cannot catch another tax indeed,

"With all your fox-hounds noses, and my speed,

"Your humble greyhound, tho' all teeth and eyes.

"The State, Sir, you will candidly allow,

"Has been t'ye a most excellent milch cow;

"For you, ah! many a bucket has been fill'd——

"But trust me, Sir, the Cow must not be kill'd.

"So numerous are your wants, and *they* so keen,

"That verily a hundred thousand pounds

"Seem just as in a bullock's mouth a bean!

"A pound of butter 'midst a pack of hounds!

"Have mercy on us, Sir—you can't be poor——

"Your coffers really must be running o'er."

Say, "SIRE, your Wisdom is prodigious great!

"Then do not put your Servant in a sweat——

* This is literally true. I, the LYRIC PETER, assert, that
 I have written a most beautiful Elegy to an old Friend, a
 Dying Ass, with more feeling than I could compliment the
 deaths of half the Kings in Christendom.

"He

“ He hates snapdragon—’tis a game of danger —
 “ The sound, *more Money*, the whole realm appalls ;
 “ Still, still it vibrates on SAINT STEPHEN’S walls ;
 “ Our Beast, the PUBLIC, soon must eat the manger.”

Say, “ Good my LIEGE, indeed there’s no more hay—
 “ Kind-hearted King, indeed there’s no more corn—
 “ Our Hack, OLD ENGLAND, sadly falls away ;
 “ Lean as old ROSINANTE, and forlorn.”

Say, “ SIRE, your Parliament I dare not meet ;
 “ For verily I’ve some remains of grace——
 “ If forc’d with money-messages * to greet,
 “ Your Majesty must lend me H——RY’s face.
 “ I

* The cry of “ More Money, more Money,” brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongst the many, that happened between the KING of the MOSQUITOES and myself, in the Government-house at JAMAICA, during the administration of the late SIR WILLIAM TRELAWNY.—His MAJESTY was a very stout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the sublimest ideas of Royalty ; very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, “ Mo drink for King, mo drink for King !”

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

U 2

KING:

“ I know what Parliament will say, so mad—
 ‘ More Money, MASTER BILLY! very fine!
 ‘ The *impudence* of Highwaymen, my lad,
 ‘ By G—d! is *perfect modesty* to thine.”
 “ SIRE, SIRE, the moment than I mention MONEY,
 “ I’m sure the answer will be ‘ NINNY NONNY.”

O D E VI.

NOW, PITT, put forth a small prophetic sound;
 Say, “ KINGS should keep their state, but not
 be rich”——
 Yes, say, “ they never should with wealth abound,
 “ As money might the royal mind bewitch.”
 Say, “ Gambling Monarchs *possibly* may spring,
 “ And Stocks be at the mercy of a King——
 “ And if for Boroughs sigh their great affections,
 “ Rare business for the DEVIL at elections!

KING.

No! no! King no drunk—King no drunk—Mo drink for
 King—Broder George love drink” (meaning the King of
 England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink : he is a sober man.

KING.

But King of Mosquito love drink—me will have mo drink—
 me love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

“ A

" A Monarch offering his own heads and notes——

" A King and Cobler quarrelling for votes!"

Then lift thine head, and also lift thine eyes,

And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,

Exclaim (as stricken with a deep surprize),

" Not that I think a Man who wears a crown

" Would act so meanly, Sir, or ever did——

" No! God forbid, dread Sovereign—God forbid!"

Such are my counsels, PITT.—Thy King, perchance;

May, smiling, hear thee oracles advance;

And pitying thee for hinting reformation

To *such* a King of *such* a Nation,

May flun thee with two proverbs all so pat——

" What, what, PITT—' Play a jig to an old Cat ?"

" What, preach—what, preach to *me* on *Money-witt*!"

* Old Foxes want no tutors,' BILLY PITT."

* Reformation is a most difficult and dangerous subject—Hazarding a *critique* on the work of a very eminent Artist, some years ago, what was the consequence?—See the Ode.

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THE following Elegy was written on the Royal Scheme of *fattening* Cattle solely on Horse-chefnuts, which (had it succeeded) must have been attended with prodigious savings. The Bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghost!

THE ROYAL BULLOCKS.

A CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

YE horn'd inhabitants of Windsor Park,
Where reign'd sweet Hospitality of yore,
Why are you not as merry as the lark?
Why is it that so dismally you roar?

Ah me! I guess the cause!—our glorious King
Would fatten cattle in the cheapest way —
It is, it is, horse-chefnuts!—that's the thing
Which gives each face the cloud of dire dismay.

Say, do the prickles stab each gentle beard? —
You wish t' oblige the King; but ah! with pain
You turn them round and round, to bite *afear'd*,
And faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort ye with better meat —
God knows I pity ev'ry plaintive tone: —
Gladly your gums with turnips would I greet,
And give the fragrant hay to soothe each groan.

Say,

Say, are the nuts too solid to be chew'd?
Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
But plaint of ev'ry fort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on such hard fare to sup and dine,
And often by its stubborn nature foil'd,
Perhaps you wish it roasted, gentle Kine,
Or probably you wish it stew'd or boil'd.

But coals cost money—labour must be sav'd——
Know, this would prove a great expence indeed:
Ah! Kine, by such economy close-shav'd,
Your bellies grumble, and your mouths must bleed.

Your leanness mortifies the King of Nations:
Displeas'd, he wonders that you won't grow fat:
Your high back-bones employ his speculations,
Much your poor bellies exercise his chat.

The MAN whose lofty head adorns a crown,
That stoutly studies bullocks, pigs, and books,
Wants much to see you knock'd by butchers down,
And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murm'ring creatures, life is vastly sweet——
For life, were I a bullock, I should sigh:
Much rather make a sacrifice to meat;
Live on horse-chestnuts, than on turnips die.

A MO-

A MORAL REFLECTION

ON THE PRECEDING ELEGY.

HOW can the eye, in Nature's softness drest,
So harden'd, see the different tribes around;
Behold the grazing cattle all so blest,
And lambkins mingling sport, with sweetest sound;

Then glist'ning, in a strain of triumph cry,
"Your throats, young gentlefolks, will soon be cut—
"You, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die—
"Soon on the spit, you, Master Calf, be put?"

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noise
Of goose, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock and hen,
Exclaim, "Aye, aye, good fowls, your cackling joys
"Soon cease, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?"

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,
Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
Then say, "Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,
"And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood."

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,
And tell the feather'd race so blest around,
"For me, ere night, you feel of death the pain;
"With broken necks you flutter on the ground."

How.

How vile!—"Go, creatures of th' Almighty's hand;

"Enjoy the fruits that bounteous Nature yields;

"Graze at your ease along the sunny land;

"Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields—

"Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;

"No violence shall shake your shelter'd home;

"'Tis life and liberty shall glad my groves;

"The cry of Murder shall not damn my dome;"

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land—

And lo, to me a parent should you fly,

And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,

And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,

To blest, and to be blest, at PETER's call,

Invited by his kindness, should repair;

Chirp on his roof, and hop amidst his hall.

No schoolboy's hand should dare your nests invade,

And bear to close captivity your Young—

Pleas'd would I see them flutt'ring from the shade,

And to my window call the sons of song.

And You, O natives of the flood, should play

Unhurt amid your crystal realms, and sleep:

No hook should tear you from your loves away;

No net surrounding form its fatal sweep.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
 To sport invited by the summer beam;
 Now moving in most solemn march along,
 Now darting, leaping from the dimpled stream.
 How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
 Thus cheerful, like a set of friends, to treat ye,
 Than, like the bloated Epicure, to cry,
 "Zounds! what rare dinners!—G—d! how I
 could eat ye!"

ELEGY ON MY DYING ASS, *PETER*.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever past,
 When whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour;
 Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last!—
 These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.
 Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
 And with new floods the fount of life supply.—
 O *PETER*, blest would I prolong thy breath,
 Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.
 But wherefore wish?—Thy lot is that of all—
 Thy Friend who mourns, must yield to Nature's
 law—
 Like thee must sink—and o'er each dark'ning ball
 Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.
Piteous

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,

And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu—

And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,

“ Faint is thy Servant, and his moments few—

“ With thee no longer blest, the lanes I tread—

“ Those times, so happy, are for ever o'er—

“ Ah! why should Fate so cruel cut our thread,

“ And part a friendship that must meet no more?

“ Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of Fate),

“ Oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid—

“ Mid that lov'd field which saw us oft of late,

“ Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample shade.

“ And if my Master chance to wander nigh,

“ Beside the spot where PETER's bones repose!

“ Oh! let your Servant claim one little sigh—

“ Grant this—and, blest, these eyes for ever close.”

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes—*thy* wish is *mine*—

Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—

There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine;

And there the brightest flow'r of Spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footstep draws,

Thy turf shall surely catch thy Master's eye;

There on thy sleep of death shall Friendship pause,

Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
 When Innocence upon our actions smil'd !
 What though AMBITION scorn'd our humble pow'rs,
 Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild ?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam ;
 How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn ;
 Till Night would wrap the world in spectred gloom,
 And Silence listen'd to the Beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy ;
 The various trophies by thy fleetness won ;
 And boast that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
 Beheld the feats by namesake PETER done.

Yes, yes, (for grief must yield at times to glee)
 Amidst my friends I oft will tell our tale ;
 When lo, those friends will rush thy sod to see,
 And call thy peaceful region PETER'S VALE.

AN ACADEMIC ODE.

THIS Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid ; but is *fortunately* recovered.—It hinteth at the universal rage for Reputation, and attacketh Painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming touch of Criticism.

ALAS ! who has not fondness for a name ?
 Lo, Nature wove it on our infant frame !

From

From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Ev'n from the MARAS and the BILLINGTONS,

Down to the wide-mouth rascals crying flounders—
Nay, Watchmen deem their merits no-ways small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;
Nay, proud too of that instrument the Rattle,
That draws the hobbling Brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,

The Painters hate to hear their faults display'd—
And though I sing them in the *best* of rhimes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,

The foolish fellows really wish me dead.

Now this is great depravity, I fear—

My Tale, too, proveth it, as noon day clear.

THE TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

MYNHEER VAN TRUMP, who painteth very well,
Flam'd at my gentle criticisms, like hell—

“Poor Vretch (cried TRUMP), I'm much dat
Rogue's superiors—

“Ven he, poor lousy dog, be ded an rot,

“Van Trump by Peepels vil not be forgot,

“But lif in all de mouths of my Posteriors”—

Meaning indeed by this severity,
His name would live to all *posterity*.

Upon a day, some goodly folks and fine,
Arriv'd, to barter praise for beef and wine;
Academicians were the wights, I trow,
The very men to dine with VAN and VROW.

To Madam Trump did fall the carving work——
So sticking in a fowl's sweet breast her fork——
“ I wish this fork” (quoth angry Madam Trump,
Wriggling from side to side her angry rump)
“ Were now as deep in PETER PINDAR's heart.”
“ Vell zed—dat's clever—Jantelmans, dat's vit,”
Quoth VAN—“ spake it vonce more, my dear,
a bit—
“ Now don't you tink, Sirs, dat my Vrow's dam
smart?

“ Now, Jantelmans, I ax you if you please,”
Roar'd VAN, upstarting—catching fire like tinder—
“ Will drenk von dam goot bumper 'pon our knees—
“ Come, Sirs, ‘Da—n—n to dat PETER PINDAR.”
Plump down the great Academicians fell,
And hearty drank th' *immortal* Bard to hell!

Such, I'm asham'd to say, 's the dev'lish mind
Contaminating poor Mankind.

Here

Here too a little Moral may be seen—

Reformers are good folks the Million hate;
And who, if hang'd, or shot, or burnt, I ween,
Repentant, find their folly out, *too late*.

THE PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION;

Or, THE WINDSOR GARDENERS.

WHEN first their MAJESTIES to Windsor went,
Lo, almost ev'ry mouth was rent—

With what?—with gaping on the royal pair:
Indeed from East and West and North and South,
Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
To feast on Majesty their gape and stare.

Not PUNCH, the mighty PUNCH, the prince of joke,
E'er brought together such a herd of folk:

Amongst the thousands full of admiration,
Appear'd fair Windsor's GARDENING NATION,

Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches—
They humbly came their Majesties to greet,
Begging their Majesties to come and treat,
On ev'ry sort of fruit, their grand Allforches.

The couple smil'd assent, and ask'd no questions—
Resolv'd to gratify their great digestions.

Forth went his Majesty, so condescending—
 Forth went our gracious Queen, the fruits commend—
 Munching away at a majestic rate. [ing—

The Gardeners saw themselves bespread with glory ;
 Told unto all the ale-houses the story ;

Which houses did again the tale relate.

Yes, they were all so pleas'd that their poor things
 Should find such favour in the mouths of Kings—
 So happy at the sudden turn of fate,
 As though they all had found a great estate.

With awe so stricken were the Gardeners mute—
 So sharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—

Marv'ling to find that such as wear a crown
 Had actions very much like theirs in eating ;
 And that they mov'd, when pines and nest'rines
 greeting,

Their jaws like other people, *up and down* ;
 And that, like other folks, they ate a deal—
 Making (that is to say) a ploughman's meal.

And now the Gardeners, all so glorious, wanted
 To send to Majesty rare things—'twas granted.

Both horse and foot so labour'd to embark it !
 So much indeed unto their GRACES came,
 In consequence of this most loyal flame,

The palace look'd like Covent-Garden Market.

And lo, their Majesties went forth each day,
 Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay :

The

The Gardeners met them with best looks and bows ;
 And then the royal reputation rais'd —
 The vegetable wisdom highly prais'd
 Of George the glorious, and his glorious Spouse.

They told of Windsor town the gaping throng,
 What taste did unto Majesty belong ;
 As how they pick'd the *best*—strange to relate too—
 As how their eyes were of such lofty stature ;
 Fill'd with so much sublimity their nature.

They look'd not on an onion or potatoe —
 Which show'd a noble patronising spirit,
 And prov'd that ev'n in fruit they favour'd merit.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder ;
 Prepare thee now to hear a sound like thunder —
 The Gardeners, lo, with Majesty grew tir'd !
 No more, their gracious Visitors desir'd !
 In short, when Monarchs did themselves display,
 The Gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away ;
 Finding a *sort* of *vacuum* 'mongst their fruit,
 That did not much their scheme of thriving suit.
 For Majesty gives nought to subjects, mind —
 Honour and Money would be much too kind :
 The royal smile, and guinea's glorious rays,
 Like SEMELE *, would kill them with the blaze.

* The story of SEMELE, not being known to every one, is this:—The young Lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, perished amidst the sublime effulgence of the God.

They now began exalted birth to *smoke*,
And fancy Monarchs much like common folk——
Therefore no more, when Majesties were coming,
Whistling and laughing, smiling, singing, humming,
They gap'd, and blessing their too happy eyes,
Leap'd at their presence, just like fish at flies.

Thus did those fellows run from Queen and King;
Which shows the *changeable* folly of mankind——
By growing tir'd and sick of a good thing,
To actual happinesses blind!

For what in this our earthly world can spring,
That's equal to a glorious King?
What in this world of wonders can be seen,
That's equal to a charming Queen?

To fancy otherwise, alas! what sin it is!
From such prophane opinion how I shrink!
There must be *something great*, for *they* too think
They're Gods, or Cousins of Divinities!

No more the dogs the Gard'ners ponder'd how
To say fine words, and make a pretty bow:
No more they felt a choaking in the throat:
No more look'd up and down, and wink'd askew,
Poor souls, and, filly, wist not what to do,
When with such awe the royal visage smote.

No, no! the scene was most completely alter'd——
No longer like some stupid jack-ass halter'd,

Beside

Befide a miller's door, or gate, or post,
In seeming meditation lost,
To Majesty were drawn their heads so thick——
No—they were off—all admiration-sick.

Such is sad Repetition, O ye Gods!
And this may really happen to my Odes!
Men of huge titles and exalted places,
Should at a distance commonly be seen——
Eyes should not be familiar with their faces;
Then WONDER goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, NOVELTY's a barber's strap or hone,
That keenness to the razor-passions gives:
USE weareth not this barber's strap or stone;
Thus, 'tis by NOVELTY, ENJOYMENT lives.

In *Love*, a sweet example let us seek——
I have it—CYNTHIA's soft luxuriant neck——
Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can dwell!
How sighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
Mouse-like, and on the snowy hills to sleep,
Rais'd by the most delicious swell;
Like Gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
Borne on the bosom of the silver tide.

But let the breast be common—all's undone;
Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone:
Away the hurrying palpitations fly;
Desire lies dead upon the gazeless eye.

Sunk

Sunk into insipidity is rapture!
Thus finisheth of Love the simple chapter.

This is a pretty lesson, though not new;
A lesson fit for Gentile or for Jew——
For LOVE, the cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
Gains all the globe indeed to his religion:
Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
And worship him exactly the same way.——
Other Religions kill—are torn by strife——
LOVE *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *Life*!

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES:

AN ODE.

AH, VIRTUES! you are pretty-looking creatures;
But then so meek and feeble in your natures!—

Thou charming CHASTITY now, *par exemple*,
Who guard'st the luscious lip, and snowy breast,
And all that maketh wishing shepherds blest,

Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample:

Appear but LOVE, the savage, all is lost;
Faint, trembling, blushing, thou giv'st up the ghost:

Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
The field so guarded, in the TYRANT's pow'r;
Each fence torn down, despoil'd each mossy bow'r,
All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

VIRTUES!

VIRTUES! you *blunder'd* on our world, I fear—
 Design'd for some more *gentle* sphere;
 Where the wild PASSIONS storm ye not, nor tease ye;
 Where ev'ry animal's a mild MARCHESI.

I know your parentage and education—
 Born in the skies—a lofty habitation—
 But for a *perfect* system were intended,
 Where people never needed to be *mended*.

How could you think the PASSIONS to withstand,
 Those roaring BLADES, so out of all command,
 Whose slightest *touch* would pull you all to pieces?
They are GOLIAHS—you but *little* MISSES!
 Then pray go home again, each *pretty* DEAR—
 You but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here*.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A MIGHTY POTENTATE, of *some* discerning,
 Inquisitive indeed! and fond of learning,
 From Windsor oft danc'd down to Eton College,
 To make himself a pincushion of knowledge;
 That is, by gleaning pretty little scraps
 Of Cæsar, Alexander, and such chaps.

There would he oft harangue the MASTER,
 On HOMER, VIRGIL, PINDAR, my relation,
 Fast as a jack-fly, very often faster—
 Now jack-flies have a sweet acceleration.

Oft

Oft ask'd he questions about ancient Kings——
Nat'ral! because so like himself—Great things!

He ask'd if CÆSAR ever did insist,
That if his Minister would keep his place,
That Minister should always have the grace
To mind deficiencies of CIVIL LIST;

Whether great CÆSAR ever sent his sons,
To study all the Classics and great guns,
And bring of art and science home a store,
To GOTTINGEN (his money wisely hoarding),
As Gottingen is vastly cheap for boarding
Young Gentlemen whose Parents are but poor—

He ask'd if CÆSAR's soul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
What went into the pot, or on the spit—
How much in house-keeping they yearly spent,
And if, like honest folks, they paid their rent,
Or gave of victuals to the poor, a bit——

If CÆSAR ever to a Brewhouse went,
With Lords and Ladies of his Court so grand,
And hours on hops and hoops and hogheads spent,
So wise, with some great WHITBREAD of the land;
And tarried till he did the Brewer tire,
And made the Brewer's horse and dog *admire*;

And

And curious Draymen into hogheads creeping,
Sly rogues, and through the bungholes peeping—

Whether great CÆSAR was so sly an elf,
As from the very servants to inquire;
And know much better than the 'SQUIRE *himself*,
The business of each neighb'ring SQUIRE—

As why the Coachman JERRY went away;
Which of the DRIVERS, JOAN the Cook defil'd;
Which of the Footmen with SUSANNA lay,
And got the charming Chamber-maid with child—

He ask'd if Cæsar's servants all
Were, cat-like, all good moufers, earn'd their wages;
Sought news from street and tavern, bulk and stall,
Like NICOLAI, the prince of pages;
And whether Cæsar, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor trav'ling LOUSE, and shav'd his COOKS—

If Cæsar's Minister gave half-a-crown
To shoe-blacks, and the sweepers of the town,
To howl, and swear, and clap him at the Play;
And when unto the Senate-house he rode,
To spread their ell-wide lantern jaws abroad,
And roar most bull-like when he came away.

He ask'd if Julius Cæsar's wife
Had ever Maids of Honour in her life,

Like

Like any modern economic Queen ;
And if, of saving wisdom full,
The saving Empress ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed so very keen,

That all those honourable Maids,
Who wish'd to sleep in comfortable beds,
Should purchase their own sheets and pillow-cases,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces—

Whether great Cæsar lov'd humility,
That is, in subjects only, viz. Nobility ;
And eke the Commons, deem'd a vulgar mass,
Form'd by the wisdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heav'nly load,
Just like a camel, elephant, or ass—

I Cæsar cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butch'ring strongly did incline ;
Sold geese and turkeys, ducks, and cocks, and hens,
And fatten'd cows, and calves, and sheep, and swine ;
In rams surpass'd him (of ram-glory full),
Or ever beat him in a bull.

He ask'd if Cæsar did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepar'd with *strange* accounts to meet him,
And in his pigs and sheep and bullocks cheat him ;
And whether Cæsar did not slyly watch him—
And what were Cæsar's traps to catch him—

If,

If, like PEG NICHOLSON, on mischief busy,
A Mantua-maker drew a rusty knife,
To cleave the Emperor in twain, the huffey,
Fright'ning the Emperor out of his life—

He ask'd if Italy was half so blest
As England, in that Prince of Painters, WEST;
And if there ever liv'd in Rome's great town
A man who *stole*, like REYNOLDS, a renown;
A man indeed, whose daubing brush
Puts Painting, the sweet damsel, to the blush—
Then ask'd if Cæsar ever had the heart
To give a shilling to the glorious Art.

He ask'd if Cæsar, 'midst his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well dous'd by rushing rains;
Not caring ev'n a single fig,
Although they spoil'd a bran-new wig;
Joining the doughty regiments of death,
On some wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He ask'd if Cæsar ever star'd *abroad*,
(Instead of staring, as he ought, at *home*)
For Architects with trash the land to load,
And raise of gaudy gingerbread a DOME*:
Such as is rais'd by that rare Swede SIR WILL,
The grinning mouth of RIDICULE to fill—

* The Royal Academy.

Whether the curious Cæsar sent to Greece
 For statues costing heav'n knows what a-piece;
 Then putting under ground a world's rare boast*,
 To entertain a toad or ghost.

Such were the questions, with a thousand more,
 He ask'd, to swell of knowledges the store;
 That fell like starlings on the ear, in flocks—
 Sure keys for opening MOTHER WISDOM's locks:

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of TIME;
 A thief who, with a sacrilegious pride,
 Delighteth something every day to hide,
 Sacks full of prose and sweetly-founding rhyme.

* A cast, and the only one, of the famous FARNESE HERCULES, having been procured by a considerable expence, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the STUDENTS of the ROYAL ACADEMY, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole; the building being rather calculat'd for the support of Butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following short dialogue was written on the occasion:—

A Dialogue between TWO STATUES, in an upper Room
 of the ROYAL ACADEMY.

First Statue.

" What keeps old Hercules *below*,
 " A fellow of such rare renown?

Second Statue.

" Plague take thee! hold thy tongue—for know,
 " Should *be* come *up*, *we* all go *down*."

Such

Such questions, with a manner quite *unique*,
The monkey boys to mimic soon began—
And lo, of mimicry the faucy trick,
Like wildfire through the College ran.
Lord! hinder them!—there could be no such thing—
Thus ev'ry little rascal was a king!

This, FAME, who seldom lessens sounds, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the Royal ear—
The consequence, the SCHOOL had cause to rue—
To schools, the Monarch bade a long adieu;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mention'd CÆSAR more!

O D E S

O F

IMPORTANCE, &c.

— *Sic positi, suaves miscetis odores.*
 Sweet-briar, Hawthorn, Lillies, Nettles, Roses;
 What a nice *Bouquet* for all sorts of Noses!

Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec ledere quengnam
Mens nostra ————— MARTIAL.
 My VERSE's *sweetness, mildness*, none deny:
 Lord! playful PETER would not wound a Fly.

RESIGNATION:

AN ODE TO THE JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS,
 WHO LATELY REFUSED TO WORK, EXCEPT THEIR WAGES
 WERE RAISED.

SONS of SAINT CRISPIN, 'tis in vain!

Indeed 't is fruitless to complain.—

I know you wish good beef or veal to carve:
 But first the hungry GREAT must all be fed;
 Mean time, you all must chew hard, musty bread,
 Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your

Your *Masters*, like *yourselves*, oppression feel—
It is not *they*, would wish to stint your meal:

Then suck your paws like bears, and be resign'd.
Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so,
HEAV'N gives us very frequently, we know,

The GREAT as scourges for mankind.
Your *Masters* soon may follow you, so lank—
Undone by simple confidence in *Rank*.

The royal RICHMOND builds his state on coals;
SAL'SB'RY, and HAWKS'B'RY, lofty souls,
With their fair DAMES must have the ball and rout;
Kings must our millions have, to make a glare;
Whose sycophants must also have a share.—

But pout not—'tis a libel, Sirs, to pout—
Clos'd be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
You must not for your money have a song.
Cease, cease your riots, pray, my friends:
It answereth (believe me) no good ends—

And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-fac'd, d—n'd OPPRESSION, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curse of MEN,

And feel of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends, and eat
Your sour, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
Till FREEDOM comes—I see her on her way—

Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
The front of banish'd Happiness be seen,
And, sons of Crispin, you, once more be gay

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible:
Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.
Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
JUSTICE is sick, I own, but is not dead.
Let GRANDEUR roll her chariot on our necks,
Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:

Let GRANDEUR's plumes be lifted by our sighs—
Let dice, and chariots, and the stately thrones,
Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd bones—

We must contribute; or, lo, GRANDEUR dies.
We are the Parish that supports her show;
A truth that GRANDEUR wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty RULERS with a groan,

Who eat the labours of us *vulgar Crew*;
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
And if we dare *look* up for ease, th' ingrate
Look down, and ask us, "D-m'me, who are you?"

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant!
The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, "I thank ye for the bird or hare."—

But then I'm told agen, that GRANDEUR's fore
At owning obligations to the Poor—

Such

Such favours cut no figure in discourse :
She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
For finding partridges, and catching rats ;
And say, " I'm much oblig'd t'ye," to a horse.

Lo, to the GREAT we breathe the sigh in vain ;
A zephyr murm'ring through the hollow walls ;
Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
That printless on the rock of ages falls !

The lofty GREAT must have the softest bed
To lay the *soft* luxurious head ;
And from our bosoms we poor *Geese*, so tame,
Must pluck submissively the tender feather ;
Ourselves expos'd to NATURE's rudest weather,
Deny'd the liberty to cry out, " Shame !"
Thus, whilst *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

You must not heed your children's hunger'd cry,
Not *once* upon their little sorrows sigh—
In tears their blubber'd faces let them steep,
And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
Lo, GRANDEUR's fav'rite *dogs* must first be fed !

See yon proud Duchefs—yet of late so *poor*,
With not above *ten thousand pounds* a year :
Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
Where PHARO triumphs in his mad career.

We

We must support her, or by hook or crook—
For, lo, her husband was—a ROYAL Duke.

We *must* support too her fine gold-lac'd crew,
Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
And (suitsing their complexions) pink umbrellas.
It must be so; for Lordly GRANDEUR rules—
Lo! QUALITY are GODS, and MOB are mules.

I know you wish to see on gold, so good,
King GEORGE's head, that many a want supplies;
So very pleasant to his PEOPLE's eyes,
As pleasant as the head of flesh and blood.

MONEY's a rattling sinner, to be sure:
Like the sweet Cyprian girl (we wont say *wh—e*)
Is happy to be frequently employ'd,
And not content by *one* to be enjoy'd;
Yet, like the GREAT ONES, with fastidious eye
Seems of *inferior* mortals rather shy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy bread:
'Tis on our shoulders Courts must lift the head.
Remember, we are only Oxen yet—
Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to sweat.
But gradually we all shall change to Men;
And then !!! what *then?*—Ye heav'ns! why *then*
The lawless sway of Tyranny is o'er—
Pride falls, and BRITONS will be beasts no more!

ODE

ODE TO BURKE.

AH BURKE! full sorry is the Muse indeed
That *thou* art from the Patriot Phalanx fled!

For what? To crouch, and flatter Queens and Kings?
Meanly to mingle with a Courtier gang,
That INFAMY herself would scorn to hang—
Such a poor squalid host of creeping things!

Has Madness fir'd thy brain? Alas! return:
Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:

Join not a Court, and Freedom's foulest foes—
REPENTANCE, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
Then howl not, EDMUND, 'mid the Imps of Night:
Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of Courts,
(For many a cloud, the breath of Kings supports)

Attempts thy Reputation's spreading beam?
What bat-like DEMON, with the damned'st spite,
Springs on thy fame, on GLORY's sacred height,
To souse it in DISGRACE's dirty stream?—

Alas! if MAJESTY did gracious say,

“BURKE, BURKE, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;

“I'm glad you left your party—very glad—

“They wish'd to treat me like a boy at school;

“Rope rope me like a horse, an ass, a mule—

“That's very bad, you know, that's very bad.—

“I hate

" I hate the PORTLAND Junto—hate it, BURKE—
" Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork—
" Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes—
" *We've* got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes."—

I say, if thus a mighty Monarch spoke
As usual—not by way of joke;
Did not the speech so with'ring make thee shrink?
Didst thou not inward say, " I've d——n'd myself—
" Why, what a miserable elf!"

And then upon each old acquaintance think;
And with a sigh recall those attic days,
When WIT and WISDOM pour'd the mingled blaze?

BURKE, BURKE, most easily do I discover
Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over—
From TR——RY borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd!
E'en now thou art not happy at thy heart—
It sighs for wisdom's voice, and pants to part
From fellows by the honest VIRTUES spurn'd.

Thy tongue has promis'd friendship with a sigh—
For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye
Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band—
To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand!
Yes, slowly does that hand of *friendship* move:
The startled Courtiers feel no grasp of love:
A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,
As though it trembled at contamination!

O BURKE!

O BURKE! behold fair LIBERTY advancing—
TRUTH, WIT, and HUMOUR, sporting in her train:
Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
Proud of a Golden Age again!
When all thy Friends (thy Friends of late, I mean)
Shall, flush'd with conquest, meet their idol Queen,
The Goddess at whose shrine a world should *kneel*;
When *they* with songs of triumph hail the DAME,
Will not thy cheek be dash'd with deepest shame,
And CONSCIENCE somewhat startled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display;
Borrow from smooth HYPOCRISY's a ray,
To hail the long-desir'd return?
Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
And welcome LIBERTY, with WIT and TRUTH;
And for a moment leave thy gang to mourn?
Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forc'd smile,
Quitting thy *virtuous* Company, a while,
To say, "Dear Madam, welcome—how d'ye do?"
And then the DAME will answer with a dip,
Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
"Not much the better, Mister BURKE, for *you*.
"Poor BURKE, I read thy soul, and feel thy pain—
"Go, join the sycophants that I disdain."

ODE

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
 Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
 But makest others roaring laugh outright,

Thus chasing widow SORROW, and her sigh—
 O Thou who formest pills to purge the spleen,
 No more in Britain must thou dare be seen?

'There was a time, but not like ours so nice,
 When thou couldst banish FOLLY, nay, and VICE—
 Leagu'd with thy daughter HUMOUR, damsel quaint,
 And WIT, that could have tickled e'en a Saint.

But times are alter'd! *Certain Greybeards* say,
 "Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day;
 "But never dare to show your face agen,
 "To take vile liberties with lofty men.
 "Grin, if you please—with joke the world regale—
 "Yet mind, a Critic hears you, call'd a jail."

But, lo! fair LIBERTY divinely strong!
 A patriot *Phalanx* leads the DAME along.

THOU, WIT, and HUMOUR, shall adorn her train—
 And let me proudly join the noble Few;
 Whilst, to the cause of Glory true,
 The MUSE shall shout her boldest strain.

E'en I, 'midst such a patriot band,
 Will gain importance through the land;

Rise,

Rise, from a poor Extinguisher, a Steeple—
 And, O AMBITION, hear thy suppliant's pray'r,
 A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
 And crown me, crown me POET of the PEOPLE.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

FIE, fie, my Lord! attack a saint-like POET!
 O, let not ASKALON, nor let GATH know it!
 What! by law-bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
 O LONSDALE! *genuine* Poetry is rare,
 Half of our verse *adulterated* ware;
 I speak of *others'* verses, not my *own*.

Ah! stop not, stop not PETER's tuneful throat!
 Hereafter, he may warble in thy praise,
 Who so surpasseth thousands in his note,
 A Philomel amidst a flock of Jays.

The banishment of OVID into Thrace
 Did CÆSAR's glory grievously disgrace;
 Dropp'd on his coat of arms a stain of ink,
 And made the honest pen of Hist'ry shrink.

Thou who shott'st SERJEANT BOLTON through the foot,
 At least didst make the Serjeant shoot himself:
 O think how thou may'st suffer in repute,
 By falling on a harmless rhyming elf!

REVENGE herself would blush at such a deed;
For Poets always were a dovelike breed.

Fire at a great LAW SERJEANT—then let fly,
Bounce, on a simple Rhymer such as I,

Great condescension verily requires:
What sportsman at the pheasant aims, and then
Hunts in his humble bush the twitt'ring wren?
On grouse and grafshoppers what mortal fires?

At London frequently we meet
A lofty CAMEL in the street,
Moving with state-unwieldiness along;
We also see a Monkey on his hump,
Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
Against Lord Chesterfield's grave maxim sinning,
The merry grig, that is to say, by *grinning*.

Now this same CAMEL, a well-judging beast,
Feels not of goading ridicule the least;
Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
Poking his head, and shaking it in guise,
Much like great DOCTOR JOHNSON, call'd the wise
For pulling ev'ry Scotchman by the nose,
When pond'rous moving through the Northern track,
With dapper JEMMY BOSWELL on his back.

Now would not ev'ry mortal smile,
To see this Camel all so full of bile

Bouncing

Bouncing unhappily about,
 Dancing, and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
 And like a creature in the colic groaning,
 Making for playful JACKO all this rout?

When HAWKSB'RY, SALISE'RY, LEEDS, and more
 beside,

Fearing the tinsel on the back of PRIDE

Might tarnish by an acid drop of rhyme,

And consequently lose the magic rays

That call forth ADMIRATION's gape and gaze,

And make her think she views the *true* SUBLIME—

I say, to MAJESTY when those *great* LORDS

Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words;

As, "Hang that PETER PINDAR, if you please;

"Sire, make the graceless varlet understand

"What 't is to smile at *Rulers* of the land—

"A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.

"SIRE, SIRE, th' ATTORNEY-GENERAL's tiger gripe

"Would quickly stop the Raggamuffin's pipe;

"Then for his laugh at Grandeur let him swing."

"No, quoth the KING—

"If *I'm* not hurt, my Lords, *you* may be quiet:

"'Tis for *yourselves*, *yourselves*, *you* with the riot—

"Yes, yes, *you* fear, *you* fear, that PETER's Muse

"Will hang *your* Grandeurs in her noose.

" No, no, my Lords, M'DONALD* must not squeeze him:

" You see I give up *New-year* Odes, to please him;

" And faith, between me and the post and you,

" I fear the knave will get the *Birth-day* too.

" No, no—let PETER sing, and laugh, and live:

" I like to read his works—Kings are fair game:

" What though he bites—'t is glorious to forgive.—

" Go, go, my Lords, go, go, and do the same.

" Should PETER's verse be in the *right*,

" *Our* conduct must be in the wrong—

" Poor, poor 's the triumph of a little spite—

" We must not hang a subject for a song.

" My Lords, my Lords, a whisper I desire—

" Dame LIBERTY grows stronger—some feet higher;

" She will not be bamboozled, as of late:

" *Aristocrate & la lanterne*

" Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,

" Within a *certain* neighb'ring bustling State:

" I think your Lordships and your Graces

" Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

" But mum, my Lords—mum, mum, my Lords—
mum, mum:

" You must be cautious for the time to come:

* The Attorney-General.

- " The People's brains are losing their old fogs—
" Juries before the Judges won't look sink—
" No, no—they fancy they've a right to think :
" They say, indeed they won't be driven like hogs.

" No Starchambers, no Starchambers for *them*—
" Slavery's the dev'l, and Liberty a gem.
" You see, my Lords, their heads are not so thick.—
" Take care, or soon you'll have a bone to pick ;
" And p'rhaps you would not like this same hard
bone—
" So let the laughing, rhyming rogue alone."

Sweet ROBIN of the Muse's sacred grove,
Whose soul is butter-milk, and song is love ;
So blest when Beauty forms the smiling theme ;
Who would'st not Heav'n accept, (the sex so dear)
Had charming WOMAN no apartments there,
Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream—

Mild MINSTREL, could their Lordships call thee rogue,
Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog?
What! try to bring thee, for thy harmless wit,
Where GREYBEARDS in their robes terrific sit,
With sanctified long fortune-telling faces,
Whilst ERSKINE, eldest-born of RIDICULE,
From solemn IRONY's bewitching school,
Tears to un-Judgelike grins, the hanging GRACES!

Meek POET, who, no prostitute for price,
 Wilt never sanction Fools, nor varnish VICE;
 Nor rob the MUSE's altar of its flame,
 To brighten with immortal beams a *King*
 (If Freedom finds no shelter from his wing,)
 And meanly sing a Tyrant into fame!

Thus, LONSDALE, thou behold'st a fair example
 Of greatness in a King—a noble sample!

Thou cry'st, "What must I do? on *thee* I call."—
 Catch up your pen, my Lord, at once, and say,
 "Dear PETER, all my rage is blown away;
 "So, come and eat thy beef at LOWTHER-HALL."

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE

ELECTION of Mr. WEST to the PRESIDENCY.

HOW art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd
 CHAIR!

Most hedgehog-like, thou bristled up my hair.—

But possibly I'm only in a dream:

If so, immediately O let me wake;

Good MORPHEUS, drag me from this sad mistake—

Open my eyes, or lo, I shall blaspheme.

By

By heav'ns! it is no vision—'t is *too* plain
That thou, poor imp, art fated to sustain

Of BENJAMIN th' abominable b-m.

What! after REYNOLDS, to take up with WEST!

Th' *antipodes* thou seekest, I protest,

From Jove's grand thunder, to an infant's drum;
The lightning courser, to the creeping mole;
The world's wide orbit, to a spider's hole;
From some fair column, or Corinthian dome,
Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,
In Westminster's fair Choir for two-pence shown,

Which bore the EDWARDS, HARRYS of our Isle,
Has been oblig'd (a truth most melancholly!)
To shrink beneath a leaden load of folly,
And every meanness that can man defile.

Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween!

Thy brother Chairs of late with humbled mien,

That jealous envy'd thee thy tow'ring fame,

All with one voice exclaim,

And all the poignant pow'r of ridicule,

"He is not equal to an old joint stool.

"He who of late so lofty held his crest,

"Array'd so gorgeous in a crimson vest,

"He now is worse than us poor humble hacks,

"With not a single rag about our backs.

"Get

" Get thyself burnt, thou sad degraded creature;
 " Go, boil some poor old washerwoman's water;
 " Or get thyself to skewers and crocksticks turn'd;
 " To some dead beggar's coffin give each nail,
 " And yield thy velvet to some strumpet's tail;
 " For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorn'd."

Thus speak thy brother Chairs! And yet 't is cruel,
 As thou wouldst rather be cut up for fuel,

Or rest the backs of beggars in the street:
 But lo, WEST fills thee, by his King's commands;
 Lov'd by his subjects—*fear'd* by foreign lands—
 And full of wisdom as an egg of meat!

" I like WEST's works—he beats the RAPHAEL
 school—

" I never lik'd that REYNOLDS—'t was a fool—

" Painted too thick—a dauber—'t won't, 't won't
 pass—

" WEST, WEST, WEST's pictures are as smooth as
 glass:

" Besides, I hated REYNOLDS, from my heart:

" He thought that I knew nought about the art.

" WEST tells me that my taste is very pure—

" That I'm a connoisseur, a connoisseur:

" I like, I like, I like the works of WEST."—

Thus doth *our* KING, in sounds so gracious, cry:

Which proves that Kings with *little* can be blest,
 And give the wings of eagles to a Fly!

OLD

OLD SIMON:

A TALE.

FOLKS cannot be for ever sniv'ling—no!

With fountain noses that for ever flow—

The world would quickly be undone;

Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;

And for his rich old father, fob and sigh,

And hang himself, *perchaunce*, a *hopeful* son;

And for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,

Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:

SORROW may therefore have her decent day,

And smiling PLEASURE come again in play.

No! folks can't brood for ever upon GRIEF:

PLEASURE must steal into her place at last;

Thus then the heart from horror finds relief;

Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.

Thus was an anger'd Lord my constant theme,

My constant thought by day, my constant dream:

Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs:

At length CHARLES FOX * appear'd—behold the
change!

No longer after SORROW did I range,

But on the smile of PLEASURE cast mine eyes.

PLEA-

* With the LIBEL-BILL; on which the Lord Chancellor wished to consult the Judges. Few are the men candid enough to part *voluntarily* with power, however tyrannical—it must
be

PLEASURE's a lass that will at length prevail :
Witness the little pleasant following tale.

NARCISSA, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had slept some years in good old SIMON's arms ;
Her kind and lawful spouse, that is to say,
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wishing of sweet young flesh to have a sample,
Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young flesh is finely form'd to keep the cold.
Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
Who warm'd the good King DAVID and his bed,
Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
And kept the King of Israel warm as wool—
Indeed she warmer could the Monarch keep,
Than any thing belonging to a sheep.

Most virtuous was NARCISSA! lo,
All purity from top to toe;
As HEBE sweet, and as DIANA chaste.
None but old SIMON was allow'd a kiss,
Though hungry as a hound to snap the bliss;
Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waist:
Had any dar'd to give her a green gown,
The FAIR had petrified him with a frown ;

be *torn* from them. The Judges have been rendered independent of the Crown, by the PEOPLE : Now let them show their gratitude.

For

For CHASTITY, Lord bless us! is so nice —
Pure as the snow, and colder than the ice.

Thus then, as I have said before,
Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,
In good old SIMON's unmolesting arms:
Some years, with this *Antique* of Christian clay,
Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way—
Ah, Gods! how lucky for such tender charms!

Yes, very fortunate it seem'd to be;
For, had NARCISSA wedded some *young* chaps,
Their impudences, all forsooth so free,
Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best,)
Ladies *might* choose to lose a little rest,
Keep their eyes open for a Lover's sake,
And thus a sacrifice to CUPID make.

It pleas'd at length the Lord who dwells on high,
To bid the good old simple SIMON die;

Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it:
NARCISSA wept, that they were doom'd to part,
Blubber'd, and almost broke her little heart—

So great her grief that nothing could surpass it.
Not NIOBE mourn'd more for fourteen brats—
Nor Mistress TOFTS*, to leave her twenty cats.

* The famous singer. She died a few years since at Venice,
and left to every cat a legacy.

Not

Not to his grave was poor old SIMON *hurried*;
No! 'twas a fortnight full ere he was buried.

'T is said old SIMON verily did stink.
A pretty Sermon on th' occasion giv'n
Prov'd his good works, and that he was in heav'n:
Scraps too 'of Latin did the Parson link

Unto the funeral sermon, all so sweet,
The congregation and the dead to greet:
For every Wife that is *genteelly* bred
Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?—
A poor half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well—it is a kind of balm,
That honoureth a corpse just like a psalm;
And 'tis believ'd by folks of pious qualm,
Heav'n won't receive a soul without a psalm.—

But now for poor NARCISSA, wailing dove!
Nothing—no, nothing equall'd her dear love:

Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and
Where'er she went, she was so full of woes, [mouth;
Just like a dismal day that rains and blows

From every quarter—east, west, north, and south;
And like some fountains were NARCISSA's eyes,
Lifting a constant water to the skies.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to keep his image near her breast,
She got him beautifully carv'd in wood;
Made it her bed-fellow, to soothe her rest,
And thought him much like him of flesh and blood,
Because it lay so wonderfully quiet,
And like old SIMON never bred a riot.
'T was for some weeks, sweet soul, it was her plan
Nightly to hug her dear old wooden man:

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
That buxom widows, full of rich desires,
Full of fine prancing blood, and Love's bright fires,
Might such a wooden supplement dislike:
But who can answer for the sex, indeed?
Of things most wonderful we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a Youth admir'd the Dame—
Burning to satisfy a lawless flame,
With much more passion fill'd, the rogue, than grace,
What did he? Brib'd, one night, NARCISSA's maid,
And got his limbs, so dev'lish faucy, laid,
Th' impostors, in poor wooden SIMON's place:
SUSAN, though born amongst a vulgar tribe,
Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.—

The DAME came up, delicious, and undrest,
When SUSAN's candle suddenly went out—
Misfortunes, sometimes, will attend the best—
No matter—Sweet NARCISSA made no rout.—

She could not miss the way, although 't was dark,
Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In slipp'd the FAIR, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
Thinking to hug her dear old oaken LOVE—
But lo, her BED-FELLOW with kisses greets!
She trembles, like an aspen, pretty dove—

In short, her terror kept her so much under,
She could not get away—and where's the wonder?
Since 't is an old and philosophic notion,
That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion.

The upshot of the matter soon was this—
Her horrors sunk, and died, at ev'ry kiss;
And, 'stead of wishing for the man of wood,
She seem'd to relish that of flesh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely soon—
Some five or six o'clock—the afternoon,
SUSAN came tapping at the chamber-door:—
(Now this was very prudent, to be sure;

It had been foolish to have tapp'd till then)

“ Well, Madam, what d'ye choose for dinner, pray?”

“ Fish, flesh, and fowl,” the Lady quick did say—

“ The best of ev'ry thing—I don't care *when*.”

“ But, Madam, I want wood to make a fire—

“ 'Tis rather late our hands we have no time on.”

“ Oh,” cried NARCISSA, full of her new SQUIRE,

“ Then, SUSAN, you may go and burn old SIMON.”

ODE

ODE TO THE KING.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

AN'T please your MAJESTY, 'twas rumour'd lately
That you had got it in your head so stately,

That we must have a law-suit—God forbid it!
Whether 't is HAWKESB'RY, or his GRACE of LEEDS,
Invented such intended hostile deeds,

Or whether the more lofty SAL'SB'RY did it,
I say not—but great Lords are giv'n to chatter;
So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my LORD BLUFF too—CARDIGAN the Great,
Whose face DAME NATURE never meant should cheat;
Who, if aught hurts the King, doth shrink and wince,
As faithful to his Sov'reign as his Prince!
Brimfull of loyalty his noble breast;
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeast!
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt—
Most loyal *seem* they in your cause, and stout!
You can't think how they *seem* to take your part;
And at the Poet, as the Devil, start—

I say the Devil, Sir, because some PEERS
Are with the Devil oft in large arrears:

A A 2

They

They open'd an account, Sir, long ago—
And SATAN's a great creditor, I know.

Yes, *hugely* do they *seem* to take your part,
And at the POET, as a Demon, start;
Just like a horse or ass at some wild beast
Prepar'd to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This LOYALTY's a bird of passage, Sire;
Likes the sun's eye—a comfortable fire!
Warm'd by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
The hack'd old ballad, call'd "God save the King."
But be in trouble, Sir, soon, very soon
The JADE will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your Lords are like the birds of May,
Crying, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, so gay;
But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
Where are the pretty birds with note so bland?

Off!

Spit on the Courtiers, when with praise they greet:
What from their mouth's unhallow'd censer flows?
Instead of FAME's perfume, so passing sweet,
Lo, putrid dunghills smoke beneath thy nose!

Good God! that man should so far lose his nature,
To beg HYPOCRISY to mould each feature—
Crawl like the meanest reptile of the plain;
Kick'd, cut like whipp'd, and whistled back again!

You

You tell me that such reptiles you abhor,
 And that you never *see* my *fancy'd Cur*.
Indeed, Sir!!! then I strongly do surmise
 On levee-days you always *shut your eyes*.

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN VIRGIL shipp'd himself for Greece;
 Whether to 'scape the Bailiffs, I can't tell—
 Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
 But HORACE wrote an Ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was cramm'd
 With Roman Quality, no hist'ries know it;
 But HORACE swore she might as well be d--n'd,
 As show her nose again without the Poet:
 In the same verse he breath'd a pious wish
 To blust'ring Boreas, and the * King of Fish.

Now if a Bard, and that a Heathen too,
 Could offer verse to make old OCEAN quiet,
 Instruct the great King NEPTUNE *who was who*,
 And bid the God of Mackrel breed no riot;

A *Christian* Bard may give a Hoy an Ode,
 So oft with valuable people stow'd,
 That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
 Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!

* Neptune.

A A 3

Go,

Go, beauteous HOY, in safety ev'ry inch! [forbid!
 That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n
 Whether commanded by brave CAPTAIN FINCH,
 Or equally tremendous CAPTAIN KIDD.
 Go, with thy cargo—Margate-town amuse;
 And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

Soon as thou gett'st within the Pier,
 All Margate will be out, I trow,
 And people rush from far and near,
 As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.

O VENUS, Queen of ev'ry kissing joy,
 Beneath thy soft protection take the Hoy;
 Protect each Damsel from the dangerous brine;
 For many a Nymph it holds, thou callest *thine*.

Alas! the little LOVES, and blooming GRACES,
 Would all put on most melancholy faces,
 Should OCEAN, hostile to the soft DESIRES,
 O'erwhelming, quench for aye their am'rous fires.

My good friend JOHNSON—MESDAMES WINDSOR,
 KELLY,
 Who for the Public, let me tell ye,
 And through St. James's-street, the Park, Pall-Mall,
 Oft lead their lovely giggling Tits along,
 A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like

Like three stout men of war for safety made,
From port to port, who convoy the *fair* trade;
Or three protecting Ducks, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *those* be taken napping—
Great were the loss of Gentlefolks from WAPPING,
Who, fond of travel, unto MARGATE roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At MARGATE how like Quality they strut!
Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
To suck like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd on an old joint-stool their tea to take,
With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake, [thumbs.
Like mighty CHARLES of SWEDEN, with their

But HOY, inform me—who is SHE on board,
That seems the Lady of a first-rate Lord,
With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharg'd with corn—

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,
Which, roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
With also a bright petticoat of pink,
To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes,

Yes, who is she the Patagonian dame,
 As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
 Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
 In blaze superior to the noonday sun—

With fingers just like sausages, fat things;
 And loaded much like curtain-rods with rings?
 Yes, who is SHE that with a squinting eye
 Surveys poor passengers that sick'ning sigh;
 Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
 Deserted by the blooming smiling GRACES;
 That, reaching o'er thy side, so doleful throw
 The stomach's treasure to the fish below?

'Tis MADAM BACON, proud of worldly goods,
 Whose first spouse shav'd and bled—drew teeth,
 made wigs;
 Who, having by her tongue destroy'd poor SUDS,
 Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark! she speaks! extremely like a man!
 Raising a furious tempest with her fan—
 “Why, Captain, what a beastly ship! good God!
 “Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd!
 “Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings!
 “For heav'n's sake, Captain, stop the creatures'
 sp-w-gs.”

Now hark! the Captain answers—“Mistress BACON,
 “I own I can't be with *such matters* taken;
 “I likes

- “ I likes not vomitings no more than *you* ;
“ But if so be that gentlefolks be sick,
“ A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,
“ Poor souls, to bung their mouths—’t were like
a Jew.”

Majestic Mistrefs BACON speaks agen!—

- “ *Folks* have no bus’ness to make others sick :
“ I don’t know, Mister Captain, what you mean
“ About your Jews, and bowels of *Old Nick* :—
“ If all your cattle will such hubbub keep,
“ I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.
“ Some folks have dev’lish dainty guts, good Lord!
“ What bus’ness have such cattle here aboard?
“ *Such gang indeed* to foreign places roam!
“ ’T is more becoming them to sp—w at home.”

But hark! the Captain *properly* replies—

- “ Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d—n my eyes!
“ God blefs us, Mistrefs BACON! who are *you*?
“ Zounds, *Ma’am*, I say, my Passengers shall sp—w.”

THE WOLF AND THE LION,

A TALE:

DEDICATED TO LORD HAWKESBURY.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad*;
And therefore I must take their part;
But 't is their servants that are drunk or mad,
With every demon trick and little art.

Champions for Master's fame, they fire away;
And, 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
'Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead*!
Sometimes a King discovers he has eyes—
Then for himself he sees—now that is wise.

Once on a time, a Lion, not a fool,
Though in the under class of WISDOM's school,
Amidst his subjects had a Monkey got,
Who, rather impudent enough,
Would take his Sov'reign's foibles off,
Tell stories of him—mimic him—what not!

This for the scheming WOLF was quite a feast,
Who told the Monarch of the Monkey's sinning,
Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
Trying to irritate the noble beast.

“ What,

“ What, what, what doth he say ?” the LION cry’d.—

“ Dread Sir, you are most wickedly belied,”

Rejoin’d the Wolf, with brazen face—

“ He says that you to Merit are no friend,

“ And only to a Patronage *pretend*;

“ And flight th’ *inferiors* of the Brutal Race.

“ He swears you don’t encourage useful beasts;

“ That for *yourself* alone you’re making feasts;

“ And that it is beyond a question,

“ No beast has such a wonderful digestion;

“ That, all so saving, you would skin a stone,

“ And only think of number *one*;

“ And that it is a sin indeed and shame

“ My LADY LIONESS should do the same;

“ That sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,

“ Are really all the company you keep;

“ That beasts of talents, whom you should support,

“ Are all forbid to show their nose at Court.”

“ What ?” quoth the MONARCH—“ what, what?
doth he so ?”—

“ Yes, SIRE ; now hang him, and the rogue
requite.”

“ WOLF,” quoth the LION, “ no, no, no, no, no—

“ I fear, I fear, the rogue *is in the right*.”

Now this was noble—like a King, in *foote*—

Who scorn’d to choak a subject for the truth.

The WOLVES, the BEAR, and other BEASTS:

A FABLE.

ALL JUDGES should be mild and just:

This is the case with *English ones*, I trust:

Such K***, B***, shine— those rare law-sages:
 Neither of *these* a rash or hot-brain'd fool—
 Most charming dove-like Imps of MERCY's school,
 Whose names shall live to distant ages—
 All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
 And all their virtues of a giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a land,

To see such *goodly* men upon the Bench,

Whom none can with a single murder brand;

Whose hearts, so pure, did ne'er emit a stench
 Like carrion, so offensive to our noses,
 But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!!!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,

Dar'd dictate, brow-beat, and control the Juries;

Nor wilful misinterpreted the Law:

Full well they know that Juries are *above 'em*!

And 'tis astonishing how much they *love 'em*!

When *Judge* and *Jury* thus together draw

With

With so much pleasure, like a pair of nags,
Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags! [SCROGS!
No tongue cries, "JEFFRIES, bloody JEFFRIES,
" Hang, hang those traitors, like a brace of dogs!

" Not in their beds be they allow'd to die—
" Nor let their putrid carcases have graves:
" Slap PITY's face, if e'er she bids her eye
" Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves."

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,
And honour'd with their high-fam'd fathers sleep;
Fair JUSTICE shall with sighs their herse attend,
And PITY's song of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilst *others* fall unmourn'd away,
And load of DEATH the solitary glooms,
Lo! GLORY from her sun shall pluck a ray,
And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet Nations have been curs'd with wicked Judges,
Who, fond of pow'r, possess'd hard jury-grudges;
Who calmly sent poor culprits to their graves,
Just as an Eastern Despot sends his slaves.
For *such* I pen a neat Æsopian tale;
Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

TH' *inferior* Beasts most bitterly complain'd,
(And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)
That from the Wolves much hardship they sustain'd,
And often most inhumanly were bitten.

This wantonness DAME JUSTICE did cry, "fie" on—
And mention'd it, but vainly, to the LION.

"Those d—n'd furr'd rascals!" growl'd the angry
Beasts,

"Each Wolf upon our meat continual feasts;

"Yet *Snap*'s the word, and quick off goes a head:

"We must take out their teeth—it can't be borne—

"Yes, from their jaws their grinders must be torn.—

"Behold, the very fields with blood are red."

But first the BEAR must be consulted—BRUIN,
Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
With his black hide, to all the Beasts appear'd,
And with much gravity their story heard.

"Sirs," (quoth the BEAR) you talk of taking teeth
With such an easy and familiar breath,

As though it might be pleasant to their jaws;

But I must ask the Wolves if they'll consent

That from their mouths their grinders shall be rent;

For this is necessary, Sirs, because

The Wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,

Before RUSPINI'S * call'd, will ask a *wherefore*.

BRUIN, in consequence, the Wolves address:

"LORD WOLVES, it is the wish of many a beast,

* The Chevalier, a famous dentist.

"That

" That you consent your teeth may all be pull'd;—

" D-mn me if I would lose my snags, my Lords;

" I'd tell the knaves so, in so many words—

" G-d d mn me, of one's grinders to be GULL'd!

" What! lose our teeth?" exclaim'd the WOLVES—
no no—

" We'll keep them, if it only be for *show*—

" Say, my LORD BRUIN, that, and let them
chew it—

" Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,

" Sharper, and more of them, and stronger;

" And, if we lose them, *force* shall only do it."

This answer of the WOLVES, LORD BEAR reported:

Which answer did not please the Beasts at all;

Who slighted, now no longer *pray'd* and *courted*,

But on the villains fast began to fall,

Choak'd two or three *prime Rogues*, and, on condition,

Receiv'd from all th' affrighted rest, *submission*.

ODES TO KIEN LONG,
THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA;
WITH
THE QUAKERS, A TALL, &c. &c.

Ανὰ Βαβυλὼν δῶντω, &c. ANACREON.

" Yes, let us strike the Lyre, and sing, and rhyme;
" By far the wisest way of spending time."
So says ANACREON, my dear KIEN LONG;
Let BRITAIN then, and CHINA, hear *our* Song.

TO THE
EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Dear KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the *second* POTENTATE upon earth, GEORGE the THIRD being most undoubtedly the *first*, although he never made verses. Thy praises of MOUKDEN, thy beautiful little Ode to TEA, &c. have afforded me infinite delight, and to gain my *plaudit*, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy imperial eap.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.

Praise from a BARD of my poetic spirit,
Proclaims indeed no small degree of merit.

Excuse

Excuse this piece of egotism—it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says VIRGIL?

"Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim

"Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora."

What, likewise, LUCRETIVS?

"Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam

"Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Muses."

What, also, OVID?

"Jamque opus exegi," &c.

What, moreover, HORACE?

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius," &c.

What, ENNIUS?

"Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera fletu," &c.

What, again, the great Father of Poetry, HOMER, in his delightful Hymn, that some impudent Scholiasts declare he never wrote?

—τίς δ' ὕμνῳ ἀνὴρ ἦδ' ἱεὺς ἈΟΙΔΩΝ

Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται; καὶ τέω τέρπεσθε μάλιστα;

Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσση·

Τῷ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀρισευῆσιν Ἀοιδαί.

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate:

Should CURIOSITY at times inquire

Who strikes with sweetest art the MUSE's lyre;

This be thine answer—"A poor man, stark blind :
 An aged minstrel that at CHIOS dwells,
 Who sells and sings his works, and sings and sells,
 And leaves all other poets far behind."

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers?

Now to the point.—As LORD MACARTNEY, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the GREAT KIEN LONG, and the no less celebrated PETER PINDAR? Thou art a man of rhimes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses—so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's name, and *thine*, let us surprise the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to shew thee that I am not a literary swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear KIEN LONG,

Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,

P. PINDAR.

ODES TO KIEN LONG.

ODE I.

PETER COMPLIMENTETH KIEN LONG ON HIS POETICAL TALENT, AND CONDEMNETH THE WANT OF LITERARY TASTE IN WESTERN KINGS.

DEAR EMP'OR, PRINCE OF POETS, noble BARD,
Thy brother PETER sendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, PETER telleth thee, that for a King,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming rhimes.

Witness thy MOUKDEN *, which we all admire;
Witness thy pretty little Ode to TEA,
Compos'd when sipping by thy Tartar fire;
Witness thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable, good KIEN LONG,
Vast is my pleasure that the Muse's song
Divinely soundeth through thy Tartar groves;
Still greater, that the *first* of Eastern Kings
Should praise in rhyme the Tartar vales and springs,
And pay a tuneful tribute to the LOVES.

* A favourite city of the Emperor.

Yet

Yet how it hurts my classic soul, to find
Some Western Kings to poetry unkind!

What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
Charade, or rebus, or conundrum;—still
Those Kings might shew towards them some good will,
And nobly patronise Apollo's fiddle.

But no—the note is, “How go sheep a score?

“What, what's the price of bullock? how sells lamb?

“I want a boar, a boar, I want a boar;

“I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram.”

Whereas it should be this—“I want a BARD,

“To cover him with honour and reward.”

Kings deem, ah me! a grunting herd of swine
Companions sweeter than the tuneful NINE;
Preferring to FAME's dome, a hog-flye's mire;
The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

“Lord! is it possible?” I hear thee groan—

KIEN LONG, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne:

For souls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it—

MACARTNEY can inform thee all about it.

ODE

O D E II.

MORE COMPLIMENTS TO THE EMPEROR—A DISSERTATION
ON THRONES, AND KINGS AND QUEENS—A VERY PROPER
ATTACK ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS—THE FATE
OF POOR RELIGION, PROPHESED—ALSO, OF HIS HOLINESS
THE POPE—MORE LAMENTATIONS ON DEGRADED ROY-
ALTY.

THOU art a second Atlas, great KIEN LONG;
Supporting half th' unwieldy globe, so strong;
But, Lord! what pigmy souls to empire rise!
Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep—
Now just like mice from pyramids that peep,
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

FORTUNE has too much pow'r in this same world—
Things are too often topsy-turvy hurl'd!
A bug condemn'd to *fly* that scarce can *crawl*;
A maggot taken from his little nut,
(There by the great ALL-WISE most *wisely* put)
To grovel 'midst the grandeur of St. PAUL!

Unluckily most thrones are plac'd so high,
That Kings can scarce their loving subjects spy,
Hopping beneath them, like so many crows;
Which subjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in ladder-making,
To get up nearer to the royal nose.

Thus

Thus *wrens* ere long their pigmy pow'rs will try;
 And, turning to the clouds their little eye,
 Aim to arrest, by frequent daring flights,
 Their elder brothers of the skies, the KITES!

And yet I hate a FOOL upon a throne —

We have been happy hitherto, thank God;
 How boys would burst with laughter, ev'ry one,
 Were *monkey*-schoolmasters to hold the rod!

Yet much more mischief follows *royal* fools,
 As *realms* are on a larger scale than *schools*—
 Th' AMERICANS provide against all this:
 Which *certain Gentlefolk* take much amiss!

And then again, the *wives* of glorious Kings,
 In generosity, and such-like things,

And temper *mild*, who well themselves demean,
 Are for the *subject* a *rare* happy matter;
 And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,

We BRITONS are most lucky in a *Queen*.

Of humbling their superiors, folks seem fond,

And treating Monarchs as so many logs;
 Whereas it is in Courts, as in a pond,
 Some fish, some frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of Sovereigns cry,
 Rending with vile disloyalty the sky:

“ *When* will the lucky day be born that brings
 “ A bridle for the insolence of Kings?

“ Too

“ Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour!
 “ *When* will those TYRANTS cease to fancy MAN
 “ A fawning *dog* in Providence’s plan,
 “ Ordain’d to lick the blood-stain’d rod of POW’R?”

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and *many*—
 The man who contradicts me, is a Zany.
 Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg;
 Curst with an av’rice, some would shave an egg.
 And yet, with all their sins, I drop a tear
 On what I’m daily forc’d to see and hear.

Great is the change of late! such horrid scenes,
 Such little rev’rence both for Kings and Queens!

Thus cry the Frenchmen, seldom over-nice—
 “ We want no SCEPTER’D PLUNDERERS of States;
 “ Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
 “ Than capable of catching mice.
 “ Death to their parasites—we’ll have no more
 “ Leeches that suck the heart’s blood of the poor.
 “ Down with Dukes, Earls, and Lords, those Pagan
Josses,
 “ False gods!—away with stars, and strings, and
 crosses!”

The French are very wicked, I declare;
 They raise upon one’s head, one’s very hair;
 So much those fellows Majesty abuse—
 Of Royalty the purple robe so grand,
 Which seizes the deep rev’rence of a land,
 They to a malkin turn, to wipe their shoes.

“ Out

" Out with State pick-pockets!" they cry aloud:
 " Death to the rav'nous eagles," cries the crowd,
 " That happy hover o'er a PEOPLE's groan;
 " Thieves, in the plunder of an empire drest;
 " FLATT'RY's vile carrion flies, on Kings that feast;
 " Rank bugs that shelter in the wood of thrones!
 " The DUSTMAN in his cart that hourly slaves,
 " Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
 " How far superior to those titled knaves,
 " In coaches glitt'ring with a kingdom's spoils!"

The old *sic volo*, that with thund'ring sound,
 Rous'd all the Provinces of France around,
 (And if great things we may compare to small,
 Just like the boatswain's whistle, that makes skip
 The jovial fellows of a ship)

This great *sic volo* is not heard at all—

To *humbler* phrases chang'd by some degrees;
 " With your good leave, Messieurs"—" Sirs, if
 you please."

Yes, savage are the FRENCH to Kings and Quality;
 Void of good manners, common hospitality—
 Barb'rous, they dog-like wish to pick their bones;
 Make just as much of Dukes as of a duck,
 (Nobility has therefore shocking luck)
 And dash an infant Prince against the stones.

Thus butchers calmly stick a sucking pig,
 And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.

RELIGION

RELIGION too is in a deep decline ;
Her vot'ries treated like a herd of swine ;
Rich reliques look'd upon as rotten lumber !
Who will be canoniz'd for fright'ning devils,
For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,
Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
That of redoubted Doctors foil the skill ?

RELIGION, who in France some years ago
Made in rich silks so wonderful a show,
So us'd with all the pride of curls to charm,
Is now, poor soul, oblig'd to beg her bread,
With scarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Yes, poor dear maid, I fear she'll soon expire ;
Her whips demolish'd, and extinct her fire,
Her pincers broken, snapp'd in twain her cleaver,
That flogg'd, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul's adulteration,
And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true Believer.

No longer are her priests to be maintain'd—
Thus is that horrid beast the Dev'l unchain'd,
That roaring Bull at once his triumph shows—
For, if not paid, what priests can prove their might,
Fight the good fight,
And, like staunch bull-dogs, nail him by the nose ?

DEATH and the DEV'L, the smutty rogue, and SIN,
 A pretty junto, are upon the grin;
 Hoping to *fill* the dark infernal hole,
 If all the priests refuse to help a soul—
 That most important contest then is o'er;
 Pull DEV'L, pull PARSON, will be seen no more.

Yes, at her wounded pow'r RELIGION faints;
 Alas! no more *old* bones shall make *new* Saints;
 No more shall LENT, lean Lady, cry her fish;
 No more shall slices of the cross be courted;
 Despis'd the manger that our Lord supported,
 His sacred pap-spoon, and the Virgin's dish.

No absolutions, like potatoes, sold;
 No purgatory-souls redeem'd by gold:
 No more in cloth of gold, and red-heel'd shoes,
 Bag-wig and sword, a mob the Saviour* views—
 Sold no certificates † of good behaviour,
 To show the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

* Once a year this *fine* mummary is exhibited in France, and in other Romish countries.

† In some part of Russia, narrow slips of paper, in form of a ribbon, consecrated by the Bishop, are sold for about three-pence a-piece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inscription on each is as follows:—"To old God Almighty, to young God Almighty, and young God Almighty's Mama—this is to certify that the bearer hereof died a good Christian."

No

No more small MIRACLE obtain applause,
 Laugh at old Time, and break Dame Nature's laws;
 No more dead herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
 Leap from the frying-pan, and swim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked Spirit steal to Rome,
 And poison ev'ry sacred dome;

Reliques be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber—
 The Pontiff to the *very workhouse* brought,
 Or, what could never have been thought,

Plump'd with his triple crown into the Tyber:

There may we view him flound'ring wild about,
 With not a SAINT he dubb'd to pull him out:

The fair chaste quills, from angel wings procur'd,
 Be turn'd to uses not to be endur'd;
 To villain pens, instead of crow-quills cut,
 To draw lewd figures, and deliver *smut*:

Melted the Church's sacred plate to mugs,
 To candlesticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
 To porringers the pipes* of sacred tunes,
 And silver Christs to canisters and spoons.

Phials that held of saints the suffering sighs,
 Seen by the dimmest of believing eyes,
 Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink—
 Hold *aqua fortis*, or reviling ink!

The VIRGIN's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
 Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews—

* Of the Organs.

Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, mullin, lace,
Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!

Now to disloyal mongrels we return,
That bark at Kings, and for confusion burn.

How have our mighty Monarchs been brought down!
Trod in the dust, like some old wig, the CROWN!

The WEARERS—some confin'd in jails to dread;
Some shot—some poison'd with as much *sang-froid*,
As though the Mob had merely been employ'd
To knock a thieving polecat on the head.

In *birth* the PUBLIC sees no kind of *merit*!

Think of the present equalizing spirit!

Amidst the populace how rank it springs!

Nay, from the palaces the VIRTUES fly,
While boldly entering from their beastly sty,
The vulgar PASSIONS rush to pig with Kings!

ODE III.

THE POET SWEETLY REPROVETH THE EMPEROR FOR NEGLECTING TO TURN A PENNY IN AN HONEST WAY, AND DEMONSTRATETH THE INCONVENIENCY OF GENEROSITY—PROVING THAT A MIND ON A BROAD SCALE MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF NARROW CIRCUMSTANCES.

GREAT KING, thou never educatest swine,
Nor takest gossins under thy tuition;
Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
Like PHARAOH's—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor

Nor dost thou cut down palaces to pens,
Nor sendest unto market cocks and hens;

Nor to a butcher sellest pork and beef:

Nor wool nor egg merchant, O King, art thou;

Nor dost thou watch the girl who milks the cow,

For fear the girl might sip, and prove a thief;

Nor settest traps to save thy fowls and eggs,

And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty King;

I know that thou *despise*st such a thing;

Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loath—

Thou scorn'st to pride thyself on *buying* cheap,

And for some trifle a huge pother keep,

An ounce of *blackguard**, or a yard of cloth.

Nor dost thou (which *some people* may deem strange)

Send Pages with a halfpenny for change;

Nor dost thou (which would be a crying sin)

Cheat of his dues the Parson of PE-KIN.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler scale:

Each thought is generosity—a whale:

Not a poor sprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—

Thy soul a dome illum'd by GRANDEUR's rays,

That o'er thy mighty empire casts a blaze;

A beacon to inform a world.

* A coarse snuff, so emphatically called.

But, ah! KIEN LONG, thou never wilt be rich,
If generosity thy heart bewitch:

What says ECONOMY? "Let subjects groan—

"Let MISERY's howl be music to thine ear—

"Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear

"Fall printless on thy heart as on a stone."

The souls of many Kings are vulgar entries,

With not a rushlight 'midst the dismal winding;

A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, past finding—

HYPOCRISY and MEANNESS the two sentries.

AMBITION, that on riches casts its eyes,

Mounts on the tempest of a PEOPLE's sighs!

O Emp'ror, GENEROSITY's a fool—

She wants advice from *saving* WISDOM's school.

Look at a smiling field of grafs:

Nothing can eat it out, nor horse nor afs,

Provided that you put, to spare the feast,

A padlock on the mouth of ev'ry beast.

Thus, muzzle but thy palace now and then,

Thou wilt be wealthy among scepter'd men.

Invite not a whole MILLION* to thine hunt:

Thy purse with such a heavy weight would grunt.

* This is the number of the Emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt.

In England, when a King a deer unharbours,
 The sport a half a dozen butchers share ;
 Of smutty chimney-sweeps *perchaunce* a pair;
 With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What though 't is not *quite royal*—still we boast
 Of gaining glorious fun with little cost.
 The pocket is a very serious matter—
Small beer allayeth thirst—nay, *simple water*.

The splendour of a chase, or feast, or ball,
 Though strong, are passing, momentary rays—
 The lustre of a little hour ; that's all—
 While *guineas* with *eternal* splendour blaze

ODE IV.

PETER BREAKETH OUT INTO A STRANGE RHAPSODY, SO UN-
 LIKE PETER, WHO CHRISTENETH HIMSELF THE POET OF
 THE PEOPLE—HE ADVISETH THE EMPEROR TO ACTIONS
 NEVER PRACTISED BY KINGS!—IS IT, OR IS IT NOT, ONE
 CONTINUED VEIN OF HAPPY IRONY?

GIVE nothing from thy privy purse away,
 I say——

Nay, should thy coffers and thy bags *run o'er*,
Neglect or *pension* MERIT on the *Poor*.

Give not to Hospitals—thy *Name's enough* :
 To death-face FAMINE, not a pinch of snuff—
 On WEALTH thy quarry, keep a falcon-view,
 And from thy *very children* steal their *due*.

Shouldst

Shouldst thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horse,
 Unlucky, 'midst some river's rapid course;
 Though sharp between *thyself* and *Death* the strife,
 Give not the Page a *sous* that saves thy life.

Should Love allure thee to some FAIR-ONE's arms,
 Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
 And deluges thy panting heart with blisses;
 Take not a *six-pence* from thy groaning chest,
 To buy a ribbon for the fragrant breast
 That swell'd with all its ardour to thy kisses.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
 Buy not of mittins, or of gloves, a pair,
 To shield her hands from frost, or SUMMER's
 ray;

Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
 Nor 'kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
 And deck her on some rural holiday.
 But suffer her in homely geer to *pine*,
 In simple elegance where *others shine*.

Thou probably mayst answer, with a groan,
 "What! give a vile contagion to the throne!
 "Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
 "Whilst trodden MERIT lifts her asking eyes.

"That calf, shall garish OSTENTATION grin,
 "Deck'd by the sweat of LABOUR's sun-burnt
 skin,

"Poor

" Poor cart-horse, envied e'en his *very* oats?

" Heav'ns! shall this Mummer OSTENTATION cry,

" Roast in the sun, thou MOB, in ashes lie;

" *Mine* be the guineas, SLAVE, and *thine* the groats.

" Mine be the luxury of wine and oil;

" Thine, that I *condescend* to drink thy toil."

Ah! say'st thou thus?—dares honour this high
pitch?

Then, noble EMP'ROUR, thou wilt ne'er be *rich*.

Gold should not gather in a *subject's* chest—

The crew grows mutinous—it cannot rest;

It talketh of *equality*, indeed!

No, let the *Monarch's* bags and coffers hold

The flatt'ring, mighty, nay, *all-mighty* gold;

On this shall brawny POW'ER his sinews feed;

JOVE's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,

The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire!

Enrich the realm, SUBORDINATION dies—

Wealth gives a wing that *dashes* at the *skies*.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,

To let thy fav'rite Mandarin be told,

" The Emp'ror pants for money—hunt about:"

And should thy Minister, with impious breath,

Say, " SIRE, we've squeez'd the people nigh to
death"—

Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the *hovel*,
 And count the royal treasure with a *shovel*!
 Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
 And hear of POVERTY the fruitless sighs!
 Grand, on their knees to see the million cow'r!
 Pale, starv'd submission is the *feast* of Pow'r.

Pr'ythee, to Europe come, KIEN LONG, with speed:
 We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
 Nay, *some examples* also shall be brought,
 Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.
 PRECEPT's a pigmy, hectic, weak, and slight;
 EXAMPLE is a giant in his might.
 Then, pr'ythee, to our EUROPE haste to stare;
 Lo, EUROPE shall produce thee *such a Pair*!
 A PAIR! to whom lean AV'RICE is a fool,
 And means to take a lesson from *their school*.

ODE V.

PETER GIVETH AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION OF LORD
 MACARTNEY, AND, CONTRARY TO THE TENOR OF THE
 PRECEDING ODE, ABSOLUTELY RECOMMENDETH GENERO-
 SITY TO THE EMPEROR.

KIEN LONG, our GREAT GREAT PEOPLE, and
 'SQUIRE PITT,
 Fam'd through the universe for *saving wit*,

Have

Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
And now a vessel have they fitted out,
Making for good KIEN LONG a monstrous rout,
To trade, and beg, and ask about his health.

This, to my simple and *unconnying* mind,
Seems economical and very kind!
And now, great EMPEROR of China, say,
What handsome things hast thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of WISDOM's schools—
'Barbers first learn to shave, by shaving *Fools*.'
PITT shav'd *our* faces first, and made us grin—
Next the *poor French*—and now the hopeful LAD,
Ambitious of the honour, seemeth mad
To try his razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

THEE as a *generous* Prince we all regard;
For ev'ry present, lo, returning *double*—
'Tis therefore thought that thou wilt well reward
The *ship* and LORD MACARTNEY for their
trouble.

And now to GEORGE and CHARLOTTE what the
presents?

No humming-birds, we beg—no owls, no pheasants;
Such gifts will put the palace in a sweat—
For God's sake send us nothing that can *eat*.

"What

“ What gifts, I wonder, will thy KING and QUEEN
“ Send to KIEN LONG ?” thou cry’st.—Not much,
I ween;

They can’t afford it ; they are very poor—
And though they shine in so sublime a station,
They are the *poorest* people in the nation,
So wide of CHARITY their neat trap-door*!!!

Our King may send a dozen cocks and hens;
Perhaps a pig or two of his own breeding;
Perhaps a pair of turkies from his pens;
Perhaps a duck of his own feeding—

Or *possibly* a half a dozen geese,
Worth probably a half a crown a-piece ;
And that he *probably* may deem *enough*.—
Her gracious MAJESTY may condescend
Her precious compliments to send,
Tack’d to a pound or two of snuff:

The history of *Strelitz* too, perhaps ;
A place that *cuts a figure* in the Maps.

Most mighty EMP’ROR, be not thou afraid
That *we* shall generosity upbraid :

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful.—The
most secret charities are generally the largest, and most accept-
able to God.

Send

Send heaps of things—poh! never heed the measure—

If palaces won't hold the precious things,
Behold, the best of Queens and *eke* of Kings
Will build them Barns to hold the treasure.

I know thy delicacy's such,
Thou fanciest thou canst send *too much*—
But as I know the Great Ones of our isle,
The very *thought* indeed would make them smile.

Lord! couldst thou send the Chinese Empire o'er,
So hungry, we should gape for *more*:
Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese Empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China cup;
Ev'n then My LADY SCHWELLENBERG would bawl,
“*Gote dem de shabby fella—vat, dis all?*”

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
Thus Princes an eternal hunger feel;
Moreover, fond of good things *gratis*;
Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis*.

Then load away with rarities the ship,
And let us cry, “She made a *handsome trip*”—
But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
The dev'l take presents that can *wag their jaws*.

O D E.

SIMPLICITY, I dote upon thy tongue;
 And *thee*, O white-rob'd TRUTH, I've rev'renc'd
 long—

I'm fond too of that flashy varlet WIT,
 Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
 To put the merry table in a roar,
 And shake the fides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet SIMPLICITY I glory—
 To *her* we owe a charming little story.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE
 BAILIFF:

A TALE.

AS well as I can recollect,
 It is a story of fam'd WILLIAM PENN,
 By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
 Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—

WILLIAM had got a private hole to spy
 The folks who came with writs, or 'How d'ye do?'
 Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
 Friends from his foes, the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff

A bailiff in disguise one day,
 Though not disguis'd to our friend WILL,
 Came, to WILL's shoulder compliments to pay,
 Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wondrous
 skill.

Boldly he knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
 Drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
 Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
 But no !

WILL's servant NATHAN, with a strait-hair'd head,
 Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not *ran*—
 " Master at home?" the Bailiff sweetly said—
 " Thou canst not speak to him," replied the Man.
 " What," quoth the Bailiff, " won't he see me then?"
 " Nay," snuffled NATHAN, " let it not thus strike
 " Know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN [thee ;
 " *Hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee.*"

TO A FLY,

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
 Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
 Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
 Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;
 Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul—
 Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize—
Thus 't is with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
Though FATE, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts, the draught of CIRCE can't withstand,
But in goes every nose—they *must*, *will* sup.

Mad are the Passions, as a colt untam'd!
When PRUDENCE mounts their backs, to ride
them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread—
By heav'ns, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclofe;
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
And finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
Much as to say, "I'm glad I'm here again"—
And well mayst thou rejoice—'t is very plain,
That near wert thou to DEATH's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—
Now turnest—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now flutt'ring nectar from thy filken wings:

Now

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewell, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—

There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—

Whilst PUNCH, the grinning merry imp of sin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to kifs,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
Then, like an Alligator, drags him in.

ELEGY TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1768, AT SANTA CRUZ, IN COMPANY WITH A SON OF THE LATE ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN, AT THE HOUSE OF MR. MACKERRICK, A MERCHANT OF THAT PLACE.

YE hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
Whose bones, *perchaunce*, may ache as well as ours,
O let us rest in peace the weary head,
This night—the first we ventur'd to your bow'rs.

Thick as a flock of starlings on our skins,
 Ye turn at once to brown, the lily's white;
 Ye stab us also, like so many pins—
 SLEEP swears he can't come near us whilst ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
 Broad flashes on the imps, for blood that itch—
 In vain we brush the busy hosts away;
 Fearless, on *other parts* their thousands pitch—

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry,
 “ Eat hearty, Fleas—they're some Outlandish
 Men—
 “ Fat stuff—no Spaniards all so lean and dry—
 “ Such charming ven'fon ne'er may come agen.”

How shall we meet the morn?—with shameful eyes!
 With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
 Just like two turkey-eggs, we speckled rise,
 Scorn'd by the Loves, and mock'd by all the
 GRACES.

What will the stately Nymph, JOANNA*, say?
 How will the beauteous CATHERINA* stare!
 “ Away, ye nasty Britons—foh! away,”
 In sounds of horror will exclaim the Fair.

* Young Spanish Ladies of the first fashion.

What though we tell them 'twas MACKERRICK's* bed?

What though we swear 'twere all MACKERRICK's
fleas?

Disgusted will the Virgins turn the head;

No more we kiss their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verses greet their hand;

No more they listen to our panting prose;

No more beneath their window shall we stand,

And serenade their beauties to repose.

The *Conversation*† meet their end;

The love-inspir'd *Fandango* warms no more;

The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend;

The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthless hosts, an Arab train,

Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,

Know ye the strangers whom with blood ye stain?

Know ye the voyagers ye thus disgrace?

One is a Doctor, of redoubted skill,

A Briton born, that dauntless deals in death;

Who to the Western IND proceeds to kill,

And, probably, of *thousands* stop the breath:

* He is a principal man in the island, and much respected.

† At his Excellency's the Governor.

A BARD,

A BARD, whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
Shall bid with wonder all PARNASSUS start ;
A BARD, whose converse MONARCHS shall admire,
And, happy, learn his lofty Odes by heart*.

The other, lo, a Pupil rare of MARS,
A youth who kindles with a FATHER's flame;
BOSCAWEN call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
And gave to *Immortality* a name.

Lo, such are *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite !
Such is our British Quality, O Fleas!—
Then spare our tender skins this one, one night—
To-morrow eat MACKERRICK, if ye please.

* Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

THE PRESENT UNNATURAL AND FATAL ENMITY TOWARDS
THOSE BEST CREATURES IN THE WORLD, KINGS AND
QUEENS, PUTTING OUR MOST AUGUST COUPLE MORE ON
THEIR GUARD AGAINST EVIL MACHINATIONS, BY SELECT-
ING MR. TOWNSEND, MR. MACMANUS, AND MR. JEALOUS,
THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED THIEF-TAKERS UPON EARTH,
TO WATCH OVER THEM AS A GARDE DE CORPS; SUCH AN
IMPORTANT CIRCUMSTANCE, SO ILLUMINATIVE OF THE
HISTORICAL PAGE, COULD NOT ESCAPE THE EAGLE EYE
OF THE LYRIC BARD, WHO, IN CONSEQUENCE, HAS ADDRESS-
ED AN ODE OF PRAISE AND ADMONITION TO THE THREE
AFORESAID GENTLEMEN

O D E

TO

MESSRS. TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND
JEALOUS,

The Thief-takers, and Attendants on MAJESTY.

YE friends to JUSTICE GIBBET, JUSTICE JAIL,
And JUSTICE CART's slow-moving tail,

ACCEPT the BARD's sincere congratulation—

Ye glorious imps, of thief-suppressing spirit,
Elected, for your most heroic merit,

The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

When

When BLOOD, that enterprising Chap,
Attempted *only* on the *crown* a rape,
Pale HORROR rais'd her hands, and roll'd her
eyes—

But should *some knave*, with fingers most unclean,
Attempt to steal away our KING and QUEEN,
How would the Empire in disorder rise!

Just like the nations of the honied hive,
Who, if they lose their SOV'REIGN, never *thrive*.

At midnight, lo, some knave might steal so fly,
In silence, on the royal sleepy eye,

And, giving to his sacrilege a loose,
Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back,
Just as fly *Reynard*, in his night attack,
Bears from the farmer's yard a gentle goose.

Ye glorious thief-takers, O watch the Pair;
We cannot such a precious couple spare —

O, cat-like, guard the door against TOM PAINE:
TOM PAINE's an artful and rebellious dog,
Swears that a sacred throne is but a log,
And MONARCHS too expensive to maintain.

I know their Majesties are in a fright;
I know they very badly sleep at night—

TOM PAINE's indeed a most terrific word;
A name of fear, that sounds in ev'ry wind,
A goblin d—n'd, that haunts the royal mind;
Of DAMOCLES, the hair-suspended sword.

Why

Why should our glorious Sov'reigns be unblest?

Why by a paltry subject be distressed?

Is there no poison for TOM PAINE?—alas!

Is there no halter for this knave of knaves?

Audacious fellow! lo, the Crown he braves,

And calls the Kingdom a poor burden'd *ass*.

For this poor burden'd *ass*, he swears he feels,

And bids him lift, a regicide, his heels.

What a bright thought in GEORGE and CHARLOTTE,

Who, to escape each wicked varlet,

And disappoint TOM PAINE's disloyal crew,

Fix'd on the brave MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, JEALOUS,

Delightful company, delicious fellows,

To point out, ev'ry minute, *who is who!*

To hustle from before their noble Graces,

Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,

Where treason, murder, and sedition, dwell;

To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch;

To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—

The sweet historians of the pensive cell.

O with what joy felonious acts ye view!

How pleas'd, a thief or highwayman to hunt!

Blest as CORNWALLIS TIPPOO to pursue;

Blest as old PURS'RAM BHOW, and HURRY PUNT!

How

How itch your fingers to entrap a thief!

How nimbly you pursue him!—with what soul
Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf,
And drag at last the felon from his hole!

Thus when a CHAMBERMAID a FLEA espies,
How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
To seize him, lo, her twinkling fingers spread,
And stop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damsel marks the jump;
Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump—

She misses—off hops BLOODSUCKER again:
The nymph with wild alacrity pursues;
Now loses sight of him, and now gets views,
Whilst all her trembling nerves with ardour strain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,
Poor fighting SUSAN quits th' important chase:—
Once more resolv'd, she brightens up her wits,
And, furious, to her lovely fingers spits—
Thrice happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
'Tis not the cleanliest trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep she sees him hide,
Who, winking, fancieth SUSAN cannot see;
Now SUSAN drags him forth, with victor pride,
The culprit crusheth; and thus falls the FLEA!

What pity 'tis for this important nation,
The Princes all have had their education!

What

What pounds on Gottingen were thrown away!
How had ye moralis'd their youngling hearts,
How had ye giv'n an insight of the Arts,
So necessary, Sirs, for sov'reign sway!

CUNNING's a pretty monitor for Kings;
She teacheth most extraordinary things;
She keepeth subjects in their proper sphere;
She brings that fool, the Million, tame to hand,
To dance, to kneel, to prostrate at command—
A Kingdom is a Monarch's dancing bear.

By means of this same humble capering beast,
What royal showmen fill their fobs, and feast!

O tell the world's great Masters, not to spare—
A subject's murmur is beneath their care:
When well accusom'd to the busy thong,
Flogging's a matter of mere sport—a song.

All know the tale of BETTY and the Eel—

“ You cruel b—h (a man was heard to say),
“ To serve poor creatures in that horrid way!”
“ Lord, Sir!” quoth BETTY, turning on her heel,
“ The eels are *w'd* to it!”—so saying,
And humming *ça ira*, continued *slaying*.

O how I envy you each happy name!
TIME shall not eat the mountain of your fame;
For *thus* myself your Epitaph shall write,
And dare the vile old stone-eater to bite.

THE EPITAPH.

" Here lie three crimps of death, knock'd down by
Fate;

" Of Justice the staunch blood-hounds too, so keen;

" Who choak'd the little plund'ers of the State,

" And, glorious, sav'd a mighty King and Queen."

Behold, the Guards, so disappointed, mourn!

With jealousy their glorious bosoms burn,

To find by *you*, dread Sirs, usurp'd their places!

" What! not the regiments of Death be trusted!

" By Thief-takers, O Jesu! to be ousted!

" Thief-catchers *Gardes de corps* unto their Graces!"

Thus, thus exclaim the angry men in red,

Who, with their swords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods! how I envy our great folk their joys!

Your tales of house-breakers, those nightly curses;

Of Heroes of the Heath, Saint Giles's boys;

Hist'ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purses.

O for minds-royal, what delightful food!

Stories surpassing those of ROBIN HOOD.

Sweet are of flight-hand BARRINGTON the tales;

Of *changeful* MAJOR SEMPLE, charming too!

Delicious story through each HULK prevails,

Full of instruction, pleasant, sage, and new.

Hence

Hence the pure streams of thieving science flow,
Which through your mouths to gaping Monarchs go;
And frequently the royal gaze, ye greet
With curious instruments, for robbing meet.

Who would not wish to see the gliding crook,

With whom the purses oft in silence stray?

Who would not on the tools with rapture look,

That from post-chaises snap the trunks away?

Who would not ope false dice, ingenious bones?

A curious speculation, worthy thrones.

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again;

The GREAT of WINDSOR shall such mirth disdain—

In days of yore, dull days, insipid things,

Kings trusted *only* to a PEOPLE'S love—

But modern times in politics improve,

And *Bow-street Runners* are the shields of Kings.

ODE to CÆLIA.

ENVY must own that thou art passing fair;

Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air:

Yet, CÆLIA, if with Gods I may be free,

I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,

By stripping all the Graces to the skin,

Merely to make a *nonpareille* of thee.

CÆLIA, thou knowest too that thou art pleasing;
Most spider-like, the hearts of mortals seizing;
And what too maketh me confounded four,
Thou knowest what I wish to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
That I'm a simple fly, and in thy pow'r.

When Nature sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of LOVE;
To keep alive a beautiful creation—
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the sordid MISER's gold,
Worthless, for want of circulation.

Behold! a guinea, by a proper use,
Another pretty guinea will produce;
And thus, O peerless girl, thy beauty
May bring thee *cent. per cent.* within the year;
That is, another beauty may appear,
If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou puttest on the stare—
It seems a dark and intricate affair;
Thou wantest a good, able, sound adviser—
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As *chamber-counsel* to take *me*;
I know none better qualified, nor wiser.

AN

AN ODE TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

O NYMPH, with bandbox tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake, stay those pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle, form'd all hearts to steal—
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps—with which I should be much delighted,
For men by *little* matters guess a deal—

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
But, dearest Damsel, what can make them mine?
Heav'n rests upon those heaving hills of snow;
The fascinating dimple in thy chin;
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
Speak, are they purchasable?—ay, or no?

Thou seest my soul wild staring from my eyes;
Let me not burst in ignorance, fair Maid—
Why shewest thou, O peerless Nymph, surprise?
I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could I gain by gold those heav'nly charms!
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,
Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart;
Those would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
Then wake again—again to sleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of bliss;
To snatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kisses;
A *kiss!* a *thousand* kisses let me add—

Ten thousand from thy unexhausted mint,
 And then ten thousand of *my own* imprint—
 Speak, tempting Syren, to a swain stark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimson glows,
 And spreads upon thy breast of purest snows!
 Why mute, my ANGEL? thou disdain'st reply!
 'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I!

O Nymph, so sweet, forgive my wild desires;
 That knave, thy bandbox, wak'd my lawless fires,
 Bade me suspect what CHASTITY reveres:—
 What will wipe out th' affront, O Virgin, speak,
 That flush'd the rose of virtue on thy cheek,
 Chill'd thy young heart, and dash'd thine eye
 with tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
 O yield thy beauties to some swain kind-hearted,
 Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
 And LOVE allow no respite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

Dear INNOCENCE, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
 The PL ESMES sport around thy simple cell;
 The song of Nature melts from grove to grove;
 Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
 CONTENT and ruddy HEALTH thy hamlet hail,
 And ECHO waits upon the voice of LOVE.

But

But where—but where is scowling GUILT's abode?
 The spectred heath, and DANGER's cavern'd road;
 The shuffling monster treads with panting breath—
 The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around,
 FEAR pales him at the thunder's awful sound;
 He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on DARKNESS with affright,
 And bids her pour her deepest night;
 Her clouds impenetrable bring,
 And hide him with her raven wing!

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
 Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choose—
 O INNOCENCE, this instant I'm thy slave—
 What but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave*?

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM! what, a new estate!
 I give thee joy of GABIA's * fate—
 More broken pans, more gods, more mugs,
 More snivel bottles, jordans, and old jugs,
 More faucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles,
 In short, all forts of culinary metals!

* A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Herculanæum, Pompeia, and Pæstum.

Leave

Leave not a dust-hole unexplor'd ;
Something shall rise to be ador'd—

Search the old bedsteads and the rugs;
Such things are sacred—if, by chance,
Amidst the wood, thine eye should glance
On a nice pair of antique bugs;

Oh, in some box the curious vermin place,
And let us Britons breed the Roman race!

Old nails, old knockers, and old shoes,
Would much DAINES BARRINGTON amuse ;
Old mats, old dish-clouts, dripping-pans, and spits,
Would prove delectable to other wits;
Gods' legs, and legs of old joint stools,
Would ravish all our antiquarian schools.

Some rev'rend moth, with ne'er a wing,
Would charm the Knight* of Soho-Square ;
A headless flea would be a pretty thing,
To make the Knight of Wonders stare.

A curl of some old Emp'ror's wig,
Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave so exquisite a jig,
Believe me, would be well worth sending home.

Oh, if some *lumping* rarity of gold,
Thy lucky lucky eyes by chance behold,

* Sir Joseph Banks.

Send it to our good K*** and gracious Q****:
 No matter what th' inscription—if there's none,
 'Tis all one!

Plain gold will please, as well as *work'd*, I ween—
 Much will the present their *great* eyes regale,
 Let it but cut a figure in the *scale*.

Oh! could an earthquake shake down WAPPING,
 And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
 And then a thousand years the ruin shade,

What fortunes would be quickly made!
 What rare Musæums from the rubbish rise,
 Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of MOLL FLANDERS, HANNAH SNELL,
 And Miss D'EON, those heroines, would sell!

CANNING and SQUIRE!

How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
 Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!

And to their merits, Poets strike their lyres!

Sign-posts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
 Would from the proud possessor draw *such* brags!

Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the
 Third—

The Cat and Gridiron, our most gracious Queen,
 With rapt'rous adoration would be seen;

They would, upon my word.

Such would transport the people of hereafter,
 Though subjects now of merriment and laughter.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT (*sub Rosa*).

HIST!—what fresh ovens of Etrurian ware!

What pretty jordans has my friend to spare?

What gods are ripe for digging up, O Knight?

What Britons, *knowing* in the *Kirtu* trade,

Soon as a grand discov'ry shall be made,

Are near thee, gudgeon-like, prepar'd to bite?

What brazen god, baptiz'd with chamber lye*,

For which the future *connoisseurs* may sigh,

Is going into ground, with front sublime?

Hereafter to be worshipp'd soon as seen;

A resurrection rare, array'd in green,

A downright satire upon TIME;

Who seems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;

Taking two thousand years to make a coat.

A whisper—lock'd is the Musæum door†,

From whence antiques were wont to stray;

Whose parents ne'er sat eyes upon them more,

So much the little creatures lost their way!

* Sir WILLIAM keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, who, when he stumbles on a tolerable statue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great discovery to be made, and out comes an antique for universal admiration.

† Some valuable *antiques*, not long since, made their escape from the Royal Musæum, and travelled the Lord knows where.

Pity

Pity thou could'st not news of them obtain,
And fend the gods and godlings back again!

Sir WILLIAM, what's become of that same Monk*,
From whose old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,
'Thine hilt'ry issued about burning mountains?
For who would toil, and sweat, and hoe the hill,
To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
Who easily can buy the fountains?

O Knight of Naples, is it come to pass,
That thou hast left the gods of stone and brass,
To wed a deity of *flesh* and *blood*†?

O lock the temple with thy strongest key,
For fear thy deity, a *comely* She,
Should one day ramble in a frolic mood.

For since the idols of a *youthful* King,
So very volatile indeed, take wing;
If *his*, to wicked wand'rings can incline,
Lord! who would answer, poor old Knight, for
thine?

* He lived in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and furnished the Knight with all his volcanic observations, which pass on the world as *his own*.—*Nam quod emis. possis dicere jure tuum.*

† It is really true—the Knight is married to a beautiful virgin, whom he styles his *Grecian*. Her attitudes are the most desirable models for young artists.

Yet

Yet *should* thy Grecian Goddess fly the fane,
I think that we may catch her in Hedge-Lane *.

EPIGRAM.

ON A STONE THROWN AT A VERY GREAT MAN, BUT WHICH
MISSED HIM.

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the *bead*,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the *Stone*.

TO CHLOE.

DEAR CHLOE, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, CHLOE, a surprise;
Look but a moment on *these* eyes,
Thou 'lt ask me not, to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
A d—n'd good God!

* The resort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens
into Cockspur-street.

Thus,

Thus, of the Lower House, a stupid wretch,
Whose mind to A, B, C, can scarcely stretch,
Shall, by a *Monarch's* all-creative word,
Become a very decent Lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds ! and hark,
HELL's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thund'ring horrors of the DEEP.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,

I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream ?

Who would not live in songs of distant days ?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er SHAKSPEARE's
page,

I mark, in visions of delight, the SAGE,

High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sub-
lime ;

A COLUMN in the melancholy waste,

(Its cities humbled, and its glories past,)

Majestic, 'mid the solitude of TIME.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die—
A Form, that wakes my deepest sigh;
A Form, that feels of Death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting Maid;
I see the VIRTUES o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the MUSE's simple pray'r
Command the envied trump of Fame,
OBLIVION should ELIZA spare:
A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame, Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal?

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no
more!

Thus

Thus shall the fons of science sink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
For where 's the GIANT who to TIME shall say,
“ Destructive Tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r?”





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